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*Kings of the
Queensberry
Realm*

W.W. NAUGHTON



Roger Inhof
circumcised
May 3 - 1970





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Fitzsimmons and Jeffries Signing Articles for their Fight July 25, 1902.

Kings of the Queensberry Realm

BY W. W. NAUGHTON

America's Best-Known Sporting Authority

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF

EVERY HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST HELD
IN AMERICA UNDER THE QUEENSBERRY RULES, A
SKETCH OF EVERY CONTESTANT WHO HAS
TAKEN PART THEREIN, AND AN AC-
COUNT OF THE INVASION OF
AUSTRALIAN BOXERS

TOGETHER WITH A DEFENSE OF BOXING, A COMPARISON OF OLD METHODS
OF BOXING AND TRAINING WITH THOSE IN VOGUE TO-DAY,
AND THE COMPLETE RING RECORD OF HEAVY-
WEIGHT PUGILISTS

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED BY
THE CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO.
168 ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO
W.

GV1121

N27

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PREFACE.

No book is complete without a preface, but it is the author's intention to make the preface to "Kings of the Queensberry Realm" as short—if not as sweet—as the donkey's gallop of tradition.

"Kings of the Queensberry Realm" was written after much urging from brother newspaper men of the author who are aware of his long experience as a chronicler of championship events.

When it is remembered that the doings of the old-time gladiators of the ring have always been—and are still—a favorite theme with sporting historians it would seem that no apology is necessary for treating of the deeds of the latter-day heavyweights who battled under Queensberry rules for the blue ribbon of the fistic domain.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

Across the pond in England, just now, there is a commendable feeling of tolerance in regard to professional pugilism, even, while the amateur or physical culture phase of the question has champions innumerable. This appreciation of boxing takes shape in the promotion of tournaments in the army and navy, as well as in other directions, and on more than one occasion during the past year I have read of British notables who presided at these functions expressing the hope that the teaching of boxing to youths would become more general than at present.

As regards professional pugilism, one only has to compare the conditions that exist now with those of a dozen years ago to decide that vast improvements have been made in the manner of conducting the sport.

Under the old system it was bare knuckles for weapons and the turf for a ring floor whenever a pair of fighters wished to decide the question of superiority. It was often a matter of mob law and dodging the preventive authorities. Fair contests were the exception, the fighter with the larger following being assured of the protection necessary to make it a case of win, tie, or wrangle.

Nor did the end of the contest mean the peaceful enjoyment of his laurels for the victor. It cost John L. Sullivan all he won in his London prize ring encounter with Kilrain at Richburg, to save himself from a season in a Southern jail. It was Sullivan's jocular boast that he built a couple of school houses down Richburg way with his stake money.

Nowadays a pugilistic event under the old rules is never heard of. The experts of the Queensberry game

settle their differences in splendidly appointed arenas. They meet in padded rings hemmed in by stakeless ropes and in the presence of thousands of well-dressed spectators who pay high prices for the privilege of witnessing the stars of the ring in action.

The sport has been shorn of its objectionable features. Under the old style of milling, in addition to the cruel blows and bruises a contestant was apt to receive from the bare knuckles of an adversary, there was the danger of being gashed and crippled by spiked shoes or having his ribs crushed through being thrown by the cross buttock or backheel process and then fallen upon.

Now the men ply each other with well-stuffed gloves and the wrestling feature is entirely eliminated.

The modern rules, in fact, while they work no particular hardship to the thickset fellow built on the lines of old-time pugilistic ideals, providing he has other things besides mere strength on which to base his hopes of success, enables a lithe, active athlete of quick brain and natural speed to cope with an opponent much brawnier than himself.

As a matter of fact there is nothing to cavil at in connection with what actually transpires within the ropes during an honest bout under Queensberry rules. Hard knocks are exchanged, to be sure, but the principals are supposed to be inured to hard knocks. Otherwise they have no business there. Arenic sport always had a fascination for the populace since the days of the Empire, and these fighters of ours are the gladiators of modern times, furnishing the form of arenic sport at present in demand. They are, or should be, trained to the minute and their flesh, if they are properly conditioned, should be almost bruise proof.

As evidence that latter day pugilism does not involve permanent facial disfigurement one only has to glance at the lineaments of the three ex-champions of the world and the present holder of the title. The faces of John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons and James J. Jeffries show neither scar nor blemish. Never

a flattened nose or gnarled ear adorns the headpiece of any member of this famous quartette.

There is an objectionable side to boxing, however, and that is the crookedness which occasionally attaches to it. As matters stand there seems to be no adequate way of dealing with the swindlers of the pugilistic game, but if plans at present under consideration mature, the camel of tradition will have an easier time swarming through the orifice in a needle than the scheming ringster will experience while attempting to work off a bogus bout.

Boxing will surely be controlled by a commission appointed for that purpose at no distant day. The members of this commission will, of necessity, be men of experience and they will have for assistants others who will formulate plans that will render it next to impossible to victimize either the promoters or the public. Most boxing swindles have their origin in betting, and when clubs are duly licensed and contests are presided over by referees acute enough to detect fakes in their incipency and empowered to cancel all wagers at the first indication of collusion, the swindlers who make a specialty of fixing glove contests will be completely baffled.

This is but a suggestion as to the methods of purifying the sport that are to be observed when boxing is placed under proper control. Many existing evils will be lessened and many innovations and improvements will suggest themselves. The boxing situation will gradually adjust itself to a condition where public confidence will be fully restored.

There will be short shrift for offenders. A rogue's gallery will possibly be established so that a discredited boxer or manager will be prevented from seeking fresh fields to begin a crooked career anew.

There will be a system, no doubt, by which "scrubs" or indifferent performers will be debarred from giving exhibitions of their awkwardness and uselessness as ringsters. The license fees enacted by the several states will

be high enough, probably, to make it incumbent upon managers to secure good talent in order to deserve a share of the public money. In such case a salaried matchmaker would no more think of engaging incapable boxers than a proprietor of a vaudeville house would of presenting "artists" who are thoroughly devoid of talent.

PART I.

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE.

CHAPTER I.

BOXING AND FOOTBALL COMPARED—BOXING AS A FORM
OF EXERCISE—AS A PROFESSIONAL SPORT.

If once we efface the joys of the chase
From the land and outroot the stud,
Goodbye to the Anglo Saxon race!
Farewell to the Norman blood!

So wrote Adam Lindsay Gordon, an Australian poet, years ago, in defense of his favorite pastime, and it would be quite in order for some versemaker of the future to work off a similar prophecy in jingle if an attempt is ever made to place boxing entirely under the ban.

Leaving aside for the time being the professional aspect of the game pugilistic, there is much to be said in support of boxing as a phase of physical culture. It is a healthful exercise. It develops the various muscles of the limbs and frame evenly; it tends to make a youth alert in mind and body, sure-footed, and less liable to become confused than the ordinary mortal when confronted with sudden danger of any kind. It begets confidence in one's own resources which is simply another name for courage.

As an inkling into the art of self-defense is gained the

youth of average intelligence and good nature becomes imbued with feelings of chivalry. He learns to bear pain and discomfort philosophically, while as a means of teaching a lad to control his temper no better ordeal than twenty minutes a day with a painstaking professor of sparring or a skillful classmate can be imagined.

Many of the older scholastic institutions of this country and Great Britain already have their boxing instructors and their classes in self-defense. The writer believes that the time will come when boxing will form a portion of every boy's education.

Pastimes, to which attach a certain risk of bodily injury and which call for the possession of skill, endurance and pluck, influence a youth lastingly for his own good. Whether he become a soldier on the field of battle, a professional man, or a worker in the busy marts of commerce the effects of his early physical exercises will act as a spur to endeavor and prove a grand ally to whatever mental training he had in order to fit him for his vocation. It will nerve him for the fray and endow him with a determination to surmount obstacles.

At present football is the most strenuous of all college pastimes. It is a rough, hard game, but the prospects are it will continue in favor indefinitely. Occasionally the merits and demerits of the gridiron sport are discussed, and I have read where ministers of the Gospel, even, have commended football on the score that it prepares the youth for the rough spots in life's journey.

This is very true, but it is doubtful if the gridiron would turn out half as many heroes as the gymnasium if boxing had equal standing with football as a school or college sport.

In football the players on a side work shoulder to

shoulder. There is the incentive which comes from association. One fellow borrows confidence from another. There is the shuffle of many feet, the combined pressure of many stalwart frames. These fire the blood and nerve the participants to "deeds of derring do." The veriest weakling would hurl himself against a foe with the balance of the team if inveigled into a football game.

In a college boxing tourney, if there were such things, it would be just youth against youth. Outside the ropes friends might root for a friend but within that little hempen corral nothing but individual grit and individual effort would count. Is it not therefore reasonable to conjecture that boxing would be more potent than football in the matter of breeding self reliance?

Nor is it sarcasm to say that in the matter of personal injury football is more severe than boxing. This of course is the old straw that has been thrashed over and over by the apologists for pugilism. It invites the time-honored argument "but the injuries inflicted upon football players are inflicted unwittingly."

This reminds me of a certain ladies' night given at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, years ago, by the Olympic Club of the city named. There was an elderly lady present with her friends, and the boxing was strange to her. She saw her nephew and another lad strut the stage with gloves on their hands and make weird passes at each other. Suddenly she gasped, "Did you see that?" she said excitedly. "Why, I saw him strike Alf right in the face."

They cuddled her up and tried to explain the thing to her, while others in the near neighborhood grinned. It was hard to pacify the good old dame. It was not the violence of the blow but the evident "malice afore-

thought " that agitated her. She was quite satisfied the offending youth struck Alfie on purpose and nothing could persuade her that the assault was justifiable.

Yes, sirs, the injuries inflicted in boxing are inflicted wittingly, but at that what love taps they are compared to the cracked spines and broken limbs incurred on the gridiron field.

How often have we seen an unfortunate player borne gray-faced, mud-bespattered and blood-bedabbled from the game and his plight forgotten an instant later when his substitute rolled into the scrimmage and the atmosphere vibrated with college yells.

In amateur boxing there is no danger of being ground to a pulp by stamping heels and tons of human weight. A damp sponge will generally remove all traces of the conflict and if there is prospect of a bout becoming one-sided and a principal being hammered unnecessarily it is the duty of a discriminating master of ceremonies to call a halt and render a decision. That is what he is for.

It may be held that to include boxing in the physical training of youth would cause many a lad's thoughts to turn to professional pugilism. In reply to this all that can be said is that while the fighting instinct in mankind dates back to the very beginning of things, the percentage of those who have either the inclination to become professional fighters or the various attributes necessary to insure success in that line is infinitesimally small.

The writer's argument is that while training the average youth in the use of nature's weapons imbues him with manliness and courage and tends to fit him for the struggle of life, it does not fill him with a desire to become a professional fighter any more than schooling him



The Fitzsimmons Cottage at Shreve Springs



The Jeffries Colony at Hayward Cottage, Harbin Springs, Cal.

in gymnasium specialties would fire him with the ambition to become a circus acrobat.

Another thing, your professional pugilist is born as well as made, as a glance at the strongly marked jaws and determined faces generally of the fighters at present before the public will show. There may be such a thing as a pugilist graduating from a college boxing class into the professional ranks, but if he is anything like the average fighter of my acquaintance he was destined for the twenty-four foot ring anyhow. He was bound to get there, too, whether he imbibed his knowledge of things fistic from the teachings of a high-priced professor or acquired his talent in the line of self-defense in friendly bouts during the lunch hour at a rolling mill.

The one thing in this particular connection which impresses me is the remarkably small number of recruits the professional ring has gained from the amateur ranks.

There are no two countries in the world, probably, where so much money is paid for private tuition in sparring as England and Australia, yet instances where amateurs have turned professionals are remarkably rare in those places. If anything the effect of "taking lessons" is directly opposite. It causes the student of self-defense to become interested to some extent in the doings of the professional glove wielders and it makes him a connoisseur of that kind of thing, but it robs the calling of its glamor unless, as already hinted, in the case of those who happen to be to the manner born.

CHAPTER II.

PRIZE FIGHTS VS. BOXING CONTESTS—A DISTINCTION AS WELL AS A DIFFERENCE—THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

A man in search of information went to a trance medium.

Said he to the wholesale and retail dealer in occultism: "I want to know the difference between a prize fight and a glove contest."

It wasn't a good day for business, so the medium gave his patron undivided attention.

"I'll ask you to join me in a little trance," he said. "Together we will wander hand in hand and explore the past."

There was darkness; a sound like the flapping of pinions or the preliminary rattle of a moving picture machine and then a big patch of light with jagged edges appeared.

"Where are we now?" asked the man.

"In Belgium."

There was a ring enclosed with slacked ropes and in it two men were scuffling and snorting like dogs in a quarrel to the death. All around them was a rabble of hard looking characters. The morning was misty and raw and the turf floor of the ring ankle deep in mire.

One of the fighters was a stalwart fellow, heavy-

browed and square-jawed. They called him Slavin. The other was of stockier build. He had chest and arms like a cannon ball tosser. His name was Jem Smith.

The fighters reeled into a corner of the ring. Immediately a knot of tough looking fellows who leaned across the ropes began to kick the taller man and strike him over the head. The hands of the fighters were bare. They wore spiked shoes and judging from the appearance of their legs each of them had been spiked in turn.

They struggled to the center again. Suddenly one of them caught the other on the hip and threw him heavily to the moist and trampled ground.

"What was that?" asked the medium's guest.

"A cross-buttock."

"And what is this thing?"

"A prize fight."

"Now," added the medium, "we will return to the land of the free via London and while I can't, for obvious reasons, treat you to Scotch and soda I'll be able to show you what the newspapers of the big city say about this thing."

This is in part what they read in a Fleet street sporting publication:

Round 2. Slavin fought Smith right into his own corner. There was a disgraceful scrimmage there among Smith's friends, Slavin being badly used. Both men fell together. Time—fifteen seconds.

Smith's party shouted out that their man had been spiked by Slavin's boots. Referee Vezey, thus appealed to, declared that the men had spiked each other. * * *

Round 7. Smith came up stronger, and did some of the forcing work, beating Slavin for a moment onto the ropes. While in this position one of the crowd of roughs

deliberately kicked the Australian, who, however, took no notice of the cowardly attack. Both the combatants got away from the ropes, and fought to the middle of the ring, where Smith slipped and both were taken to their corners.

Round 8. Slavin did the opening work in this round, driving Smith around the ring and finally into his corner, where his friends were ready to protect him. Smith came out again, when Slavin landed heavily with right and left and Smith sought the ground.

Round 9. There were heavy exchanges from the outset, Slavin giving his man no rest, and driving him back into his corner. While there one of the mob struck Slavin a violent blow on the head.

There was darkness again, commotion of some kind and this time a much bigger area of light.

"Now we are in New Orleans," said the medium.

There was a vast crowd seated in a commodious, well-appointed arena. On the main floor the space was divided into boxes in which sat men, who, from appearances, were well to do.

Other seats arose in tiers and every seat was occupied.

In the center of the building was a raised platform and on it a square space marked off with ropes and stakes. Around the ring were many policemen in uniform, the stars on their breasts gleaming brightly.

The order was perfect as two pugilists emerged from diagonally opposite corners and faced each other. These men wore padded gloves. One of the boxers was a very large man. He wore green tights. The other seemed a mere stripling. He was entirely different from anything the spirit wanderers had yet seen.

He was tall. Compared with the fellow in front of him he did not seem to be of robust frame. His hair

was brushed up a la pompadour and on his pale face there was a thoughtful expression.

He was very nimble. He skipped around his bulky opponent as a humming bird flutters around a flower and he dealt him repeated blows. The crowd cheered. The big man could not strike the other effectively even though they frequently came together and held each other by the shoulders and arms.

"Why doesn't the big man cross-buttock his adversary?" asked the medium's companion.

"Because the rules forbid such a thing."

The contest went on. The big man with all his wonderful strength and bulk, with all his courage, was forced to succumb.

The cry went up "Corbett wins."

"What is this thing?" asked the searcher after information.

"A glove contest."

"But they fought?"

"Yes."

"And for a prize, I presume?"

"Yes."

"Why not call it a prize fight, then?"

"Because the other thing is called a prize fight."

"Um. Good and sufficient reasons, I guess. They certainly are entirely different."

And there you have it. The difference between a prize fight and a glove contest is the difference between London prize ring methods and Queensberry rules.

The latter were framed to improve the sport; to bring it out of lonesome, mob ruled spots in distant fields; to bring it within the pale of the law and give it a

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setting of comfortable surroundings, danger-lessening equipment and orderly crowds.

The writer claims that this has been done—that the day of the cross-buttock, the back-heel, and the bare knuckles is past. May it never return.

CHAPTER III.

HOW PUGILISTS TRAIN FOR GLOVE CONTESTS—REDUCING
THEIR WEIGHT—VARIOUS TRAINING METHODS OF
FIGHTERS.

To the man whose sporting proclivities merely assert themselves spasmodically; whose interest in pugilistic events is fitful and dependent largely upon the frequency of championship events, the sight of a fighter in training possesses almost as much fascination as the spectacle of two glovewielders in actual contest.

This is shown by the indignities that are borne and the rebuffs that are accepted with meekness and humility, in order to gain entry into a gymnasium where a pugilist of note is preparing himself for an important ring engagement.

Time and again has the author derived amusement from watching some man of prominence in the business world, squeezing against the wall of a draughty barn and remaining as quiet as the traditional mouse. His feelings, no doubt, are akin to those of a gamin who has crawled under the canvas of a circus. He seems to fear attracting attention to himself as he gazes pop-eyed at the pugilist punching the bag or having an exercise bout with one of his handlers.

The persons who are permitted to witness these things generally try to surround themselves with an air of unobtrusiveness. They recognize that they are privileged

THE PUGILIST'S TRAINING

There is a great deal of everybody's
training being similarly treated in
the same way as the training of the

There is a great deal of everybody's
training being similarly treated in
the same way as the training of the
pugilist. The pugilist is a man
who is trained to fight. He is
trained to fight in a way that is
different from the way in which
the average boxer is trained. The
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meet one who has not some specialty in the line of training on which he places the stoutest reliance.

At the same time there are certain rules to which all conform and it is with these that I purpose to deal in this chapter.

Training methods have improved in the same proportion as boxing itself within the past twenty years. In the old London prize ring days, when men fought with naked hands for stakes alone and gate money was an unknown quantity, the backer of a bare knuckle fighter resorted to heroic measures in order to place his man in what he considered proper physical condition for the fray.

Stories are still told of how fighters of the Deaf Burke era were compelled to jog mile after mile while holding on to the rear of a swiftly moving cart driven by the party who furnished the sinews of war.

When the fighter fell from sheer exhaustion, the exercise for that particular occasion was at an end. The pugilist was driven to the tavern where he made his headquarters, soused in cold water, rubbed and scrubbed and then fed on rare beef, stale bread and old ale. After that he was allowed to lounge about until the cart drew up at the door again.

Latter day champions, who employ valets, sparring partners and a big training staff generally, would snort at such rigid methods, just as they would if asked to exchange the comforts of padded rings and artificially warmed pavilions, for a battleground on the sodden turf of some wind-swept field.

Not that the pugilist of these days does not train diligently and conscientiously, but he likes to regulate his own schedule and be his own taskmaster.

He has a trainer, of course—no training camp is complete without one—but if the worthy referred to thinks a change in programme necessary, he is careful to convey his ideas to his principal in the form of a suggestion. Boxers in training are whimsical and will brook nothing in the shape of a command from the fellow who is ostensibly in charge of the Condition Department.

The most popular forms of exercise and those which enter into the schedule of most pugilists are walking and running in the open air, punching the ball, using the pulleys and wrist machine and sparring. Other exercises which are not so generally indulged in are skipping the rope, tossing the "medicine ball" and "shadow fighting" with small dumbbells gripped in the hand.

As specialties, some pugilists go in for wrestling, riding either an ordinary bicycle or a stationary affair and working a pair of oar handles from the sliding seat of a stationary rowing machine.

The percentage of pugilists who keep themselves in good condition in and out of season is lamentably small. It is the practice, once the rigors of training have relaxed and the contest for which preparation was made has become a thing of the past, to indulge the appetite with all the things that were forbidden during the days of strict regimen. Highly seasoned food, liquors, late hours, and all the other excesses which await a class of men who are petted and courted, help to undo what regular work and careful diet accomplish. By the time a pugilist's signature is required to a new set of articles of agreement not a vestige remains, as a rule, of his splendid fettle of a few months previous.

Taking it for granted that the fighter about to enter upon a season of preparation has not attempted to exer-

cise self denial and has been taking things easy, to use no harsher expression, since his last appearance in the ring, what must he do to attain good condition?

To begin with, if he knows anything about hygiene he will take physic in sufficient quantities to free his system from bilious accumulations and eliminate the lingering effects of rich viands and seductive liquids from his blood.

He will indulge in light exercise in the open air while subjecting his body to this purification process. Then he will increase his work gradually.

Every pugilist has his "fighting weight," that is, his notch at which he feels he is best able to use the strength that is in him to the best advantage. To be below that weight is to enter the ring weak and weedy; to be above it is to be imperfectly conditioned.

For obvious reasons, therefore, a boxer's first aim will be to reduce himself to his fighting weight or to a notch a very few pounds removed from it. While doing so his exercises must be of a sustained character rather than of a rapid nature. While taking off weight his lungs and his muscles and sinews are not attuned to quick or strenuous work, and to overdo the thing while "sweating out" would be to incur stiffness and soreness which would leave him languid and with his ambition to train to perfection dulled.

Having taken off weight gradually—by walking exercise principally—the boxer is ready to tackle his indoor grind. The various items of this department harmonize in such a way that several results of different kinds may be attained at the same time.

It is believed that "shadow fighting," as the once famous Griffo dubbed it, is one of the most useful of in-

door exercises. To engage in it properly, the boxer grips a small iron dumbbell in each hand and then steps out on a mat or carpet which should be padded to the same extent as the floor of the ring he is to box in later.

For the rest, the term "shadow fighting" explains itself. The thing is to hop to and fro, dodging and side-stepping, and at the same time make passes at an imaginary foe.

The rapid skipping around is the best of leg drill and when the arms become accustomed to striking out freely while the hands are hampered with the dumbbells, there is less danger of their tiring later when the weights give way to five-ounce gloves.

The especial advantages claimed for "shadow fighting" are that it accustoms the arms and hands to sustained action, lessens the probability of a man throwing himself out of balance when he fails to land on an opponent, seasons the legs, causes perspiration with its consequent reduction of weight and loosens the muscles generally.

It is of no possible benefit, as can be readily understood, either as training for the eye or in drilling a pugilist in the matter of timing his blows.

There are two kinds of punching balls, the heavy and the light, the latter being the one most favored. The heavy bag is generally a big, oval-shaped, leathern device, filled with wheat or some similar substance.

It is suspended from the ceiling by a rope with a swivel attachment, and is a favorite institution with Australian boxers, who claim that it accustoms a man to hitting out with good force. Also on account of the measure of resistance offered it is the knuckles, wrists, arms and the general body are subjected to the jarring effects

which follow an assault on heavy bodies. The main purpose of the big bag is to school a man to strike with all his might at an opponent's ribs.

The light punching bag, so much in vogue, is suspended from a low platform built for the purpose. It has a swivel to which the rope is fastened and when in motion it dances at a lively rate. If not struck fairly it rebounds at all manner of angles.

This punching ball is supposed to furnish good "eye-drill." It also enables a pugilist to acquire speed in hitting and the harder and oftener he hits, the speedier he will need to be, for the bag is untiring and always comes back from the ceiling for more.

If it is not kept bounding rhythmically it swings and jerks and bumps against the boxer's head. It is about as humiliating a thing as there is in a pugilist's experience to fumble while punching the ball, for as a rule many eyes are on him. He is anxious to show how well he can time his blows and with what precision he can swat the ball as it rebounds.

The expression "timing a punch" needs explanation, probably. The value of timing is one of the first points an up to date boxing preceptor impresses upon a pupil. The secret of it is to wait until an object—whether it be a punching ball or a man's head—is coming towards you before striking at it.

By correct timing double force is lent to a blow, as the power of the shoulder and arm behind the glove is accentuated by the impetus the object has as it comes in. It is simply the proposition that a collision between two things moving towards each other is productive of worse results than would be the case if one of the objects were stationary or moving in an opposite direction.

Expert pugilists make their knowledge of timing a rule that works both ways. Very often when a finished boxer finds he is too late to get his head out of the way of a punch he will employ what might be called "reverse English." That is he will permit his head to go with the blow and thus lessen the force of the impact. It requires the nicest discrimination to be able to minimize the effects of a punch in this way, and only a fellow who is intensely alert can do it effectively.

It is on the principle of Mexican horsemanship. It used to be said that a capable Mexican rider never lost his seat when his horse shied suddenly at some object. The Mexican broncho-buster, it is claimed, has such perfect balance and such well trained senses that he simply shies with the horse as if he were a part of the animal.

So with the employment of reverse timing by a skilled boxer. He sees the punch coming, he knows he is within range and that contact is inevitable, but just as the clenched glove touches his chin or ear, his head moves rapidly in the same direction as his opponent's fist and what was meant for a damaging blow is converted into a glancing one of little consequence.

To return to the punching bag. Its effects in teaching a pugilist how to time his blows are something that fighters place great store by, and the boxer who does not include a bounding ball among his gymnasium paraphernalia is considered behind the times.

In using the light bag, heavy bag, or in "shadow fighting" a boxer chooses between exercising for stated intervals of short duration and keeping right along until he thinks he needs a rest. Many prefer to work on the Queensberry plan, that is, three minutes of exercise and

one minute of rest, and continue for a given number of rounds.

Of all forms of indoor exercise sparring with a partner comes nearest, of course, to the real work in prospect. It has its disadvantages, though, as there is danger of injuring the knuckles or other bones of the hands. For this reason many fighters, while they include boxing exercise in their programme, engage in it in what might be called a negative way. That is, they refrain from striking back and content themselves with the benefits they derive while guarding against their partner's blows and skipping around to avoid being struck.

Stand-up wrestling, or grappling, enables a boxer to practice the holds employed to avoid being struck in a clinch and it also accustoms the arms to the strain of pulling and hauling. Anyone who has seen a Queensberry match and has noted the amount of hugging and clinching which occurs can appreciate the necessity of this exercise.

Pulley machines are also considered valuable adjuncts to a training gymnasium. It is claimed that they develop the muscles of the arms, shoulders and back.

The wrist machine is a device much used by pugilists. In its working it resembles somewhat the process of winding up an old-fashioned windlass without a handle. The strength of the hands and wrists is employed in turning the roller on which the heavily weighted rope coils. Work of this kind strengthens the wrist and hand and renders them less likely to become strained or weakened when a whole-souled punch is placed on a solid portion of an opponent's anatomy.

There is one species of leg exercise which does not find favor with all pugilists, but which is beyond question

of incalculable benefit. This is using the skipping rope in the manner of school girls.

In skipping, as in punching the light ball, there is no respite. A man must skip and skip or else have the rope entangled with his ankles. The continuous hopping is regarded by Australian boxers as the very best of leg drill.

As a substitute for the skipping rope many fighters go in for what might be termed stationary running. They select a spot on the exercising mat and go through all the leg motions of a man running at top speed, allowing their feet to slip from under them so that they do not cover ground.

Then there is the "medicine ball," a heavy, flabby, leathern affair about the size of a football. This is tossed from trainer to pugilist and back again, but just what particular benefit is derived from the practice is frequently a cause of argument. A man has to be watchful, of course, in order to catch the ball neatly and as it comes with great force it is a good test of the strength of the arms. It no doubt accustoms the catcher to sudden jars and concussions, such as are experienced in a contest in which clinching figures extensively.

To sum up the processes of training, a fighter first rids himself of surplus weight by dint of walking exercise and slow indoor work. When nearly down to the required notch and seasoned to greater effort the general work of the gymnasium is taken up. This includes bag punching, shadow fighting, grappling, sparring, and exercise with the pulley and wrist machines. As a rule, the morning is set apart for outdoor work and the afternoon for the gymnasium programme, a couple of hours being taken up on each occasion.



Fitzsimmons Preparing for his Fight with Jeffries, July 25, 1902
From a photograph taken at Skeggs Springs, Cal., July 2, 1902.



Jeffries in the ~~Gymnasium~~ Gymnasium at Harbin Springs.

When the contest is close at hand the pugilist's efforts are confined to attaining speed of action. This is acquired by extra fast "shadow fighting," faster bag punching and sprinting on the highway.

A question often asked is in regard to the methods of acquiring that peculiar muscular formation of the mid-section known as "washboard stomach." After long years of observation the author feels like saying that the fellow with the "washboard stomach" is born that way. There are some pugilists, notably round bodied men, who never acquire it, and there are also some of the leaner kind who could not develop that knotty shield over their internal economy if they worked night and day for a year.

In the cases of some pugilists the "washboard stomach" develops according as they strip their frames of superfluous flesh and bring their muscles generally into bold relief. Sharkey, whose display of muscle is an impressive one, has stomach armor which looms up in ridges, yet the sailor would be puzzled to tell how he developed it.

A sculptor once remarked that the statue he had just finished was in the block of marble all the time and that he had simply chipped the spare material from around it. So, possibly, with Sharkey. He always had his "washboard," and the training which hardened his flesh and reduced his girth caused his buttressed midsection to loom up conspicuously.

Jim Corbett, while training once at the Olympic Club, at San Francisco, followed a practice which he believed produced the desired effects in the matter of developing the muscles over the stomach. He used to lie on his back on a curved board, resting against a wall, and haul at

overhead pulleys. The flesh about the stomach was tightened and kept in a condition of tension by the attitude Corbett assumed, and he fancied he increased the resisting power of that portion of his body.

It is worthy of note, however, that the "washboard stomach" did not stand Corbett in need when he faced Fitzsimmons at Carson. As a matter of fact, the formation appears to be a good deal of a delusion and a snare so far as enabling the possessor to withstand hard knocks on the midriff is concerned.

The "washboard stomach" is useful principally for impressing visitors at the training quarters.

"Hit me as hard as you like," says the pugilist, drawing in his breath and holding himself rigid, so that the armor of his midsection becomes taut and bulbous.

The visitor takes a tentative whack at the fellow's "washboard" and finds to his surprise that it is like sending the knuckles against a rough grained plank.

The average fight follower knows, however, that there is no such thing as a pugilist holding himself in that rigid position when in action in the ring. He has to be thoroughly loose of limb, joint and muscle, so as to be able to cover ground quickly while avoiding attack, and also make rapid play with his fists. His stomach ridges are not in evidence then and in fact the flesh over his midsection is relaxed and as pliable almost as dough. Such was the condition of Corbett's "washboard" when Fitzsimmons' horny fist plowed into it at Carson.

One of the greatest aids to condition in a pugilist is the handrubbing or massage treatment he receives. It is the opinion among outsiders that many pickling liquids and liniments are used in order to harden the flesh, but

as a matter of fact there is very little variety about the lotions used in a modern pugilistic camp.

The favorite compound is a mixture of alcohol and witchhazel. This is splashed over arms, legs, body and face, and rubbed in briskly while the pugilist reclines on a wooden bench. The time selected for this process is at the conclusion of a morning run or spell of afternoon work, and after the fighter has had a cooling plunge and has been thoroughly dried with crash towels.

Particular attention is paid to the arm and leg muscles, as well as to the face, and the fellow who knows how to knead flesh deftly and thoroughly is quite an addition to a training staff.

The combined effects of the massage treatment and the applications of alcohol and witchhazel will render a fighter's face as firm as marble and as impervious to a pinch of the finger and thumb as a piece of sole leather. When in this condition blows which would produce dire results on the face of an ordinary person leave little or no effect on a pugilist's countenance.

While some pugilists still stick to old traditions in the matter of pickling the hands with strong brine or some kindred mixture, it is now generally conceded that the practice should have been discarded when bareknuckle fighting became a lost art.

Under the present system of milling with gloves there is no reason for having the flesh of hands as hard as flint. The joints of the fingers and the bones of the hands are the portions susceptible to injury and all the mixtures in the world will not make these durable if they have been weakened by service or are weak naturally.

Dieting is not the bugbear to a latter date pugilist it

was to his prototype of earlier times. A man who makes weight without much difficulty has no need to restrict his menu to any extent, although common sense will dictate that it is better to eat food that is nourishing and easily digested.

The fellow who is compelled to reach a certain weight notch and has hard work "getting there," must eschew sloppy and fattening viands and must curtail his supply of drinking water.

This self denial in the matter of water is the greatest hardship a fighter in training has to endure. The change of habits from the easy existence of the 'tween seasons to the rigors of the training camp induces a feverish and everpresent thirst, and it is a terrible thing to fight against.

To indulge the longing for water is to offset the results of hours of hard trudging in the open air or harder exercise in the gymnasium, and the laws of nature in this regard are inexorable. Nothing increases weight like a few gulps of water and, despite desperate yearnings, the fellow who is taking off flesh must contrive to keep his mouth moist by the use of chewing gum, or content himself with gargling his fevered throat and palate with the coveted fluid.

Habits of life have much to do with regulating the thirst with which pugilists are beset while training. A temperate, clean living fellow of muscular build does not suffer nearly as much as the happy go lucky pugilist who indulges his longing for wine and beer between fights. The latter type of pugilist is inclined to increase in bulk as a rule during his days of idleness, and when he has the surplus weight to wrestle with in addition to the dis-

ordered internal economy from which all bibulous individuals suffer in a lesser or greater degree, he feels that "A sporting life is not all it is cracked up to be."

Mention has already been made of the fact that many prominent pugilists are inclined to indulge in fads while training. Jim Corbett's especial hobby is handball. In many sections of the United States, ball courts built by Corbett are still standing, monuments, as it were, to his memory as a champion.

A visitor could easily locate Corbett's training quarters by the structures of glistening white pine that were erected for him just as soon as he installed himself in camp. There is one Corbett handball court on the verge of the beach near Mayport, Florida, and another at a lake resort a few miles from Hot Springs, Ark. Yet another rears its walls towards the sky near Allenhurst, N. J., and, for aught I know, one is still in evidence at Shaw's Springs near Carson, Nev. How many other ball courts Corbett caused to be built is a matter of conjecture. He never considered a training camp complete without one.

Corbett also believed in wrestling, and, as a rule, one or two hammer lock specialists were included among the members of his training staff.

Fitzsimmons believed in the simplest forms of training, so far as his regular programme was concerned. Sparring, wrestling, walking, running and bag punching comprised the bulk of his work. He was a faddist for all that, but his originality in this respect asserted itself in the acquisition of strange animals which were a source of pastime to him in his spare moments.

A few years ago a lion cub, a huge dog, a pony, or some other animal, was always to be found wherever Fitz-

simmons went into camp. It was frequently remarked that the Cornishman ran great risks of being injured while wrestling or romping with his four-footed pets.

Fitzsimmons also derived enjoyment from visiting the blacksmith forges in his neighborhood. He would put in hours making horseshoes for presentation to his friends. Some of the smaller articles he turned out were of as neat workmanship as if manufactured by a jeweler.

Jeffries, through association with Corbett, became a believer in handball and wrestling, but his particular hobby was never known in sporting circles until he went West to train for his fight with Ruhlin. Then he made it plain that the life of the mountain had greater charms for him than anything else on earth.

His sleeping apartment at Harbin Springs, Cal., looked more like a hunter's cabin than the abode of a boxing champion. Cartridges littered the tables and floors; revolvers of all sizes were thrown around in confusion and Winchesters were stacked in every corner.

He virtually conditioned himself on that occasion while hunting big game and tramping through the ranges with no other company than a pack mule. By his knowledge of mountain lore he showed that outdoor existence was no new thing with him. He proved that he knew how to handle a half trained broncho and drive a stage coach, and he also made patent the fact that he is a dead shot with a rifle.

It isn't likely that Jeffries will have many imitators in his hunting exploits among the pugilists of to-day. They are not built that way. They come from the crowded cities, as a rule, and while the strenuous work of the

ring has no terrors for the average fighter, his courage is not of the kind that would avail him if he found himself alone on the rangeside and a bear or a mountain lion blocking his path.

This is the era of "physical culture" and the question is very often asked—Does the training a fighter engages in prove lasting in its effects?

Any number of examples can be adduced to show that it does not, and it is not hard to explain why such is the case.

In the majority of cases pugilists are not physical culturists as the term is understood. They train at intervals only, and the boxer who keeps up his work when he has no contest in view is an exception.

The contrast between the routine of strict training and the life led during days of ease and indolence is very marked and continuous deterioration appears to be the result. Except in rare instances, a professional pugilist, after a dozen years of active service in the ring, is a stale, listless specimen of humanity.

It is the rule when a boxer has reached the "has been" class to attribute his physical retrogression to dissipation, but there are instances to-day of fighters who never dissipated and who are prematurely old, so far as the athletic part of them is concerned, at 35.

It is a favorite contention among athletes that a man is at his best between the ages of 25 and 35. The author's observations have led him to the conclusion that a professional pugilist who engages in the average amount of training and relaxing is good for about ten years. If he starts his career at twenty years of age and is kept fairly busy he will be on the down grade by the

time he reaches 30. There are exceptions to this, as there are to every rule. Fitzsimmons retains his physical powers long after the allotted span. George Godfrey, a colored heavyweight of Boston, was still formidable as a fighter long after the ten year limit had been reached.

CHAPTER IV.

RULES OF BOXING—ANCIENT AND MODERN RULES OF THE RING—QUEENSBERRY, BLANCHARD'S AND LONDON PRIZE RING RULES.

While boxing, as it is conducted nowadays, is a much cleaner cut and more interesting sport than it was under the old conditions, it must be said that the ideal rules for the guidance of pugilists in action have not yet been formulated. This, because certain clauses of the rules at present observed are capable of many constructions, and, as a consequence, arguments are continually arising among sporting authorities as to the manner in which they shall be interpreted.

In a broad way London prize ring rules and Queensberry rules mark the distinction between the old and new methods of pugilism. Under London prize ring rules men fought with bare knuckles and a round lasted until one of the contestants was knocked down, thrown, or slipped of his own accord to the turf to avoid punishment while in a so-called clinch.

When a round terminated thirty seconds elapsed before the referee called "time" for the next round. A further indulgence of eight seconds was allowed, and the man who did not toe the scratch within thirty-eight seconds of the close of the preceding round was adjudged the loser of the contest by the referee.

Under the Queensberry rules, the contestants wear

boxing gloves, and a round is of three minutes' duration, no matter how many knockdowns may occur during that time. One minute of rest is provided for at the expiration of a round, and ten seconds is allowed a man to recover from the effects of a knockdown blow and resume fighting.

Should he be unable to toe the scratch at the expiration of the ten seconds he is adjudged "knocked out of time," and the decision is rendered against him.

The term "knocked out," which is in common use in pugilistic circles, is an abbreviation of "knocked out of time." On account of the force and directness of the expression "knocked out," many people appear to be of the impression that it involves being knocked senseless. Such is not the case. Any blow which incapacitates a pugilist for a period of ten seconds, whether he have possession of his senses or not, has knocked him out of time, and the winner is said to have "knocked out" his opponent.

There is no trouble in keeping in view the salient points of difference between the old rules and the new. The arguments which arise interminably are over the clauses referring to hugging and wrestling, and whatever other clauses have bearing upon what shall happen when the men are boxing at close quarters.

It might be as well to explain that the so-called Queensberry rules are not the original Marquis of Queensberry rules at all. The latter were framed for amateurs and provided for three rounds, each of two minutes' duration, and one round of four minutes. The Queensberry rules in vogue in this country now were written by an English newspaper man who styled them "Queensberry Rules for Endurance."

They are comprehensive rules in the main, but they do not make thoroughly clear the intention of the framer in regard to hitting in clinches or holding and hitting at one and the same time.

Rule No. 2 says, "No wrestling nor hugging allowed," and several experts, among them Billy Madden, claim that the intention was to forbid, not only wrestling and hugging, but holding in any shape. In other words that the rules call for three minutes of boxing, pure and simple, and that the contestant who attempts to hinder the proceedings by holding for purposes of protection, or who holds with one hand so as to do more effective work while punching his opponent with his disengaged hand, is guilty of an infraction of the rules and renders himself a fit subject for disqualification.

Those who disagree with Madden on this point argue that no specific discrimination against holding, or holding and hitting, is made in the Queensberry rules and that wrestling and hugging are quite distinct from holding or holding and hitting. Furthermore that rule 12 has it, "The contest in all other respects be governed by the revised rules of the London prize ring," which permit holding and hitting so long as a man is not held against a ring post or rope.

In the author's opinion, Madden's view of the "hugging and wrestling" rule is the correct one. The evident intention of the man who wrote "Queensberry Rules for Endurance," was to have three minutes of free handed glove play in every round with all hugging, wrestling, holding and clinching barred.

But here is where the shoe pinches. It is as natural for a boxer, when tired from his own exertions or dazed by an opponent's blows, to reach out and clutch his adver-

sary as it is for a drowning man to grasp at a floating plank. He will do it instinctively and the degree of courage he possesses bears no relation to the act whatever. For a referee to disqualify him for so doing, at the first offense, particularly, would be to inaugurate a style of finish that would soon disgust patrons of pugilism and cause the sport to languish.

This is one of the author's reasons for maintaining that the ideal rules have not yet been written. In addition to straightening out the clauses bearing upon hugging, wrestling, holding and clinching, there should be clauses inserted which either legalize or forbid striking while breaking away from a clinch.

At present nearly every fighter has his own notions as to what constitutes ring etiquette when drawing out from a clinch. Some think the rule should be "protect yourself," or, in other words, strike out the instant a clinch is broken. Others hold out for "clean breaks," that is, for stepping back without striking when ordered to break by the referee.

In this connection, it must be said that the rules observed at the California Athletic Club, San Francisco, the pioneer organization in the promotion of Queensberry contests between professionals in the United States, seemed to work to the satisfaction of all concerned. There the contestants were required to step apart at the word "break" from the referee, it being, of course, left to the referee's discretion to determine when a clinch should end.

As a general thing the principals were supposed to ~~clear~~ clear away from each other and then place themselves in fighting position again, but if they agreed mu-

tually beforehand that they were to strike at each other while drawing away, the referee permitted such a course.

At present the rules, so far as they affect hugging, holding, and hitting in the breaks, are in a condition bordering upon chaos. Each section interprets them differently, the result being that in one part of the country "clean breaks" are favored while in another the contestants are permitted to "fight themselves loose," when there are entanglements at close quarters.

A rule of this latter kind is equivalent to the old Donnybrook formula, "Wherever you see a head hit it." Those who uphold it argue that it is more in accordance with the spirit of manly sport than any other rule having reference to this particular style of fighting, inasmuch as it empowers a man who is willing to box to strike out continuously. It is held, moreover, that if the other contestant is imbued with similar notions in regard to earnest give and take work, nothing approaching a clinch will be likely to occur during the progress of a bout.

As matters stand, and until rules are drawn up which will deal with these matters exhaustively and intelligently, the safest way seems to be for each brace of boxers to agree in advance upon what they shall do at close range and have a clear understanding with the referee as to the compact they have entered into.

Copies of the various rules in vogue are appended. The rules termed "Queensberry Rules for Endurance" are the ones conformed to most generally in the United States. The "Marquis of Queensberry Rules" are in substance the same as those recognized by the English boxing clubs.

"Blanchard's Fair Play Rules," while seldom used, are

well written and cover lots of points which continually arise.

"London Prize Ring Rules" are practically obsolete. They are evidently not the work of a literary genius, but they are printed verbatim.

QUEENSBERRY RULES FOR ENDURANCE.

Rule 1—To be a fair stand up boxing match in a twenty-four foot ring, or as near that size as possible.

2—No wrestling or hugging allowed.

3—The rounds to be of three minutes' duration, and one minute time between rounds.

4—If either man falls, through weakness or otherwise, he must get up unassisted; ten seconds to be allowed him to do so, the other man meanwhile to retire to his corner, and when the fallen man is on his legs the round is to be resumed and continued until the three minutes have expired. If one man fails to come to the scratch in the ten seconds allowed, it shall be in the power of the referee to give his award in favor of the other man.

5—A man hanging on the ropes in a helpless state, with his toes off the ground, shall be considered down.

6—No seconds or any other person to be allowed in the ring during the rounds.

7—Should the contest be stopped by any unavoidable interference, the referee to name time and place as soon as possible for finishing the contest, so that the match must be won and lost unless the backers of both men agree to draw the stakes.

8—The gloves to be fair sized boxing gloves of the best quality, and new.

9—Should a glove burst or come off, it must be replaced to the referee's satisfaction.

10—A man on one knee is considered down, and if struck is entitled to the stakes.

11—No shoes or boots with sprigs allowed.

12—The contest in all other respects to be governed by the revised rules of the London prize ring.

MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY RULES.

Rules of the Lenox Athletic Club, New York City—Interpreted by Tom O'Rourke, Charles E. Davies and Billy Madden, of America; J. B. Angle, of the National Club, of London, for America.

CONTESTS.

1—All contests to be decided in a roped ring, not less than twelve feet or more than twenty-four feet square.

2—Contestants to box in light boots or shoes (without spikes) or in socks, and to weigh on the day of contest.

3—In all contests the number of rounds shall be specified. The limit to the number of rounds shall be either twenty or twenty-five of three minutes; the intervals between the rounds shall be one minute. The gloves to be of minimum weight of five ounces each.

4—A contestant shall be entitled to the assistance of three seconds, whose names shall be submitted to the Committee for approval. The seconds shall leave the ring when time is called, and any advice given is at the discretion of the Referee.

5—In all contests a Referee and a time-keeper shall be appointed by the Committee. The Referee shall award a maximum number of five marks at the end of each round, and a proportionate number to the other contestant. If a contestant is knocked down, he must get up unassisted within ten seconds, his opponent meanwhile retiring out of striking distance. A contestant failing to resume the contest at the expiration of ten seconds will be considered defeated.

In all contests the decision shall be given in favor of the contestant who obtains the greatest number of points. The points shall be for "attack"—direct, clean hits with the knuckle part of the glove of either hand on any part of the front or sides of the head or body above the belt; "Defense"—guarding, slipping, ducking or getting away.

Where points are otherwise equal, the preference to be given to the contestant who does most of the leading off or displays the best style.

6—The Referee may disqualify a contestant for delivering a foul blow intentionally or otherwise, for holding, butting, shouldering, falling without receiving a blow, wrestling or for boxing unfairly by hitting with the open glove, the inside or butt of the hand, with the wrist or elbow, or for roughing at the ropes.

7—If in the opinion of the Referee a deliberate foul is committed by a contestant, such contestant shall not be entitled to any prize.

8—Breaking of any of these rules by a contestant or his seconds shall render a contestant liable to disqualification.

9—The Referee shall decide: (1) Any question not provided for in these rules. (2) The interpretation of any of these rules.

Soft bandages allowed to be used if necessary.

BLANCHARD'S FAIR PLAY RULES.

Rule 1—An honest and competent referee must be chosen, who should be familiar with the rules. His orders must be promptly obeyed and his decisions in all cases shall be final.

2—A responsible timekeeper must be appointed, who shall take his position near the ropes, and should be provided with a proper time watch. The referee also may have the privilege of keeping time for his own satisfaction, particularly in reference to the ten seconds after a knockdown.

3—All contests shall take place in a roped enclosure, from twenty to twenty-four feet square, or as near that as possible, with eight posts, and to prevent injury to the contestants the posts should be padded on the inside and a suitable soft covering provided for the floor. There should be a circle five feet in diameter drawn in the middle of the enclosure to be known as the center, where contestants should meet for the beginning of each round.



Jefferies, Training Quarters at Allenhurst, N. J.



House at Allenhurst, N. J., where Corbett and Jeffries Trained
for their Fights with Sullivan and Sharkey

No one except the referee, timekeeper and seconds should be allowed within five feet of the enclosure.

4—Each principal may have three attendants, only two of whom shall be allowed within the enclosure. While the contest is in progress the attendants must take positions outside the ring and neither advise nor speak to either of the principals, except while they are resting. A violation of this rule may be punished by the referee excluding the offender from serving as an attendant. Either attendant may quietly call the attention of the referee to any violations of the rules. While resting, principals may use a light chair in their corners, but it must be placed outside by the attendants while the contest is in progress.

5—Positively no wrestling, clinching, hugging, butting, or anything done to injure an opponent, except by fair and manly boxing, shall be allowed. If a contestant should resort to clinching, his opponent may continue hitting as long as he does not clinch himself. A contestant shall not go to the floor to avoid his opponent or to obtain rest; but should either contestant accidentally fall, his opponent shall step back and allow the fallen man time to get on his feet so as to defend himself, before proceeding with the round; nor shall he strike his opponent when down or on one or both knees, or while rising, nor be allowed to strike below the belt or waist.

6—A round shall be of three minutes' duration, with one minute between rounds for rest. In all matches the number of rounds should be mutually agreed upon, and the weight of gloves not less than five ounces each.

7—If a glove shall burst or come off, it must be replaced immediately to the satisfaction of the referee. No tampering with the gloves by forcing the hair from the knuckles or otherwise shall be allowed.

8—If either man is knocked down, he shall be allowed ten seconds to rise and walk unassisted to the center. In the meantime his opponent shall retire to his corner and remain until the fallen man shall first reach the center, and the round be completed. If, however, the man fails

to come to the center within ten seconds the referee shall decide that he has lost the contest.

9—If either principal becomes so exhausted that it is apparently imprudent or dangerous to continue, it shall be the duty of the referee to stop the contest and give his decision in favor of the deserving man.

10—Neither contestant shall be allowed to unnecessarily prolong the contest by making no effort to exchange blows, when, in the opinion of the referee, he is able to do so.

11—A second shall not have the right to acknowledge defeat, or compromise the contest, without first consulting the principal.

12—If at any time during the contest it should become evident that the parties interested, or bystanders, are doing anything to injure either principal, or to wilfully interfere in any way to prevent them from fairly winning, the referee shall have the power to declare the principal so interfered with the winner.

13—In all matches, if, on the day named for a meeting, anything unavoidable should occur to prevent the contest from taking place or being finished, the referee shall have the power to name the time and place for the next meeting, unless otherwise mutually agreed upon by the principals and their backers.

14—If there is anything done maliciously to intimidate the referee while serving, he shall have the right to reserve his decision, which, however, must be rendered within twenty-four hours after the contest.

15—In order that exhibitions may be conducted in a quiet and orderly manner, the referee should always request spectators to refrain from loud expressions or demonstrations, and anyone guilty of such conduct while a contest is in progress should be severely condemned.

LONDON PRIZE RING RULES.

Rule 1—The ring shall be made on turf, and shall be four and twenty feet square, formed of eight stakes and ropes, the latter extending in double lines, the uppermost

line being four feet from the ground, and the lower two feet from the ground. In the center of the ring a mark shall be formed, to be termed a scratch.

2—Each man shall be attended to the ring by two seconds and a bottleholder. The combatants, on shaking hands, shall retire until the seconds of each have tossed for choice of positions, which adjusted, the winner shall choose his corner according to the state of the wind or sun, and conduct his man thereto; the loser taking the opposite diagonal corner.

3—Each man shall be provided with a handkerchief of a color suitable to his own fancy, and the seconds shall entwine these handkerchiefs at the upper end of one of the center stakes. These handkerchiefs shall be called "colors" and the winner of the battle at its conclusion shall be entitled to their possession as the trophy of victory.

4—The two umpires shall be chosen by the seconds or backers to watch the progress of the battle, and take exception to any breach of the rules hereinafter stated. A referee shall be chosen by the umpires, unless otherwise agreed on, to whom all disputes shall be referred, and the decision of this referee, whatever it may be, shall be final and strictly binding on all parties, whether as to the matter in dispute, or the issue of the battle. The referee shall be provided with a watch for the purpose of calling time; the call of the referee only to be attended to, and no other person whatever shall interfere in calling time. The referee shall withhold all opinion till appealed to by the umpires and the umpires shall strictly abide by his decision without dispute.

5—On the men being stripped it shall be the duty of the seconds to examine their drawers, and if any objection arises as to insertion of improper substances therein, they shall appeal to their umpires, who, with the concurrence of the referee, shall direct what alterations shall be made.

6—The spikes in the fighting boots shall be confined to three in number, which shall not exceed three-eighths of

an inch from the sole of the boot, and shall not be less than one-eighth of an inch broad at the point; two to be placed in the broadest part of the sole and one in the heel; and in the event of a man wearing any other spikes, either in toes or elsewhere, he shall be compelled either to remove them or provide other boots properly spiked, the penalty for refusal to be a loss of the stakes.

7—Both men being ready, each shall be conducted to that side of the scratch next his corner previously chosen; and the second on the one side and the men on the other, having shaken hands the former shall immediately leave the ring and there remain until the round be finished, on no pretense whatever approaching their principals during the round, without permission from the referee, the penalty to be the loss of the battle to the offending parties.

8—At the conclusion of the round when one or both of the men shall be down, the seconds shall step into the ring, and carry or conduct their principal to his corner, there affording him the necessary assistance and no person whatever be permitted to interfere in his duties.

9—On the expiration of thirty seconds the referee appointed shall cry "time," upon which each man shall rise from the knee of his second and walk to his own side of the scratch unaided; the seconds immediately leaving the ring. The penalty for either of them remaining eight seconds after the call of time to be the loss of the battle to his principal; and either man failing to be at the scratch within eight seconds shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

10—On no consideration whatever shall any person except the seconds and the referee be permitted to enter the ring during the battle, nor till it shall have been concluded, and in the event of such unfair practice, or the ropes or stakes being disturbed or removed, it shall be in the power of the referee to award the victory to that man, who, in his honest opinion, shall have the best of the contest,

11—The seconds shall not interfere, advise or direct the adversary of their principal and shall refrain from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the diligent and careful discharge of their duties to their principals.

12—In picking up their men, should the seconds wilfully injure the antagonist of their principal, the latter shall be deemed to have forfeited the battle, on the decision of the referee.

13—It shall be a fair "stand up fight" and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows shall have been previously exchanged or not, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle, but this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness.

14—Butting with the head shall be deemed foul, and the party resorting to this practice shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

15—A blow struck when a man is thrown or down shall be deemed foul. A man with one knee and one hand on the ground, or with both knees on the ground, shall be deemed down, and a blow given in either of these positions shall be considered foul, providing always that, when in such position, the man so down shall not himself strike, or attempt to strike.

16—A blow struck below the waistband shall be deemed foul, and in a close, seizing an antagonist below the waist, by the thigh or otherwise, shall be deemed foul.

17—All attempts to inflict injury by gouging, or tearing the flesh with the fingers or nails, and biting shall be deemed foul.

18—Kicking, or deliberately falling on an antagonist with the knees or otherwise when down, shall be deemed foul.

19—All bets shall be paid as the battle money after a fight is awarded.

20—The referee and umpires shall take their positions in front of the center stake, outside the ropes.

21—Due notice shall be given by the stakeholder of the day and place where the battle money is to be given up and be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the directions of the referee; all parties be strictly bound by these rules; and in future, all articles of agreement for a contest be entered into with a strict and willing adherence to the letter and spirit of these rules.

22—In the event of magisterial or other interference, or in case of darkness coming on, the referee (or stakeholder in case no referee has been chosen) shall have the power to name the time and place for the next meeting, if possible on the same day, or as soon after as may be. In naming the second or third place the nearest spot shall be selected to the original place of fighting where there is a chance of its being fought out.

23—Should the fight not be decided on the day all bets shall be drawn, unless the fight shall be resumed the same week, between Sunday and Sunday, in which case the referee's duties shall continue and the bets shall stand and be decided by the event. The battle money shall remain in the hands of the stakeholder until fairly won or lost by a fight, unless a draw be mutually agreed upon, or, in case of a postponement, one of the principals shall be absent, when the man in the ring shall be awarded the stakes.

24—Any pugilist voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the delivered judgment of the referee being obtained shall be deemed to have lost the fight.

25—On an objection being made by the seconds or umpire the men shall retire to their corners, and there remain until the decision of the appointed authorities shall be obtained; if pronounced "foul" the battle shall be at an end, but if "fair," "time" shall be called by the party appointed, and the man absent from the scratch in eight seconds after shall be deemed to have lost the fight. The decision in all cases to be given promptly and

irrevocably, for which purpose the umpires and the referee should be invariably close together.

26—If a man leaves the ring, either to escape punishment or for any other purpose, without the permission of the referee, unless he is involuntarily forced out, he shall forfeit the battle.

27—The use of hard substances, such as stones or sticks, or resin in the hand during the battle, shall be deemed foul, and on the requisition of the seconds of either man the accused shall open his hands for the examination of the referee.

28—Hugging on the ropes shall be deemed foul. A man held by the neck against the stakes or upon or against the ropes shall be considered down, and all interference with him in that position shall be foul. If a man in any way makes use of the ropes or stakes to aid him in squeezing his adversary he shall be deemed the loser of the battle, and if a man in a close reaches the ground with his knees, his adversary shall immediately loosen or lose the battle.

29—All glove or room fights be as nearly as possible in conformity with foregoing rules.

PART II.

INVASION OF AMERICA BY AUSTRALIAN PUGULISTS.

CHAPTER V.

SOME EARLY ARRIVALS—FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN FIGHTERS
—HALL, SEYMOUR, FOLEY, BURKE.

One of the notable things of the Queensberry era of boxing in this country was the invasion of the United States by Australian pugilists. It may not be generally known that this thing was started by a visit to Australia of two American fighters, to wit, John L. Herget, known to ring fame as "Young Mitchell," and Martin Costello, better known as "The Buffalo." As a matter of fact American fighters invaded Australia before the colonial bruisers began to come to this country.

In order to give the facts in their proper sequence it will be necessary to go back to things that happened in the late seventies and early eighties. Harry Maynard, who, outside the ring, was known as William Winchcome, came to San Francisco from Auckland, New Zealand, when a big fleet of paddle steamers was running between the ports named. The steamer on which Maynard arrived at the Golden Gate was the "Nebraska," if I remember right.

Maynard, who was quite handy with his fists, saw an opening for a sporting establishment in San Francisco and he blossomed out as a professor of fisticuffs and a handler of glove contests. He became the vogue there and was quite well to do at one time. It was a habit to refer to Maynard as an Australian pugilist, but as a matter of fact he was of Romany extraction and English birth and his early ideas of self-defense were picked up in New Zealand.

It was another mistake to refer to Herbert Slade as an Australian fighter. Slade is what is known as a half-caste Maori and his old home is at Timaru, New Zealand, where Fitzsimmons used to live. Slade, who was quite proficient as a wrestler and but slightly talented as a boxer, was picked up by Jem Mace when the veteran British fighter was touring the Maori country. At that time John L. Sullivan's fame as a pugilist was extending to all corners of the earth and Mace professed to believe that he saw in Slade a fit opponent for Sullivan. Mace and the Maori came and saw, but they did not conquer. Sullivan knocked Slade galley-west and the New Zealander's hopes of becoming world's champion went glimmering.

Another man who was regarded to some extent as an Australian fighter was Dick Mathews, who was in reality a Southern Californian. Mathews went to Australia with a circus and while there enlarged his knowledge of boxing. While Sullivan was doing his four-round knock-out tour in this country Mathews was working along somewhat similar lines in the colonies. He had fair success and he returned to California in the year 1885. He won a fight with Jack Brady, a San Francisco heavy-weight, had an interrupted meeting with Denver Ed

Smith, in which Mathews was generally regarded as the loser, and he was fairly knocked out by Big Joe McAuliffe, who was then in his novice days.

The California Athletic Club was organized in the year 1886 by Sam Mathews, a brother of the fighter referred to, and Jack Seymour, a Yorkshireman who had been identified with pedestrian sports in Australia. The club had its headquarters at 216 DuPont street, San Francisco, and it was there that Queensberry glove contests were first handled in this country in a systematic manner.

In the year 1887 the club arranged a contest between Martin Costello and Con Riordan. The latter was an Australian by birth but came to this country while still a lad and picked up his ideas of fisticuffs around San Francisco.

About this time the authorities decided that too much prominence was being given to the glove fights of the California Club and the place was raided by the police while Costello and Riordan were busily mauling each other. The interruption disgusted the members and for a while the club patronage fell away. Seymour was so much disheartened by the failure of his plans that he drowned himself in San Francisco bay. Believing that the jig was up in California, Costello and "Young Mitchell," who were quite famous pugilists in those days, resolved to try their luck in Australia. They sailed for Sydney and during their sojourn in the land of the golden fleece each of them engaged in several contests.

While Costello and "Young Mitchell" were still in Australia, Jack Hall, a lightweight pupil of retired Champion Larry Foley, and one of the best lightweights in Australia, arrived in San Francisco. Hall and

Mitchell had fought at Sydney, the affair being called a draw after a stubborn contest. Hall first appeared in San Francisco in the summer of 1887. The California Club had regained some of its lost prestige and a match was arranged between Hall and Dan Connell, a local lightweight. Hall, who was seconded by Jack Burke, the Irish lad, knocked out Connell in short order.

Jack Burke, who, just prior to the time mentioned, had boxed a ten-round draw with Jack Dempsey at the Mechanic's Pavilion, San Francisco, made up his mind to take a flying trip to Australia and Lightweight Hall decided to return to that country with him.

On his arrival in Australia, Burke, who, in addition to being a very capable fighter, had the showman instinct strongly developed, arranged for a four-round bout with Larry Foley. The affair came off about Christmas time, 1887, at the Carrington Athletic ground, Sydney, in broad daylight. The writer, who made a voyage to Australia in the year mentioned, arrived in time to witness the affair.

It was a good, fast, clever exhibition with big gloves and it was declared a draw. The attendance was far and away the largest ever seen at anything of the kind in Australia and the unemployed boxers of that country, on hearing from Burke that fight gatherings of that magnitude were no uncommon thing in the United States, decided that America was a good place to visit. Sam Fitzpatrick was the first of the Australian boxers to take passage for San Francisco after Hall and Burke arrived at Sydney. As a matter of fact Sam sailed for the Golden Gate before the Burke-Foley contest took place and figured in several fights. He was known in those days as "the Australian comet."

In April, 1888, Peter Jackson, Tom Meadows and Paddy Gorman arrived at the Golden Gate. They were all good Queensberry workmen and their services were in demand.

When news of the success of Jackson and the others reached Australia a steady stream of Australian boxers poured in through the Golden Gate from the land lying beneath the Southern cross. They came singly and in bunches and the Australian colony in San Francisco constantly increased.

Among the most prominent of the visiting fighters were Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Hall, Abe Willis, George Dawson, Joe Goddard, Jim Barron, Steve O'Donnell, Dan Creedon, Tom Tracy, Billy Smith, Jim Ryan, "Young Griffo," Billy Murphy, Hughey Napier, Jack Hall, George McKenzie and George Mulholland.

The influence of the Australian style of boxing was undoubtedly for good. The American lads in those days were much given to swinging wildly and many a promising fighter suffered continually with crippled hands, through striking with the ball of the thumb.

As a matter of fact the American fighters have absorbed all that the Australians knew about the inwardness of self-defense, and have added quite a number of punches to the list, which the mechanical boxers of Australia imagined was thoroughly complete. It might be more correct to call the American innovations variations on old-time punches. The average American boxer certainly uses hooks and jolts which were unknown in Australia when Peter Jackson was in his heyday, and that they are legitimate blows it is fully proved by the fact that American boxers rarely suffer with damaged hands nowadays.

Peter Jackson, who was a disciple of the Mace school of self-defense, believed in nothing but straight punches. During a portion of his sojourn in San Francisco Jackson acted as boxing instructor at the reorganized California Athletic Club, of which L. R. Fulda was president, and Jackson always impressed upon his pupils the necessity of hitting straight from the shoulder.

Peter imbibed many of his notions of boxing from Larry Foley, who was a believer in the Mace methods, and in Jackson's idea the leads and counters he was drilled in could no more be improved upon than the strokes that were taught in British saber drill. Mace was Peter's ideal of a boxing master and as Mace was acknowledged as the most talented glove wielder of those years Peter scouted the idea that there could be anything but straight punches connected with self-defense.

Once when Jackson was posing for photographs with Choynski at the Dieves training quarters near San Francisco, for the purpose of showing the blows he employed while fighting, some one shouted, "Show us a left upper-cu., Peter."

"Never heard of such a thing," replied Jackson, disdainfully, and he cast a withering glance at the speaker.

There came a time, however, when Jackson had to resort to a punch that was not straight. It was at Buffalo in the year 1889, when Jackson was on his way to England. He undertook to stop a hard-headed heavy-weight in four rounds, but the fellow proved an adept at throwing his head low to the right every time Jackson made the slightest feint. Finally Jackson made use of a left up-swing. He caught his opponent on the forehead and downed him and the police then put an end to the proceedings. When Jackson retired to his dressing

room he had a sprained thumb to nurse. The injury pained him and he gazed ruefully at his crippled hand.

"Just think," said Peter, "that is the first time I tried an American punch. Well, well, the old way is the best, after all."

There came a time when the colonies ceased to send their fighters to these shores. As a matter of fact boxing became a languishing sport at the antipodes and no really good man has developed out that way in recent years. We have had Australian Tim Murphy, Tim Heggerty, Otto Cribb and a few others, but each and every one of them fell far short of the standard that prevailed years ago. It may be that Australia will come to the fore again as a producer of champion pugilists, but the day seems far removed.

CHAPTER VI.

GEORGE DAWSON.

George Dawson, who in his day won the belt emblematic of the lightweight championship of Australia, was one of the most prominent of the pugilists who came to this country during the antipodean invasion.

Dawson, after his arrival at San Francisco in 1892, defeated Billy Gallagher, Danny Needham and Doc O'Connell in turn. He was matched to meet Tommy Ryan at New Orleans in March, 1893, but Ryan paid forfeit owing to illness. Shortly after that Dawson retired from the ring. He has devoted himself to instructing pupils in the art of self-defense. He has held the position of boxing instructor of the Chicago Athletic Club for many years and he has gained an army of friends by his uniform courtesy, his gentlemanly bearing and his intelligent manner of conducting his classes.

Dawson's contest with Danny Needham at the California Athletic Club in July, 1892, is an affair that is still talked about out on the coast. It was described by one of the old guard of ring followers as "the gamest, fairest and most scientific fight" ever seen in San Francisco.

It was always said of "Gentleman George," the sobriquet by which Dawson was known, that he was the soul of politeness outside the ropes and the personification of coolness and courage in the ring.

In the affair with Needham his fortitude was put to



GEORGE DAWSON
Ex-Lightweight Champion of Australia, Who Helped Train Fitzsimmons
for his Recent Fights



SAM FITZPATRICK
Who Virtually Headed the Invasion of America by Australian Fighters

the test. Needham was possessed of a very damaging left hand punch and for round after round he sent in repeated blows on Dawson's face. The effects of this incessant punching were terrible and Dawson's seconds were worried over the outlook. They were unable to stop the flow of blood from the Australian lightweight's nose, and George's condition was such that several of his intimate friends left the club hurriedly, determined to hedge the bets they had made.

Dawson himself, despite the apparently dismal outlook, kept as cool as the proverbial cucumber. He was holding in reserve his favorite punch, to wit, the "kidney blow," and he felt that just as soon as he found proper openings for it, the tide would turn.

When the fifteenth round had been fought the aspect of affairs changed in Dawson's favor. He began to reach Needham with the "kidney blow" and Needham wilted perceptibly. Needham, in his anxiety to jab at the face, left the side of his body unprotected, and it was at a point just over the hip and a little to the rear that Dawson kept swinging his right with might and main. The accumulative effects of the blows had a double effect on Needham. They weakened his left hand punches and they caused him to cringe. The slightest feint made him bend over as if expecting a hard smash on the tender spot over the kidneys. Under the circumstances it was easy for Dawson to confuse his opponent and then aim knockout blows at the jaw.

Needham was defeated in the twenty-ninth round and he did not give up the contest until his legs refused to support him. He was counted out while doing his best to rise and resume fighting. Dawson was commended for the chivalry he displayed in the closing moments of

the fight. He frequently went to Needham's assistance when it looked as if Danny would stagger through the ropes.

When Bob Fitzsimmons made up his mind to return to the ring in the fall of 1900 he arranged with Dawson to supervise his training. Deep friendship existed between George and Bob ever since the former's arrival in the United States, although it is a noteworthy circumstance, and not generally known, that Fitzsimmons was anxious to meet Dawson in the ring while the pair were working their way to the front in Australia.

Dawson always laughs now when he refers to the circumstance. "It was this way," he explains. "I was getting the better of all the 140-pound men around Sydney, and Bob, who was in the middleweight class, wasn't very lucky in finding opponents. He said once that he believed he could do 140 pounds and that he was going to try to get to that weight and then challenge me. He harped on that string quite a while and used to importune my backer to arrange a match. The affair never came to a head, however. Bob changed his mind about going so much out of his class and sailed for America. How did I feel about the prospect of a match with him? Well, to tell you the truth, I always had the idea that he couldn't make 140 pounds, so I wasn't bothered about the prospects."

When Fitzsimmons went into training at Bergen Beach for his matches with Ruhlin and Sharkey in August, 1900, Dawson took charge of affairs and laid out a course of work which enabled the Cornishman to land in the ring in excellent condition. One of the first things Dawson did was to discourage Fitzsimmons' tactics of

allowing his training partners to hit him at will while sparring, so as to amuse visitors at the camp.

"You must quit that," said Dawson. "No man ever won a fight yet by allowing the other fellow to hit him, and what you do in practice you are liable to do in the ring. Let your sparring partner hit you if he can. You do your best to avoid his blows and don't overlook a chance to put it on to him. That is the correct way to spar when you are training for a fight."

Fitzsimmons saw the force of the argument and profited by it. Big Bob Armstrong, the colored heavyweight, who was Bob's sparring partner at the time, did not consider the new order of things a marked improvement on former methods. No wonder, for poor Bob got many a rap in the ribs and on the ear that he was a stranger to formerly.

"I can't say that I believe in these new wrinkles, altogether," said Armstrong. "I must say that they make things much harder for the talented colored gemman who puts on the gloves with Mr. Fitzsimmons."

Reference has already been made to the splendid condition Fitzsimmons was in when he boxed Ruhlin and Sharkey. That the Cornishman felt George Dawson had been of inestimable service to him while training has been shown many times since. He has referred to the fact, repeatedly, and has often said that he would endeavor to have Dawson at the helm of affairs whenever he trained for other battles. As an acknowledgment of the benefit derived from Dawson's presence during the 1900 training campaign, Fitzsimmons presented "Gentleman George" with several exceedingly handsome articles of jewelry.

PART III.

INDIVIDUAL SKETCHES OF WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP CANDIDATES.

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Champions may come and champions may go, but the name of John L. Sullivan will be remembered just as long as the game of fisticuffs endures. There never was, and there never will be, probably, another ring hero whose fame was so widespread.

It is a favorite argument with heavyweights of a later date, that Sullivan and his achievements were brought into bold relief because good men were scarce in his day. Whether this contention carries weight or not, the fact remains that when John L. was in his prime his name could be heard in the most remote spots on the face of the earth. His reputation as a ringster was greater than that of Sayers, Heenan, Hyer or any of the crackajacks of other years and other eras. He was regarded as the embodiment of all that was forceful and invincible in the pugilistic realm.

There is no doubt that Sullivan, to begin with, owed his success as a fighter to his wonderful strength more

than anything else. Without natural speed as an ally, that strength might have proved a detriment, but with the two combined, and, in addition, good knowledge of the inwardness of boxing and excellent judgment as to where to strike an opponent in order to produce the best—or worst—results, he possessed a varied list of advantages which sent him to the front with rapid strides and enabled him to remain there.

"When Sullivan was Sullivan, no man on earth had a chance to win from him in a stand up fight," said a veteran sporting man to the writer just after John L.'s defeat by Corbett at New Orleans.

"He was as strong as an elephant and as quick as a cat on his feet. He could clear space in the ring in a wonderful way for such a big man and he would be right on top of his opponent in a jiffy. Then there was no hope for the other fellow. He might up with his guard, but if he got a crack on the arm from Sullivan it would be almost as bad as a crack on the jaw. Anyhow, he would not be able to raise his guard a second time and down he would go. There was no living against the Sullivan swing."

Sullivan was known as the strong boy, around Boston, even in the days when baseball had more charms for him than boxing. He was born in the city named, and it was there he first drew attention to himself when Queensberry exhibitions of limited duration were becoming the vogue.

During 1878 and 1879 Sullivan boxed Dan Dwyer, Tommy Chandler, Mike Donovan and Patsy Hogan, among others, gaining additional reputation every time he donned the gloves. In April, 1880, he appeared with Joe Goss at Music Hall, Boston, and knocked the sea-

soned slugger kicking in the second round. Goss recovered and refused to continue the exhibition unless the strong boy promised to go easy. Sullivan agreed and they put in another round.

In the same year John L. boxed with Prof. John L. Donaldson, of Cleveland, Ohio, in Cincinnati. It was merely an exhibition, but Sullivan manifested his superiority over the professor to such an extent that the latter became chagrined and challenged John L. to box with small gloves for \$500 a side.

Sullivan accepted and the affair came off in Cincinnati, on December 28, 1881. Sullivan took the lead and maintained it throughout, though Donaldson managed to prolong the contest by keeping as far away from the strong boy as the boxing space would permit.

Donaldson was knocked out in the tenth round, and then Sullivan became fairly launched in the fighting business.

Billy Madden, who was then mixed up in sporting matters in New York, had his attention drawn to Sullivan and he resolved to introduce the Boston strong boy into sporting circles in Gotham. When Sullivan arrived in New York, a challenge was issued in his name to fight for the world's championship and, in order to lend point to the defi, a benefit was arranged for Sullivan at Harry Hill's. On the posters advertising the show there was a line setting forth that fifty dollars would be presented to any pugilist who succeeded in standing before Sullivan for four rounds.

On this particular occasion Steve Taylor, a heavy-weight pugilist, who had trained Paddy Ryan for the contest with Joe Goss, decided to try and earn the fifty dollars. It was on March 31, 1881, when the entertain-

ment at Harry Hill's took place and Taylor was so badly used up that the sponge was tossed up in his behalf in the second round.

There were differences of opinion among the experts in New York in regard to Sullivan's fighting qualifications. It was admitted that he possessed great powers of endurance and that he could strike a heavy blow, but there were any number who thought that he was lacking in the clever points of the game. Arguments of this kind eventually led to the matching of Sullivan and Paddy Ryan, but in the meantime there was other work for the husky young Bostonian to do.

In New York, about that time, there was a heavyweight named John Flood and shortly after the affair with Steve Taylor, Flood and Sullivan were matched to fight under London prize ring rules for a purse of \$1,000. The men met on a barge in the Hudson river, opposite Yonkers in New York, on May 16, 1881, Al Smith acting as referee.

Both men fought savagely at the outset, but they kept too close to each other to do much damage. Flood finally went down near the ropes after two minutes of scuffling work. In the following round Sullivan threw Flood heavily at the end of a minute and a half, and the third round was also of a wrestling character, Flood being sent to the boards again in two minutes.

In round four, Flood gained quite a respite through his shoestrings breaking. When they did get together, however, Sullivan had things entirely his own way, knocking his man over the ropes with a body blow at the end of two minutes.

The fifth round was short and sweet. Flood rushed madly at his man and ran against a terrific left which

knocked him off his legs. The round occupied but thirty seconds.

In the sixth round again Flood received rough treatment, going down after one minute of fighting, to avoid the Bostonian's onslaught.

Flood struck short in the seventh round and Sullivan rattled him with a fierce crack on the ear. Then John L. seized his man and threw him heavily, falling on top of him. They were at it one minute and thirty seconds in this round.

Flood was knocked out completely in the eighth round, the blow which did the trick for him being a crushing righthander on the neck.

The whole fight occupied just sixteen minutes, and Sullivan was as lively at the conclusion as when he started. After the way he handled Flood it was generally admitted that the thickset Bostonian was quick in his actions and a bruising fighter.

Talk of a fight between Sullivan and Ryan was then revived, but the arrangements still hung fire and Sullivan turned his attention to others. He knocked out Fred Crossly, in Philadelphia, in one round in July, '81, and then visited Chicago, where Capt. James Dalton and Jack Burns, the Michigan giant, stood ready to do battle with him. Burns lasted just one round with the Bostonian and Dalton was knocked out in four rounds.

The sports of Chicago were astonished at Sullivan's speed and power, and it was generally admitted that he was a fit opponent for Ryan or anyone else. Sullivan explained that he was quite willing to box any man in the world for \$1,000 and the championship, and complained that Ryan insisted on fighting for \$5,000.

It looked as if the affair would fall through entirely,

but finally Billy Madden found backing for Sullivan to the extent of \$2,500 and Richard K. Fox furnishing a similar stake for Ryan, articles of agreement were drawn up and signed early in October, 1881, it being provided that the fight for the championship of America should take place Feb. 7, 1882, within one hundred miles of New Orleans, La.

Sullivan trained first at Bay St. Louis, Miss., and later at Carrollton, New Orleans, reducing his weight, it is said, from 210 to 196 pounds.

There was a great gathering of sports at Mississippi City on the day of the fight, which took place on the lawn of the Barnes Hotel, bordering on the Mississippi sound. The contest was witnessed by a large number of spectators, and in the throng which pressed to the rails around the hotel galleries several females were observed. Sullivan was first into the ring, being accompanied by Billy Madden, Arthur Chambers, Joe Goss, James Caldwell and others.

It was nearly twenty minutes before Ryan put in an appearance, his principal henchmen being James Shannon, Johnny Roach, Joe Connick and Tom Kelly. Ryan won the toss for corners and of course took the one which permitted him to sit with his back to the sun.

There was quite an argument over the question of a referee, choice finally narrowing to Alec Brewster and Jack Hardy. The Sullivanites wanted Brewster and the Ryan party wanted Hardy; and as neither seemed inclined to concede the point, it was finally suggested that both men act. This was agreed to and the men began fighting shortly after the noon hour.

They went to work quickly, but very little damage was done until Sullivan caught Ryan on the neck with his

right and flattened him out on his back. Ryan seemed to be thoroughly well shaken up as they carried him to his corner.

His success in the opening round increased Sullivan's confidence and he seemed anxious to mix it. He scored with both hands on the head and was countered on the left cheek. Then they clinched and fought like demons, holding with their lefts and banging away at the head with their rights. Ryan was the first to desist. He obtained a hold on Sullivan and after a sharp struggle threw him heavily and fell on him.

Ryan walked quickly to the scratch for the third round and seemed eager to begin. Sullivan was excited. Paddy was the first to lead, but a right counter on the face sent him to grass and the round ended.

Paddy was still jaunty and full of fight when round four began. He tried for the head with the left and was short. Sullivan, whose judgment of distance was admirable, got home with the right twice in succession on Ryan's jaw and Ryan gave way before the Boston strong boy. Sullivan then rushed, shooting out both fists rapidly. Ryan stood his ground and there was a hot rally, Ryan finally going down with blood pouring from nose and mouth.

Ryan showed gameness again in the fifth round, walking straight up to his man at the call of time. Sullivan let go the left and missed and then brought his right across on the side of the head. Ryan rightcrossed his antagonist neatly and effectively and then they stood close, and exchanged half arm blows, the rally ending in a clinch. They swayed for a second or two when Sullivan crossbuttocked Ryan and sent him down.

Both men were at fault with lefthanders in the be-

ginning of the sixth round. They let go their rights simultaneously, and both reached and Ryan dropped to his knees. Sullivan was just in time to check himself from delivering a foul blow and Ryan, whose blood was up, jumped to his feet and continued fighting, instead of going to his corner as he might have done under the rules after being sent to his knees. Paddy had lost his steam and become a mark for the Bostonian's savage smashes. There was a spell of holding and hitting and Ryan, who had regained some of his vim, clipped his man fiercely on the chin with the right. The blow dazed Sullivan, but he kept on swinging and brought Ryan down with a righthander on the side of the head.

Ryan had a defiant look on his face at the start of the seventh round but his strength seemed to be waning. They came to close quarters and used their rights while holding to the neck with the left. They parted and Ryan rushed, catching the strong boy on the chin with the right, hard enough to make Sullivan drop his hands. Sullivan was breathing laboriously and Ryan was urged by his friends to keep right after him.

Paddy's fighting spirit was willing, but his strength had diminished, and his inability to follow up his advantage permitted of Sullivan recovering from the effects of that hard right. Sullivan sailed in and beat Ryan down with a volley of blows.

Ryan braced up wonderfully during the half minute's rest allowed and made a desperate attempt to turn the tide of battle. He went clean over the scratch and tackled the Bostonian before the latter could emerge far from his corner. Ryan scored, but his punches lacked steam. Sullivan, for a while, struck out in a bungling way and the hopes of the Ryan party revived. John L. soon set

himself, however, and did much better. There were hot exchanges during the balance of the round, Ryan fighting with commendable persistence, but receiving a good deal worse treatment than he administered. Sullivan finished the round in a whirlwind fashion, sending in a right on the jaw which stretched Paddy motionless on the grass. Ryan was carried to his corner and it was the impression among the spectators that he would not be able to toe the scratch for another round. His handlers freshened him up, however, and he answered the call of time.

Neither of them had much force in reserve when the ninth round began, but Sullivan proved to be much stronger than his opponent. He lashed out with both hands, the blows falling on the sides of Ryan's face.

Ryan became dizzy and was unable to strike back. He was thoroughly at John L.'s mercy and he finally went down before repeated blows from the Bostonian.

Seeing that all chances of stemming the tide of defeat had vanished, Ryan's seconds threw up the sponge and Sullivan stood forth the winner, after a particularly fast and fierce fight of eleven minutes' duration.

Soon after his defeat of Paddy Ryan, under the old style of fighting, Sullivan entered upon his career as a knock-out in bouts of limited duration under Queensberry rules. About the first to notice his challenge that he would undertake to stop any man in America in four rounds, was James Elliott, who stated that he would accept Sullivan's wager of \$1,000 and that he was willing the winner should take the stakes and the whole of the gate money. Elliott stipulated that he should have six weeks to train and that the contest should be held in a twenty-four foot ring. The match fell through, owing to a dispute as to who should be stakeholder, but a little

later Sullivan made an offer which brought Elliott to the fore.

John L. was tendered a benefit at Washington Park, New York City, on July 4, 1882, at which a great crowd assembled, being attracted principally by the announcement that Elliott was to try and earn \$500 by boxing four three minute rounds with Sullivan.

Mike Cleary was chosen as referee and the men got together shortly after 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Elliott was knocked down more than once in the opening round, and he was in such bad shape in the second round that it was very evident he would not land the prize. A single punch from Sullivan in the third round knocked Elliott senseless, and it was some time before he recovered. When he finally opened his eyes Sullivan walked across the ring and handed him \$50 as a balm for his wounded feelings.

A little time prior to the go between Sullivan and Elliott, there arrived in the United States one Tug Wilson, who announced himself as champion of England and expressed a desire to meet John L. in a championship fight. Sullivan suggested that a contest with the gloves might prove formidable enough for Mr. Wilson, and the Englishman finally snapped at an offer of a purse of \$1,000 and half of the gate money if he contrived to stand before Sullivan for four Queensberry rounds.

The contest took place at Madison Square Garden on July 17, 1882, before a tremendous crowd. Thousands of persons were unable to gain admission.

There was great disparity in the men's sizes, Sullivan being three inches taller and thirty pounds weightier than the British bruiser.

Wilson surprised the crowd by placing his left on Sullivan's chin several times in the first round. Sullivan had no difficulty in flooring the Englishman, but did not land hard enough to daze him. Wilson kept going to the floor every time he was struck, there being no less than nine knockdowns in the first round.

In the second round Sullivan was responsible for eight knockdown blows, while between falls the Britisher pecked at Sullivan's face in lively fashion. Sullivan fought wildly towards the end of the round.

Sullivan breathed heavily in the third round and was evidently out of condition. His blows had lost their force and bets were made that Wilson would last the four rounds.

In the fourth round Wilson was up and down like a jack-in-the-box. He fell at the slightest touch and it was very evident that Sullivan was thoroughly winded. By dropping to the floor at the slightest provocation Wilson managed to complete the four rounds and he received \$1,000 and half of the gate money.

Sullivan's next opponent in a Queensberry contest was Charlie Mitchell. They met at Madison Square, New York, May 4, 1883, before an enormous crowd. Mitchell's weight was given at 150 pounds, while Sullivan, it was said, weighed close to 200. Sullivan was gross and not in the best of fettle. W. J. Mahoney, of Boston, Mass., was the referee. John L. went at Mitchell in his accustomed vigorous style, but Mitchell proved an adept at dodging and defending himself. The Englishman scored repeatedly with the left on the stomach and avoided Sullivan's most dangerous blows. As the round went on Sullivan made better connections

and Charlie was floored several times. Mitchell also scored a knockdown.

In the second round Mitchell was knocked clean over the ropes. He fell off the ring platform and it was thought his back was injured.

In the third round again Mitchell was sent to the floor repeatedly, although he made a stand many times and scored clean blows in the rallies. Sullivan finally brought him down near the ropes. The police then called a halt and the decision went to Sullivan.

Soon after that Jem Mace, the veteran English boxer, arrived in the United States from New Zealand with Herbert Slade, a Maori. Slade, it was claimed, was eager to fight Sullivan for the championship, but John L. intimated that a bout with gloves would no doubt determine the question of superiority.

A four round contest was arranged and it took place at Madison Square Garden, on April 6, 1883. Barney Aaron, the old time lightweight, acted as referee.

The Maori proved a chopping block for Sullivan. He was knocked off the stage in the first round and again in the second, and in the third he was beaten so badly that he could not stand erect. The decision, of course, went to Sullivan.

In the fall of 1883, Sullivan went on the road under the management of Al Smith, a well known New York sporting man. There was a standing offer of \$1,000 to any man who could make a successful stand against the champion for four Queensberry rounds, and the first to earn the money was George M. Robinson, a San Francisco boxer. The men met at Mechanics' pavilion, San Francisco, in January, 1884, and Robinson lasted the



JOHN L. SULLIVAN



JACK MCAULIFFE
Former Lightweight Champion of the World

four rounds by seeking the floor whenever Sullivan made a pass at him.

After that the Sullivan-Smith combination headed towards the South, Sullivan making short work of his opponents wherever one of his famous four-round bouts was scheduled. At Galveston, Texas, a fellow named Marx was knocked out in less than two minutes, and at Hot Springs, Ark., a fighter named Dan Henry was just as quickly disposed of. In Memphis, Tenn., William Fleming did not contrive to stand five seconds before Sullivan, and at Nashville, Enos Phillips also made an unsuccessful bid for the prize money, being defeated in less than seven minutes.

When Sullivan returned to New York a second match with Charlie Mitchell was arranged. The men were to have met at Madison Square Garden, on June 30, 1884, and an enormous crowd rolled up to see the contest. The spectators were doomed to disappointment, however, as Sullivan pleaded sickness and stated in a speech made from the stage that he was not able to keep his engagement with the Britisher.

Later in the year Sullivan and Prof. Laflin boxed at Madison Square. Laflin was knocked out in the fourth round.

John L.'s next opponent was Alf Greenfield, of England. This affair also took place at Madison Square, the date being Nov. 18, 1884. It was stopped in the second round at a time when Sullivan had all the better of it. The men were arrested and brought to trial, but the jury returned a verdict of not guilty and they were discharged. A few months later they boxed four rounds at Boston, the contest being declared a very even affair.

In January, '85, John L. and his old rival, Paddy Ryan,

had a bout in Madison Square Garden, the affair being stopped by the police before the men had been at it thirty seconds. The referee declared it no contest.

In the summer of '85, John L. and Jack Burke, the Irish lad, boxed at the Chicago Driving Park, Sullivan winning after five rounds of lively work.

In August of the same year, Dominick McCaffery and Sullivan got together at Chester Park, Cincinnati. McCaffery was in the better condition of the pair and managed to last the full six rounds, although bowled over repeatedly. Referee Tate decided in favor of Sullivan.

On Sept. 18, '86, Frank Herald and Sullivan boxed at Pittsburg, Pa. There were two rounds of busy fighting, Herald being sent to the floor repeatedly, when the police interfered and put an end to the festivities. The referee, Johnny Newell, declared that Sullivan had the best of the encounter.

November 18, '86, found Sullivan and a whole galaxy of boxers in San Francisco under the management of Pat Sheedy. At that time Jack Burke, the Irish lad, and Jack Dempsey had arranged to box ten rounds at Mechanics' pavilion in the city named, and astute Mr. Sheedy took advantage of the interest in pugilism that had been worked up, by announcing a four round contest between John L. and Paddy Ryan. It took place at Mechanics' pavilion a week prior to the Dempsey-Burke affair and was witnessed by a great throng.

Ryan, who forced the fighting from the start, made scarcely any impression on Sullivan with his blows. John L. knocked his opponent down in the second round, and again in the third. In the latter round Ryan was knocked out with a righthander on the jaw, and, as he

lay stretched on the floor, Sullivan gathered him up in his arms and carried him to his corner.

About as trying an experience as John L. had on his knockout tour was with Patsy Cardiff, the Peoria giant, at Minneapolis. They were billed to box six rounds on Jan. 18, 1887, and Cardiff not only went the full distance, but made things decidedly interesting for the big fellow. It developed subsequently that Sullivan broke his left arm over Cardiff's head during the bout. The referee decided the affair a draw.

The Minneapolis affair marked Sullivan's retirement from the ring for a while. In May, '87, Jake Kilrain challenged him to fight for the championship of the world, and posted \$1,000 in New York. In the following August, John L. was presented with a massive belt, emblematic of the championship, at a theater in Boston.

In October of that year Sullivan crossed the Atlantic under the management of Harry S. Phillips. He appeared at St. James Hall, London, on Nov. 9, with Jack Ashton as sparring partner. The pair made a tour of England and Ireland, and on one occasion sparred before the Prince of Wales.

During Sullivan's stay in England Charlie Mitchell challenged him to fight for £500 a side, under London prize ring rules, and the match was arranged. They fought with bare knuckles at Chantilly, France, on March 10, 1888, and after three hours and eleven minutes of rather wearisome work in a sloppy ring, the contest was declared a draw. In all thirty-nine rounds were fought. B. J. Angle, of London, acted as referee.

On his return from England Sullivan was benefited both in Boston and New York. He was sick for several months in 1888, and in December of that year he posted

\$5,000 in New York for a fight with Kilrain. They were not matched, however, until January, 1889, and the contest did not take place until July 8 of the year named.

The men met at Richburg, Miss., for \$10,000 a side and the championship. They fought with bare knuckles under London prize ring rules, and John Fitzpatrick, of New Orleans, was the referee. It was Sullivan's fight throughout, and Kilrain was in such a dilapidated condition that the sponge was tossed up from his corner at the end of the seventy-fifth round, the contest having lasted two hours and sixteen minutes.

When the legal difficulties which arose in connection with the Kilrain affair were straightened out, Sullivan turned his thoughts to the stage. He became the hero of a melodrama entitled "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," and, under the management of Duncan Harris, toured the United States.

In June, 1891, Sullivan and Corbett boxed a friendly bout at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, and a few weeks later Sullivan and his theatrical company sailed for Australia.

On his return to the United States Sullivan issued a challenge to the heavyweights of the world, which was accepted by Jim Corbett. They boxed at New Orleans on the night of Sept. 7, 1892, and Sullivan was knocked out in the twenty-first round. That was Sullivan's last appearance in an orthodox ring fight.

To John L.'s credit be it said, he has never spoken deprecatingly of pugilism since he retired from it. He has always upheld the sport as one that deserved a place in public favor, and has constantly taken great interest in the achievements of the fighters who have sprung up since his day. For these reasons, and for the further

reason that the finger of suspicion never pointed at Sullivan during the whole of his ring career, he has set an example which other fighters would do well to imitate.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Born in Boston, Mass., October 15, 1858. Height, 5 feet, 10½ inches.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1880	Knocked out George Rooke.....	2
	Knocked out John Donaldson.....	10
	Stopped Joe Goss.....	3
1881	Won from Steve Taylor.....	2
	Won from John Flood.....	8
	Knocked out Fred Crossley.....	1
	Knocked out James Dalton.....	4
	Knocked out Jack Burns.....	2
1882	Won from Paddy Ryan.....	9
	Won from John McDermott.....	3
	Knocked out Jimmy Elliott.....	3
	Failed to knock out Tug Collins.....	4
1883	Won from Charlie Mitchell.....	3
	Won from Herbert A. Slade.....	3
1884	Won from Fred Robinson.....	2
	Won from George M. Robinson.....	4
	Won from Enos Phillips.....	4
	Won from John M. Laffin.....	3
	Won from Alf Greenfield.....	2
	Knocked out Alf Marx.....	1
	Knocked out Dan Henry.....	1
	Knocked out William Fleming.....	1
1885	Won from Alf Greenfield.....	4
	Won from Jack Burke.....	5
	Won from Dominick McCaffrey. (Police interference.)...	6
	Won from Paddy Ryan.....	1
1886	Won from Frank Herald.....	2
	Knocked out Paddy Ryan.....	3
	Draw with Duncan McDonald.....	4
1887	Jan. 18 Draw with Patsy Cardiff, Minneapolis, Minn...	6
1888	Mar. 10 Draw with Charlie Mitchell, Chantilly, France, World's championship, London prize ring rules.....	39
1889	Jul. 8 Won from Jake Kilrain, Richburg, Miss., World's championship, London prize ring rules.....	75
1892	Sept. 7 Knocked out by Jim Corbett, at New Orleans, La., World's championship, Queensberry rules.....	21
1896	Aug. 21 Met Tom Sharkey, New York. No decision...	3

CHAPTER VIII.

JAMES J. CORBETT.

James J. Corbett was undoubtedly the greatest natural boxer, for a heavy weight, the world ever produced.

The name of Jem Mace, of England, will go thundering down the corridors as an exceptionally clever ringster, but, in the writer's opinion, Mace was simply talented in a mechanical way. He boxed according to the "hit, stop and getaway" method, the hard and fast principles of the British school, and he was lightning-like in his movements.

John L. Sullivan was a wonderful fighter, and in view of his heroic proportions, his strength and force, and the manner in which he clearly overshadowed all contemporaneous pugilists it will be many years before he is forgotten.

Fitzsimmons, by a combination of strategic fighting, a knowledge of the most vulnerable points of the human anatomy and a faculty for delivering punches that jarred every nerve and fibre of the frame, has earned for himself a name that will endure.

Jeffries, who possesses something of each and every attribute great pugilists should have and is thereby enabled to present an almost impregnable front, will certainly loom up conspicuously to anyone who indulges in a retrospect of pugilistic history.

Corbett, while he lacked the proportions of either Sul-

livan or Jeffries and fell far short of Fitzsimmons as a knocker-out, was a greater marvel when in his prime as an athlete than any of the three. He might well have been called the Napoleon of the Queensberry ring.

All the tuition Corbett received in the sparring line did not amount to the traditional hill of beans. He took lessons, it is true, from Professor Walter Watson, the painstaking instructor of the Olympic club of San Francisco, and it will be admitted that the early ideas Watson imparted to youthful James J. were the basis of his future success in the ring.

Just as soon as Corbett "got the hang of the thing" he discarded most of what he had learned and formulated a system of boxing that was entirely his own.

Even in his novice days the blows he used were Corbett blows and while I saw many attempts to imitate them, back in the eighties, there were few who copied Corbett with any measure of success. One blow, or rather a brace of blows of his, I remember distinctly. It consisted of a double jolt, first on the ribs and then on the jaw. It was delivered without moving the feet or changing the position of the body. He had beside a dozen little rips and jolts with either hand which were peculiarly his own.

In foot work Corbett had absolutely no equal. He was in and out, round and about, like a will-o'-the-wisp, and was seemingly no more susceptible of fatigue than a rubber ball. He gave an opponent no peace, and many an aspiring pugilist told the writer in the old days, that being jabbed by Corbett's gloves was preferable almost to the weariness superinduced by trying to keep time with the rapid play of Corbett's arms when Jim began feinting.

Corbett never missed an opportunity to add to his repertoire of punches or his general knowledge of ring tactics. In his time as instructor at the Olympic club he listened with interest to tales of new fistic phenomena that were developing, and he made it a point to "have them on" with the promising novice either at the Olympic club or at some spot named by the other party. If the stranger had anything worth copying Corbett noted it, and, after improving upon it, added it to his own stock of blows and guards.

He was particularly anxious at all times to don the gloves with the professionals who happened to visit San Francisco, and many a night's entertainment the Olympic club members derived from seeing clever Corbett and some well known fighter in a bout for points.

Jack Burke, the Irish lad, was one of the professionals who exchanged thumbs with Corbett at the latter's home club in San Francisco. That was in 1886. Burke, who was always a shrewd mortal, had learned that Corbett was extraordinarily deft with the mittens and he stipulated that there should be no referee to pass upon the merits of the affair. Jack evidently scented the danger of having his record besmirched by a line to the effect that he had been bested by a comparative unknown. The pair put up an interesting exhibit and Corbett certainly held his own with the Irish lad.

Corbett was born in San Francisco on September 1, 1866. He seems to have had a penchant for scrapping even while at school, and some of his liveliest recollections are of contests on vacant lots and out in the sand hills, the only object of which was to avenge some boyish slight. Jim's first regulation contest was with Dave Eismann in 1884, Corbett winning in two rounds. A year

later Jim made up his mind to start out as a professional pugilist. Salt Lake and Butte City were about the limit of his travels and a victory over Duncan McDonald in four rounds was the extent of his achievements.

He returned to San Francisco and at the solicitation of his friends and his family he temporarily sidetracked his plans for continuing in the professional ring. He accepted a position as a boxing instructor at the Olympic club and for fully three years it was believed that Jim had thoroughly conquered his desire to win fame on the world's fistic highway.

I had many talks with Corbett in those years and made up my mind that he would never be content to follow for any length of time the business of teaching the young idea how to smite. The arrival of every fresh professional pugilist in the West, the report of every contest of importance that took place throughout the country unsettled him and brought out the old longing. He issued challenges in a tentative way, not through the medium of the sporting press, but had them conveyed to the fellows he thought he could master, by friends and go-betweens. He did not make straight out propositions for a regulation fight, but suggested bouts of limited duration, either in private or before the members of the Olympic club.

Then arose again the question of supremacy between Jim and Joe Choynski. They had had grudge fights as boys at school, and on one occasion they had met at the Olympic club in an affair that was supposed to be of a friendly nature, but in which the spectators fully expected the bad blood which existed between the youths would show itself. It was Corbett's fight throughout. Choynski did not seem to know the first thing about box-

ing. He rarely made a swing at Corbett that he did not throw himself to the floor, and a very slight thrust from Corbett was sufficient to put Choynski off his balance.

In the year '89 they had their most bitter fight on a barge in the waters of some quiet nook near San Francisco. The men had met a few days previous and the fight had been interrupted by a deputy sheriff. In the second meeting Corbett defeated Choynski decisively.

On February 17, 1890, Jim boxed six rounds with Jake Kilrain at New Orleans, and made a holy show of Sullivan's old rival so far as the finer points of the game were concerned. The decision was awarded to Corbett. Jim returned to San Francisco and was still undecided whether to go any deeper into professional pugilism. I talked with him at that time and asked him to tell me explicitly what his plans were.

"Do you intend to become a fighter and throw in your lot with the professionals?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Corbett, evasively.

"What is your ambition in regard to fighting?" I next asked.

"Well," said Jim, with a smile, "I think I'm as good as anyone I've seen up to date, and I must say that I would like to earn the distinction of being considered the cleverest boxer in the world."

"You can't very well reach that point," I said, "unless you can accept challenges and make matches with everyone."

Jim, still smiling, "I'll have something to say about that before very long."

That time returned from a trip to Corbett's friends in the Olympic city between Jim and the Australian

champion. The affair hung fire for some months, the boxers being willing enough to get together but the California Athletic club, the leading organization of its kind in the West, doubting the advisability of arranging a go between Jackson and a man who was comparatively unknown in the boxing world.

At that time Jackson was in the habit of consulting the writer whenever a match offered and he empowered me to sign articles for him if the California club decided to offer a purse for a contest between himself and Corbett. Before approaching the club matchmakers in the connection I consulted Corbett, not wishing to embarrass him in any way.

"Let them offer the right kind of a purse and I'll fight Jackson or anyone else," said Jim when I approached him. "All I want to have any say in is in regard to the date of the match. I must have sufficient time in which to train."

I told President Fulda how matters stood and he resolved to sound his brother directors in regard to the matter, with the result that one rainy night in November, 1890, while calling at the club, I was informed that it had been determined at that very instant, almost, to sign Jackson and Corbett for a purse of \$10,000.

At the request of the club managers I accompanied Director Fish to the Olympic club in a hack, to inform Corbett in regard to the developments and to gain his consent, if possible, to the ratification of the match without delay.

When we arrived at the club Corbett was in the midst of his duties as instructor. He excused himself to his pupils and joined us in the gymnasium, where he was informed of the purport of the visit. It soon became bruit-

ed about that Corbett had been offered a match with the great Peter Jackson, and his pupils approached us until we were the center of a gaping throng.

Corbett, with the perspiration still clinging to his brow from his exercise in the boxing room, squatted on the edge of a wrestling mat, and drew from Director Fish full particulars of the club offer.

"We would like, if possible, to settle the matter at once," said Fish. "Mr. Naughton is authorized to sign articles for Jackson and if you are prepared we will adjourn to the club and clinch the match."

"Let us go right now," said Corbett, and as he straightened up Professor Miehl, the wrestling instructor of the club, slapped him on the shoulder and said, "Good boy, Jim." Just as soon as Corbett had arrayed himself in his street clothing we re-entered the hack and drove through the rain to the California Athletic Club, Miehl accompanying us. There articles of agreement were quickly made out and submitted to Corbett.

"That is all right," said Jim, and he appended his signature without hesitation. I signed for Jackson and the long talked of match was at last arranged. Jackson, by the by, was out of town that night and knew nothing of the affair until he read it in the San Francisco *Examiner* next morning.

At the end of the year Corbett went East for a trip by the way of New Orleans. He was at the ringside in January, 1891, when Dempsey lost the middleweight championship to Bob Fitzsimmons.

The Jackson-Corbett match was set for May 21, 1891, and Corbett went into training at Sausalito on the shores of San Francisco bay several weeks prior to the date of the fight. He had John Donaldson for a sparring part-

ner and his training generally was supervised by Billy Delaney. Everything seemed to go well with Corbett during his days of preparation, although it was rumored along towards fight time that Jim's health was not of the best.

Jackson trained at Joe Dieves' hostelry on the San Leandro road, Oakland. It must be said that Jackson never could be induced to regard the Corbett affair with the seriousness it deserved. Peter had been a boxing teacher back in sunny New South Wales and had seen so many precocious amateurs pushed to the front only to be found wanting, that he could not imagine how a young fellow so little known to boxing fame as Corbett could be considered as a dangerous opponent.

It was all in vain to tell him that Corbett had great natural speed, that he was a studious fellow and that he had seen all three fights in which Jackson had proved a victor. The fights referred to were those with George Godfrey, Joe McAuliffe and Patsy Cardiff, and Jim had been an interested spectator at the ringside on every occasion. He had watched Jackson intently throughout each of the fights, and had gained an insight into Jackson's methods, which stood him in need when the night of May 21st arrived. Jackson, while never inclined to boast, confided to a few of his intimates that he expected to win from Corbett in from five to six rounds. Sam Fitzpatrick, Peter's trainer, held similar views in regard to the outcome.

At that, Jackson did not neglect his training. He followed his usual routine, but met with an accident a few weeks before the date of the fight. He was driving from the ferry in Oakland to his training quarters when the horse swerved into a heap of road metal and Jackson was

thrown out. His right ankle was bruised severely and the injury necessitated a let up in his work. The California club suggested a postponement, but Corbett, by the advice of his trainers, raised an objection. Peter, in the meantime, increased his gymnasium exercises and as soon as he could manage it resumed his morning trudge along the Oakland highways.

The night of the fight arrived and San Francisco was in the condition of intense excitement. In those days the California club membership was composed of high class sportsmen, who were assessed in proportion to the amount of the purse that was to be contested for. The club premises were of limited extent and no outsider could possibly gain an entrance.

While the club's arena on New Montgomery and Mission streets was filled to its full capacity, the gathering within the four walls of the club was but a handful compared to the throng that surged in the streets around.

Prior to that particular fight it had been the practice of the San Francisco newspapers to post bulletins of all important ring engagements at the club, but on account of the growing excitement in the days immediately preceding the Jackson-Corbett mill the police authorities had asked that the practice be discontinued. The California club, in order to conform to the wishes of the police department, refused to allow any San Francisco paper to have a wire at the ringside.

This condition of affairs becoming known to what might be termed the bulletin crowd, early in the evening, caused the congestion of the thoroughfares around the club. It was felt by the masses in the street that the great international event would come off at the club portals and it was therefore con-

jected that the proper thing to do was to get as close as possible to the club's front door.

While Corbett's friends, and their name was legion, were extremely confident that the California boy would come out all right in his match with the great Peter Jackson, betting on the result of the encounter was not very animated. This is accounted for by the fact that most of the regular fight followers of San Francisco, among whom, of course, were the men who were in the habit of betting on such affairs, believed that Jackson would have little difficulty in winning. Corbett's supporters in the main were youths and young club men who wished Jim every success but had conscientious scruples, it may be, about wagering on such affairs. In any case the betting was 100 to 60, with Jackson favorite and very little Corbett money in sight.

The two pugilists arrived at the club in due time and donned their fighting togs leisurely. Before going into the ring they were called together in one of the dressing rooms by Referee Hiram Cook and instructed. Cook told them distinctly that he wished them to break away from a clinch at his orders, and he wanted them to decide between themselves whether they were to strike at each other when breaking. Jackson affected indifference and said to Corbett: "It's for you to decide, Jim. Whatever you say goes."

"All right," replied Jim, with a drawl, "We'll take a punch at each other, then."

Corbett's nonchalance amused the few who were listening, and it was remarked that his bearing was that of an old timer who had been through scores of battles. Similar remarks were made as the men came into view near the ring. Corbett seemed as cool as an icicle and thoroughly

unconcerned as he walked around two angles of the ring and dipped in between the ropes to his corner. Jackson, while thoroughly composed, looked as solemn as he generally did on such occasions.

In Jackson's corner were Sam Fitzpatrick and Australian Billy Smith. Corbett's principal handlers were Billy Delaney and John Donaldson. The gloves were soon donned, the ring cleared for action, and then began one of the grandest displays of glove fighting ever seen in a ring.

It was young America with selftaught methods against the most formidable heavyweight Australia ever developed, a man who knew every move on the pugilistic checker board and who was regarded in his own country as the most finished exponent of the British system of self defense.

It ended unsatisfactorily, of course, but it was a memorable contest, nevertheless. The crowd which paid fancy prices to see these high class Queensberry specialists extend themselves clamored for a knockout, as crowds have done ever since the days when men smote each other with the cestus. Such was the temper of the Corbett-Jackson crowd, and it has been the temper of crowds under similar circumstances many times since, yet many spectators of the contest, from whom I heard expressions of opinion at the time and in all the years since, agreed that it was a rare fistic treat; one they would not have missed for a king's ransom.

The two men in the ring presented a striking contrast. Corbett, always pasty as to complexion, seemed an animated figure in white marble when compared with the hue of Jackson's giant frame. Peter's sable color was emphasized by his snugfitting pantaloons. They were of



JAMES J. CORBETT
The First Queensberry Champion of the World



BILLY DELANEY.

a snowy tint and reached half way down his neatly turned thighs.

A fighter crouching for the attack has often been likened to a tiger about to spring at its prey. The simile would have been very apt in Jackson's case. He had the soft, noiseless tread of a cat, and with the working of his shoulders and the sleek look of his satiny skin, there was a suggestion of coiled strength about him.

Corbett was action from the moment he went to the center. He fiddled, feinted and sidestepped and very often Jackson pawed the air with open gloves as he thought he detected an incoming blow and laid his plans to intercept it.

Many a time after advancing his hands to meet these imaginary leads Jackson allowed his arms to drop until his gloves thudded lightly against his thighs. It was a favorite trick of his and a deadly trap to any opponent who thought him off guard, for Peter, after throwing up his left as a guard for the head, would bring his right forearm up to right angles with his body and send out a heart punch, the memories of which would linger with the other fellow for many a round.

It is not considered necessary to the purposes of this sketch of Corbett's career to furnish a complete catalogue of the blows and guards employed by the Australian and the Californian in that ever to be remembered contest. It will be sufficient to refer to the salient features of the affair. Corbett delivered punches by the score and so did the famous negro. The raps Corbett administered were with a curved arm, that being the feature of his style of milling. Jackson, on the contrary, lunged out with the directness of a piston rod.

As the fight progressed it was very evident that Cor-

bett had studied out various schemes to offset Jackson's natural advantages of reach and range, and the better to be able to cope with the talented Australian in ring maneuvering generally.

Jackson, as anyone who had seen him in previous fights knew, had a highly effective way of balking an opponent who tried to make a target of the stomach. Peter seemed to know intuitively when his mid-section was to be the object of attack, more particularly while out-fighting. At long range work, a left for the body is the favorite assault with most pugilists. Whenever a punch of that kind started for Jackson's stomach he invariably shot out his own left as straight as a die and jabbed his man full in the face. While this in itself would constitute a perfect stop for a body blow of the kind referred to, Jackson made doubly sure of safety by bending slightly and drawing his stomach out of range.

Corbett, in order to escape the straight left facer that Jackson resorted to in such cases, threw his head and shoulders quite low to the left and at the same time sent out a long straight left at the body. It was about the only straight blow that Corbett used and he reached Jackson's stomach time and again with it. Jackson, however, while he was baffled so far as using the stop was concerned, felt the full force of this punch a very few times. He bent like a jackknife and drew back so quickly that in most cases Corbett barely touched him.

The agreement anent hitting in the breakaway, which the men reached in the dressing room, proved a good deal of a dead letter. Each fighter was so well able to protect himself in the contingency named, that after a few rounds had been boxed neither man seemed to care about trying for a punch while parting.

Corbett had another scheme in reserve though, and it bothered Jackson considerably. It was a trick of leaning his whole weight against Jackson after being ordered to break. It was a new experience for Peter and as he had to exert all his strength to push Corbett away, the wearying effect in a contest of sixty-one rounds duration can be imagined.

The tide of battle ebbed and flowed, the honors being with Corbett in some rounds and with Jackson in others. Corbett was more in favor with the crowd on account of his aggressive tactics during the first half of the long drawn out battle. He reached Jackson's face with left swings and jolts and his right, too, found a resting place on Jackson's jaw and chin at intervals. The best blows that Jackson delivered were right handers on the body and in addition to punishing Corbett to some extent about the ribs, Corbett's left forearm became painful through intercepting these blows.

The twenty-fifth round was very much in Corbett's favor and so was the forty-first. In the latter Corbett backed Jackson into a corner, striking him with both hands around the face. Jackson was off his balance and it looked as if he was on the verge of defeat. He rallied, though, and after that the fight became listless.

Corbett had a lame forearm and Jackson's shoulder had gone back on him. In addition Peter's ankle had stiffened and altogether he was in a sorry plight.

In his corner during one of the rests between rounds they cut away the leg portions of his fighting breeches, hoping to give more freedom to his limbs.

For the greater number of the following fifteen rounds very few blows were struck. Jackson had a position in the center of the ring, with Corbett circling around him

and making occasional passes. The crowd became dissatisfied and urged the heavyweights to fight. The club directors, who occupied an inclosure at the ringside, put their heads together and Referee Hiram Cook was instructed to warn the men that they must extend themselves under penalty of the affair being called no contest.

Jackson and Corbett walked over to the side of the ring nearest the directors, where they were asked why they did not put more life into their work.

"I'm doing the best I can," is said to have been Jackson's reply. Corbett motioned Major Frank McLaughlin aside from his fellow directors and, according to the major's subsequent statement, reported that his hands were in poor shape and that it was impossible for him to do any better.

The men were sent to the center of the ring again, but the fighting spirit seemed to be dead in them both. They simply glared at each other and exchanged no blows. Such was the condition of affairs when Hiram Cook gave his famous decision "no contest" at the close of the sixty-first round.

When a halt was called Jackson was in a deplorable condition. He dropped into his chair and his head sank upon his breast. He was bitterly disappointed at the result and he mumbled to himself, "Well, well. Sixty-one rounds. Just think of it." No man in that dense throng was more surprised than Jackson.

Corbett was spry enough on his legs, but he was exceedingly arm weary. All reports to the contrary, he made no outcry against the decision at the time. In his dressing room, afterwards, he said he considered the result almost in the light of a victory so far as he was

concerned, as he made a standoff with a man of world wide reputation.

Billy Delaney, his trainer and principal second, regarded the matter in the same light. There was a suspicion in fact that Corbett was under instructions from his corner to make a waiting fight of it when it became palpable that he was on even terms with Jackson, if not in the lead, after the forty-round mark had been passed.

One thing is certain, had Corbett simply bumped against Jackson and sent him to the floor any time after the fifty-fifth round, Jackson could not have risen unassisted. But there was always the danger of that right fist shooting forth and the heart punch, that settled George Godfrey and later tamed Frank Slavin in London, crashing against the ribs. Maybe it was respect for Peter's favorite blow that warned Corbett not to bump.

Looking back across the years it seems to the writer that Corbett's fight with Jackson was the most brilliant of the tall Californian's pugilistic career. There will always arise the argument that Sullivan was past his prime when he went down before Corbett, and the fact that John L. never fought again will add weight to the contention. It will be urged, too, that it was no particular trick to trim Charlie Mitchell, after the heroic methods the Britisher resorted to to remove the fat that years of indolence had placed upon his frame. To make an even thing of it, though, with the renowned Jackson, the man who brought the Australian championship belt with him to this country, the man who defeated heavyweights McAuliffe, Godfrey and Cardiff without turning a hair and who, a year after his encounter with Cor-

bett, hammered hard-hitting Frank Slavin into submission in England, was a performance of sterling merit.

Naturally the effect of the contest was to boost Corbett as a fighter and at the same time tarnish Jackson's laurels. There followed for James J. the matches with John L. Sullivan and Mitchell, which are dealt with in the story of the world's championships printed elsewhere in this book.

Pompadour Jim, as the writer playfully named him many years before, became the marvel of the pugilistic world. He coined money in his theatrical tours with "Gentleman Jack" and "The Naval Cadet" and he took trips across the Atlantic.

At different times there was talk of another match with Jackson, but it all came to nothing. Then Fitzsimmons loomed up as a possible opponent of the California wonder, and after a long season of wrangling a match was arranged. Corbett trained at Hot Springs, Ark., and Fitzsimmons at Corpus Christi, Texas, but the whole business fizzled out in the courts of Little Rock, when the rival heavyweights were placed under bonds to keep the peace.

In June, 1896, just five years after his memorable fight with Jackson, Corbett paid a visit to San Francisco, and while there was induced to sign for a four-round clatter with Tom Sharkey. Corbett conceived the notion that the sailor would prove the easiest of marks and was consequently very lax in his preparation for the event. He put in a half hour occasionally sparring with George Green and playing handball at the Olympic Club, and he indulged his appetite for French dinners and strawberries and cream.

He was the most surprised man in the world when

the sailor assimilated all the hard knocks that were administered to him and appeared to be increasing in confidence the more he was slugged. Corbett's condition gave out completely and he had to bring into play all his knowledge of evasive work in order to escape a reverse at the hands of the belligerent seaman.

Just as soon as the police captured Sharkey and hustled him to his corner, and by so doing straightened out the Donnybrook exhibition, which marked the close of the fourth round, Referee Carr announced the affair a draw.

Sharkey felt elated over the result of his experience with the world's champion and immediately made overtures for a fight to a finish. Articles were signed, but they were canceled when, after the passage of an act legalizing glove contests in Nevada, arrangements were made for the bringing together of Corbett and Fitzsimmons at Carson City on March 17, 1897.

In this latter affair Corbett was decisively defeated for the first time in his career.

Nearly two years elapsed before Corbett was seen in the ring again. His opponent was Tom Sharkey and they met at the Lenox Club in New York on the night of November 22, 1898. It was in this fight that Jim McVey, one of Corbett's seconds, jumped into the ring in the ninth round and caused the decision to be given against Corbett on a foul.

Another eighteen months went by and Corbett arranged a twenty-five round contest with Jim Jeffries. The sporting public did not regard the affair with a great deal of favor and a light attendance was the result. The men met at Coney Island and Corbett, after

suspecting Jeffries for twenty-two rounds, was knocked out by the champion in the twenty-third.

Corbett's last appearance in the ring was with Kid McCoy at Madison Square Garden on August 30, 1900, Corbett winning in five rounds. A scandal arose in connection with this affair, it being charged that McCoy had sold himself to some bookmakers. This may have been the case, but there is no gainsaying the fact that the punch that finally sent McCoy to the floor was a wicked one. It was a lefthander across the stomach and delivered in such a manner that McCoy felt the force of Corbett's wrist and a few inches of his forearm.

There is considerable doubt in regard to Corbett's plans for the future. At present he is meeting with remarkable success as a monologue entertainer and there is reason for believing that he is through with the ring for good.

JAMES J. CORBETT.

Born in San Francisco, Cal., September 1, 1866. Height, 6 feet, 1 inch.

	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1889	Knocked out Billy Welch.....	1
	Lost to Billy Welch.....	4
1890	Draw with Jack Burke.....	8
1891	Draw with Frank Glover.....	3
1892	Draw with Joe Choynski.....	4
1893	Knocked out Joe Choynski.....	27
	Knocked out Dave Campbell. Police interference.....	10
	Knocked out Kate Kilrain.....	6
	Knocked out Dominic McCaffrey.....	4
	Knocked out Mike Donovan.....	3
	Knocked out Kinner.....	4
	Knocked out Jackson.....	61
	Knocked out L. Sullivan.....	4
	Knocked out Sullivan.....	4

at New York..... 1
at New York..... 1

1892	Rounds.	
Sep. 7	Won from John L. Sullivan, at New Orleans, World's championship	21
1894		
Jan. 25	Knocked out Charlie Mitchell, at Jacksonville, Fla., World's championship.....	3
Sep. 7	Knocked out Peter Courtney, at Orange, N. J.....	6
1896		
June	Draw with Tom Sharkey, at San Francisco, Cal.....	4
	Exhibition with Jim McVey.....	3
1897		
Mar. 17	Lost to Bob Fitzsimmons, at Carson City, Nev. World's championship.....	14
1898		
Nov. 22	Lost to Tom Sharkey, on a foul, at Lennox Club, New York.....	9
1900		
	Knocked out by Jim Jeffries, at Coney Island, N. Y.....	23
Aug. 30	Knocked out Kid McCoy, at New York.....	5

CHAPTER IX.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

Bob Fitzsimmons and his achievements in the ring afford unlimited food for thought to the student of physical culture. He has certainly upset many established ideas.

In ordinary instances a pugilist who begins his career at twenty-five years of age has lost a great deal, if not all, of his athletic snap by the time he is thirty-five. Here is a man, however, who took a new lease of life when past the age of thirty and after he had been in the lists very many years.

While Fitzsimmons had magnificent shoulders and arms when he first appeared in a ring in the United States, his waist, hips and lower limbs were so light that it looked like a case of arrested development.

He corrected all that, though. By dint of exercise such as skipping the rope, and trudging and sprinting in the open air, he has made his nether limbs conform more with the proportions of his torso and arms. He has built himself up from a middleweight to a heavyweight and has contrived to keep himself in fighting shape when men who entered the ring at a later date have become prematurely old and decrepit.

Fitzsimmons' elasticity and endurance, at an age when many other pugilists are tucked safely away on the shelf, is sometimes attributed to the nature of the work he

engaged in when a growing youth. The world knows that Fitzsimmons was a blacksmith—a shoer of horses—and the sinewy strength of his arms and chest is the life-long legacy left him by his youthful toil.

The author was puzzled once when taking measurements of Fitzsimmons with a tapeline to find that the right forearm exceeded the left in girth by one inch.

Fitzsimmons grinned when asked to account for the discrepancy.

"I always used the hammer with my right hand," he exclaimed. "I guess that's the reason the right forearm is bigger than the other."

Fitzsimmons was a neater boxer when he first arrived in this country than he is at present, as any of the old-time sports who saw his contests with McCarty and Dempsey will acknowledge.

Before he had been here long he became a believer in quick finishes, and he sacrificed style to a great extent so that he might be able to lend force to his blows. A glance at his record will show that he has been quite successful as an exponent of knockout punches.

He had two things in his favor to begin with. In the first place he had the punching power and in the next he had powers of assimilation. No man has been on the verge of annihilation as a ring celebrity more frequently than Fitzsimmons. He has recovered from blows, and volleys of blows, when a red cent piece would not have been given for his interest in a purse of thousands and thousands of dollars. Very often, in a surprisingly short space of time after displaying all the earmarks of a man on the brink of collapse, he has laid his opponent motionless on the ring floor with a single punch.

This thing of pulling a victory out of the fire, time

after time, gained Fitzsimmons a reputation for trickiness, more especially in the line of feigning distress while in reality simply maneuvering for an opening.

He is tricky in the respect referred to, beyond a doubt, but all the cunning in the world would not avail him were it not for his peculiar talent in the matter of inflicting injury at close range and from all manner of odd positions.

To attempt to define Fitzsimmons' ring methods in detail would be as difficult a task as to describe the motions of a small fish as it twists and tumbles in the shallow water of a pool.

As a matter of fact he seldom fought twice alike. He had more knockout blows filed away for future reference than all the others in the heavyweight division possessed between them, and he always kept an opponent guessing as to where the next crack was coming from.

How did Fitzsimmons acquire his peculiarly effective style of fighting? was a question often asked. Well, to begin with, as already stated, he was a skilled boxer when he arrived in the United States. He was a pupil of the Jem Mace school and he was fully capable of holding his own with anyone in a match for points with blackened gloves. In addition to his knowledge of how to use his hands he possessed nice ideas of distance. These things go together in the case of a man who, like Fitzsimmons, first earned his spurs in amateur tourneys conducted by a past master like Mace.

He discarded much of his neat workmanship and he retained his knowledge of distance. The power to inflict hard blows was conferred upon him by years of toil when a growing lad. Seasoning of that kind is more lasting in its effects than all the gymnasium exercise of

later years. His ability to withstand a greater degree of punishment than the ordinary mortal he came by naturally. He is built like a desert runner and is as tough as whalebone.

His style changed gradually and he became known as a specialist in the line of knockout punches and queer poses. He frequently dropped his man as cold as the traditional wedge with a blow that traveled comparatively few inches. In order to land that blow it was necessary for him to shuffle in and become a mark for the other fellow's fist. He would stand there, rocking on his feet, his face bruised, possibly, his eyes dilated and his whole appearance suggesting that he was pain-racked and rattled.

The crowd would yell, as crowds have a habit of doing on such occasions, and "the other fellow" would be all a-flutter with the prospect of victory. It seemed just a matter of landing one hard blow, for how could that swaying, shambling figure before him do any hurt?

Then the other fellow swings. He may land, but his blow is not a knockout. Possibly Fitzsimmons' early training in respect to timing and counter-timing had something to do with it. He may have allowed the blow to land and at the same time jerked his head aside so as to lessen the force.

The other fellow swings again or maybe he does not get the chance. It is a long lane which has never a turning and it is a deucedly long rally that does not afford an opening to the under dog.

An opening occurs and Fitzsimmons lets go a pile-driving smash. It may be a punch delivered under his opponent's guard on the end of the chin. It may be a left shift to the body.

Whatever it is, there is all the strength of a forearm as rigid and hard as bar steel behind it. Behind that again there is the leverage and strength of the upper arm, and back of that again all the force of that over-developed top hamper of shoulders, chest and back muscle. Whatever the blow or wherever it is aimed at, it is "a winner" in five cases out ten.

There is a sound of impact; the sudden fall of a bare-bodied, bare-legged pugilist to the floor. He lies there either motionless or quivering. Meanwhile there is a long armed, freckled necked individual slouching to his corner with never a sign of dizziness or fatigue about him.

According to information supplied by Fitzsimmons himself, his first appearance in the ring was as an amateur pugilist at a competition inaugurated by the veteran, Jem Mace, at Timaru, New Zealand, in 1880. Fitzsimmons defeated four men and won the amateur championship of New Zealand for both middle and heavy weight classes. In the following year in a similar competition he defeated five men, among them Herbert Slade, who afterwards boxed John L. Sullivan at Madison Square Garden, New York.

Fitzsimmons left New Zealand for Australia and figured occasionally in contests in and around Sydney, defeating among others Bill Slavin, a brother of Frank Slavin, who years afterwards fought a memorable battle with Peter Jackson in London. In 1889 Fitzsimmons won from Dick Ellis at Sydney in three rounds and in February of 1890 was defeated by Jim Hall in four rounds.

Fitzsimmons arrived in San Francisco from Sydney in the month of May, 1890. He was introduced to the matchmakers of the California Athletic Club as a ringster

of ability, and the officials mentioned, in pursuance of their usual custom, arranged to have the new comer's fighting qualifications tested by the club's trial horse, a well known middleweight named Frank Allen.

The Cornishman proved himself to be a thorough workman and his name was immediately placed on the list of boxers awaiting engagement. He did not have long to wait. Billy McCarty, another Australian, was booked to fight at the California Athletic Club, when his prospective opponent fell sick. Fitzsimmons was immediately substituted and he defeated McCarty with the greatest ease in nine rounds.

Fitzsimmons' ringmanship was a surprise to the club members and at the same time a source of chagrin to some of the unemployed middleweights who had seats among the spectators. "Young Mitchell," who was regarded as the middleweight champion of the coast in those years, made himself very conspicuous during the contest by yelling directions to McCarty.

"Why are you so anxious to see the new man whipped?" Mitchell was asked.

"Because he's a dangerous customer and if he once gets a start in this country he'll go right down the line," replied Mitchell with engaging candor.

Fitzsimmons did not remain in San Francisco long. He joined fortunes with Jimmy Carroll, a lightweight of renown, and went to New Orleans, where he boxed Arthur Upham before the Audubon Athletic Club and knocked his man out in the fifth round. It had now become apparent that the New Zealander was fit to cope with any man of his weight, and it was determined to send him against Nonpareil Jack Dempsey for the middleweight championship of the world. A purse of \$12,-

THE KINGS OF THE QUEENSBERRY REALM

was hung up, the largest amount offered up to that time for a ring event.

Dempsey and Fitzsimmons boxed at New Orleans on the evening of Jan. 14, 1891, and the contest attracted crowds of sporting men from all over the United States. Dempsey was the favorite in the betting.

By arrangement the men weighed in at the ringside and it is a noteworthy circumstance that Dempsey never set eyes on his opponent until he saw him that night standing beside the scales.

When the lanky Cornishman threw off his wraps and stepped on the machine platform, a look came over Fitzsimmons' face that will never be forgotten by those who saw it. The Nonpareil turned his eyes towards the challenger and seemed to be muttering his wonderment.

There was certainly was a sight to make any middleweight tremble. He had the shoulders, chest, back and arms of the heavyweight and he tapered down to a fine line at the waist. It was his light underpinning that made him so sure in under the middleweight class. Fitzsimmons' look of surprise was occasioned by the unexpected strength of the man beside him. It was the Cornishman who weighed 147½ pounds and who was a middleweight.

Fitzsimmons' favor from the opening of the fight was simply a plaything for his opponent. There was a feeling of relief when Dempsey went down to defeat in the third round. The sympathies of the spectators went with the man who made a gallant stand against odds. The crowd were bent on throwing up the fight, though feeling from the effects of the



ROBERT FITZSIMMONS



Fitzsimmons Delivering a Fourth of July Oration
at Skaggs Springs, July 4, 1902

punishment bestowed upon him, staggered after Fitzsimmons as the latter went to his corner and insisted on continuing the fight. There was nothing left for Fitzsimmons but to finish the brave fellow as quickly as he could.

After that Fitzsimmons was in a position to command matches whenever he cared to fight. One of his most notable battles was his affair with Peter Maher at the Olympic Club, New Orleans, in March, 1892.

Prof. John Duffy was the referee and it became his duty to proclaim Fitzsimmons winner when Maher was knocked out after a hard fight in the twelfth round.

The next big event that Fitzsimmons figured in was his match with Jim Hall. This also took place at New Orleans with Prof. John Duffy again acting as referee.

The men met in the arena of the Crescent City Athletic Club, which organization had promised a purse of \$40,000. The amount was never forthcoming and Fitzsimmons, who knocked out his opponent completely in the fourth round, was glad to take anything he could get.

In June of 1894, Joe Choynski and Fitzsimmons had a bout at Boston, the police interfering in the fifth round and the affair being called a draw.

According to the stories told subsequently there was an understanding between the men before entering the ring that they were to indulge in six rounds of exhibition work and share the honors of a draw. Choynski, so one of the stories went, took advantage of an opening left by Fitzsimmons and floored him with a fierce right-hander on the jaw in the third round. No one would have given ten cents for the Cornishman's chances as he straightened up and swayed in front of the San Fran-

cisco heavyweight. Fitzsimmons managed by clinching to avoid further punishment and although in a dazed condition when he went to his corner he revived wonderfully during the minute's rest.

He then set out to pay Choynski back in his own coin and the Californian felt the weight of Fitzsimmons' gloves again and again. Choynski was in a sorry plight when the fourth round closed and he was in a worse condition still while the fifth round was in progress. As a matter of fact a knockout seemed imminent when the police interfered and the bout was called a draw.

"It's all right," said Fitzsimmons in his dressing room. "I noticed there were no policemen handy, though, when I was all but out."

Three months later Fitzsimmons knocked out Dan Creedon in two rounds before the Olympic Club at New Orleans, and soon after that plans for a match between Jim Corbett and Fitzsimmons were first spoken of. Obstacles arose on different occasions when the question of superiority seemed on the point of being determined, and fully three years elapsed before the men finally met in the ring at Carson. Meanwhile Fitzsimmons filled in his time with theatrical tours, albeit he never missed a chance to fight when an opponent could be found for him. His quick victory over Peter Maher on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande is referred to in the story of the championship mills. His experience with Tom Sharkey at San Francisco in 1896, when, according to the opinions of leading sports, the Cornishman was robbed of the decision and a \$10,000 purse, is something that Fitzsimmons will continue to refer to just as long as he is able to discuss his achievements in the ring.

In the event in question Fitzsimmons stipulated that

the winner should take the whole of the purse. Beyond a doubt the selfishness of this demand put tricksters in Sharkey's camp on their mettle and was responsible for the hatching out of the scheme to defraud the Cornishman in case he proved the sailor's master. Wyatt Earp was the referee of the affair, despite protests from Martin Julian, who announced he had heard rumors of collusion which impelled him to ask that another referee be selected.

The bout itself was in Fitzsimmons' favor all the way through, and Sharkey, who had stood against the punches of Choynski and Corbett without wincing, was palpably affected by Lanky Bob's fierce blows.

The fight took place in the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco. It was the custom when bouts were held there to have benches and seats around the edge of the ring for the working newspaper men, but on this occasion the fight chroniclers were located in a press gallery erected in an elevated position on the south side of the big building, and at considerable distance from where the men boxed.

When the end came in the eighth round Fitzsimmons' back was to the press men and Sharkey was partially obscured from view. We could see Fitzsimmons' elbows working and what appeared to be a legitimate body blow caught the sailor somewhere around the stomach. A second later a left hook took him on the chin and he dropped to the floor.

He made a feeble attempt to rise, but the ten seconds passed away. So sure were the newspaper men of Fitz's triumph that some of them sent dispatches across the wires announcing the Cornishman's victory.

Then it was noticed that something out of the ordinary

was happening. The spectators had ceased cheering and hundreds were bending forward in a listening attitude. The announcement was then made that Fitzsimmons had lost the fight on a foul.

Sharkey was carried from the ring and tongues loosened. The majority pronounced the decision a cold-blooded robbery, but others, and among them the chief of police of San Francisco, insisted that Fitzsimmons had struck Sharkey a foul blow and that they had witnessed it. These latter, of course, held that the verdict was a just one.

Fitzsimmons invoked court proceedings in the hopes of preventing the National Athletic Club from paying the \$10,000 purse to Sharkey, but he obtained no redress. The only satisfaction the Cornishman ever received was the sympathy that came to him from the sporting element.

After winning the world's championship from Corbett at Carson in 1897, Fitzsimmons announced his retirement from pugilism and he remained firm in his resolve for over two years. Then he was matched with Jim Jeffries for the championship, the contest taking place at Coney Island in June, 1899. Fitzsimmons was defeated in eleven rounds.

During the latter part of 1899 Fitzsimmons knocked out Jeff Thorne in one round at Chicago, and in the early part of 1900 he made quick work of Jim Daly and Ed Dunkhorst in succession.

When the Horton law was repealed in New York the promoters hastened to arrange a series of matches, and Fitzsimmons was seen in two important events before the famous measure went completely out of existence.

The first of these fights was with Gus Ruhlin at Madison Square Garden, New York, on August 10, 1900.

It was a bruising battle with the aspect of affairs changing often enough to keep the spectators worked up to a rare pitch of excitement. On account of the setback the Cornishman received while trying to storm the Jeffries breastworks many expected that Bob would put up a cautious fight and devote a couple of rounds, at least, to studying the methods of Madden's championship candidate.

Instead of that, Fitzsimmons went in close and began to slug, and as Ruhlin was also eager to make a fast fight of it the glove play in the first round was simply furious. Fitzsimmons' right hand was not of much service to him on account of the elbow joint being stiffened from an old injury. Ruhlin did the cleaner work, landed the more effective blows, and beat the Cornishman back to the ropes again and again. The first round of a certainty belonged to Ruhlin.

In the next round things did not look so one-sided. Fitzsimmons, although his lean head felt the force of many a punch, resorted to the famous left shift and got home with it once or twice. The most damaging blow of this kind was the one which caught Ruhlin in the pit of the stomach. It doubled him up completely and brought him to the floor. He said afterward that he never felt a more hurtful blow.

They fought at a terrible clip again in the third round and the faces of both men showed traces of the conflict. Fitzsimmons made better use of his right at this time. He kept whipping it across on the Akron giant's left eye and every thump appeared to leave a welt of its own.

Fitzsimmons did not escape by any means. The flesh

KINGS OF THE QUEENSBERRY REALM

around his eyes was puffed and his face generally bore testimony to Ruhlin's punching abilities. Both men were weak from their exertions.

Fitzsimmons steadied himself in the beginning of the fourth round and became more watchful. He drove Ruhlin clear across the ring and the effort seemed to make him arm-weary. Ruhlin's seconds noticed that the Cornishman was tired and urged their man to go at him. Ruhlin obeyed, but his blows lacked steam. He landed as well while his seconds howled with delight. They thought Fitzsimmons was about to sink to the floor, but the Cornishman fooled them. He straightened up with a grin on his countenance and battered his opponent across the floor, bringing him down near the ropes.

They fought spitefully in the fifth round, neither man making any attempt to protect himself. It was give and take and it seemed the toss up of a penny which of the fighters would be bowled over.

The pace told on them both, Ruhlin's blows in particular, being completely robbed of their steam. He swung and swung in a tired way, while Fitzsimmons was more vigorously and did the more damage.

At the end of the round Fitzsimmons showed more energy than he did at any prior stage of the contest. He came forward, and after avoiding the blow, sent a powerful return. He dodged around in a circle, leaving the impression that he was trying to land some particular blow.

Fitzsimmons was at his man from the beginning. He fought him across the ring and across the knees. Ruhlin regained his feet and tried to turn the tables. Fitzsimmons was not backing away, employing ex-

actly the same tactics he employed when fighting Maher down the Rio Grande. Suddenly he halted and then came the left shift. His right foot went forward and his left foot came back. His left glove crashed against Ruhlin's jaw and Ruhlin went to the floor. He was counted out and Fitzsimmons was returned victor after as fierce a fight as any hard-shelled ring follower could care to witness.

One week later Fitzsimmons and Sharkey came together in the ring at Coney Island. This also was a whirlwind affair and about the only time Sharkey appeared to have a ghost of a chance was when he floored Fitzsimmons with a wandering lefthander at the close of the first round.

In the second round Fitzsimmons gave the sailorman a terrible drubbing, knocking him out completely. Bob kept right after his opponent, standing in close and picking a target for his fists each time before letting fly. As a rule it was the sailor's ribs which suffered most. Poor Tom was battered around the midsection until his knees began to sag. Then Fitzsimmons cut loose with uppercuts and left hooks at the jaw, and in less time than it takes to write it the sailor groveled on the mat and was counted out.

Jim Jeffries sat close to the ring while the fight was in progress and as soon as the decision was rendered Fitzsimmons walked to the ropes and invited the champion to step up on the platform. Jeffries refused. It was evidently Fitzsimmons' intention to challenge Jeffries to fight on that night week, the last date on which contests under the Horton law could be conducted in New York state.

On the following day Fitzsimmons and W. A. Brady,

1891		Rounds.
Jan. 14	Knocked out Jack Dempsey, at New Orleans, La., Middleweight championship.....	13
Apr. 28	Knocked out Abe Cogle, at Chicago, Ill.....	2
May 1	Won from "Black Pearl," at Minneapolis, Minn..	4
1892		
Mar. 2	Knocked out Peter Maher, at New Orleans, La....	12
Apr. 30	Knocked out James Farrell, at Newark, N. J.....	2
May 7	Knocked out Joe Godfrey, at Philadelphia, Pa....	1
May 11	Knocked out Jerry Slattery, at New York.....	2
Sep. 3	Knocked out Millard Zeuder, at Anniston, Ala....	1
1893		
Mar. 8	Knocked out Jim Hall, at New Orleans, La.....	4
Mar. 25	Knocked out Phil Mayo, at Chicago, Ill.....	2
May 30	Knocked out Warner, at Baltimore, Md.....	1
Sep. 5	Won from Jack Hickey, of Ireland, at Newark, N. J.	3
1894		
June 17	Defeated Joe Choynski, at Boston, Mass. (Police interference.)	5
July 28	Knocked out Frank Kellar, at Buffalo, N. Y.....	2
Sep. 26	Knocked out Dan Creedon, at New Orleans, La....	2
Nov. 19	Boxed Con Riordon, who died, at Syracuse, N. Y.	
1895		
Apr. 16	Knocked out Al Allich.....	3
1896		
Feb. 21	Knocked out Peter Maher, opposite Langtry, Tex., World's championship	1
Dec. 2	Lost to Tom Sharkey, foul, San Francisco.....	8
1897		
Mar. 17	Won from Jim Corbett, at Carson City, Nev., World's championship	14
1899		
June 9	Knocked out by Jim Jeffries, at Coney Island, N. Y., World's championship	11
Oct. 28	Knocked out Jeff Thorne, Chicago.....	1
1900		
Mar. 27	Won from Jim Daly, at Philadelphia, Pa.....	1
Apr. 30	Knocked out Ed Dunkhorst, at Brooklyn, N. Y....	2
Aug. 10	Knocked out Gus Ruhlin, at New York.....	6
Aug. 24	Knocked out Tom Sharkey, at Coney Island, N. Y.	2
1902		
July 25	Knocked out by Jim Jeffries, San Francisco, Cal., World's championship.....	8

CHAPTER X.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES.

It is a common lament with those who are close to heavyweight James J. Jeffries that the world's champion has never received due credit for his achievements in the ring.

While it must be admitted that captious critics occasionally compare Jeffries with past holders of the championship to his detriment, there is really no just ground for supposing that Jeffries' talents as a fighter have been overlooked by the sporting world generally.

It has been urged that Jeffries, between fights, did not attract the public eye or the public mind to the extent that some of the men in his line had done, the assertion being that he was harder to combat. There is a reason for this. To begin with, the glamor which surrounded celebrities a few years ago has faded away, and there is no longer a desire to idealize each other for a living.

Now brought closer to the game, as it were, the world of boxing between professional and amateur disposition to divest the work of the glamour of heroics which formerly

they used to be, however, in the matter of attaining

any great measure of popularity. He has not the swagger and the personal following of "boosters" that some ex-champions had, nor yet the suave manner and magnetism of others. He is simply a big, brusque, good-natured, liberal-notioned individual, who knows more about fighting than he does about self-advertising or ingratiating himself with the public.

He plods along life's highway weighted down with the laurels earned in hard-fought battles, conscious, no doubt, by this time, that the only time he may expect to create anything of a furor is when he has knocked out some aspirant for the championship.

But, oh my! How he can fight! Yes, and what a record he has rolled up in a comparatively short space of time!

Just after Corbett downed Sullivan at New Orleans a sport who was inclined to moralize remarked: "If anyone had predicted a year ago that a man would spring up who would defeat Sullivan without turning a hair he would have been pronounced crazy."

"That's so," murmured several who had heard the remark and coincided with it.

But how, if someone had prophesied a little later that a heavyweight would arise who would knock out Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett in turn? Would not that have been voted a prophecy of a mind diseased?

Jeffries defeated the trio named and did more. He fought as often as matches could be obtained and he bowled over his men with astounding regularity. After winning the championship he defended it successfully three times, a thing no other champion ever accomplished. He was never knocked squarely off his legs by a blow and he was never a mark for the timekeepers.

He may lack style, dash and finish, as his critics claim, but, judged by the records, he is the greatest champion the world has known.

It has often been said that Jeffries was a lucky fellow to blossom out just when he did, the argument being that the top notchers of the heavyweight division were beginning to decline about that time.

I have used the same argument myself and I must say that I have often wondered how Jeffries would have acquitted himself had he boxed either Peter Jackson or Jim Corbett when these latter were in their heyday. I am inclined to think that had he stacked up against either of them in his cub days his championship dream would have been dispelled, temporarily, at least.

At the same time I think that the Jeffries who defeated Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sharkey and Ruhlin in succession was a better fighter than any one of the former world's champions or championship candidates when at his very best. Jeffries had reached his full development without meeting a setback or mishap and he was, to my mind, the most formidable piece of fighting machinery ever seen in a ring.

To the disparity of their ages I consider the defeat of Fitzsimmons at New York the star performance of his career. The argument that Fitzsimmons was a pugilist on that occasion will not hold water. Fitzsimmons, nearly two years later, returned and defeated Ruhlin and Sharkey, in six and seven rounds respectively, within the space of a week. This made it patent that Jeffries was more than the ordinary capacity for a champion. He was accepted many and many a time as the way for a return and those

who saw the contest will remember how Fitzsimmons wheeled once when on his way to his corner in order to see what effect his famous swings and hooks had had on Jeffries.

According to Billy Delaney, who trained and handled Jeffries, it was the latter's trick of assimilating heavy blows which discouraged the Cornishman in the contest in question.

Said Delaney: "He reached Jeffries' face with a tearing left hook and all the strength Fitzsimmons possessed was behind the blow. Fitzsimmons was astounded when he saw how little effect his best punch produced. He expected to see Jeffries stagger and drop his arms. Instead he saw Jim standing there on guard as steady as a rock. It was then that Fitzsimmons' heart sank. He had found a man who could take his fiercest punches without collapsing and he was very much worried about it."

It is this faculty for withstanding punishment that helps to keep Jeffries in the forefront of the champions. He is endowed naturally with a physique of iron, and blows which bend the ribs and jar the brains of others hurt him comparatively little. He declares himself that he never yet felt a blow that dazed him.

This abnormal power of resistance is the foundation of Jeffries' championship form. It is his strongest department, and leagued with it in almost equal proportions he possesses the ability to go a long, long ring journey without evincing signs of fatigue.

He proved his strength as a beast of burden at Harbin Springs, Cal., when he made wearying sorties, afoot, into the deer country and returned time and again with the carcass of a buck strapped across his shoulders. He proved his endurance in the affair with Sharkey at Coney

Island, when, with his frame stripped by arduous and incessant training, he fought twenty-five rounds under a blistering grill of electric fire and finished strong and full of fight.

His punching ability is not on a par with either his endurance or his powers of absorption. He can strike heavily for all that, and he is improving in this respect right along. He is a fairly clever boxer, and a good defensive fighter. He is not to be rattled or deterred from following a scheme of battle once he has mapped it out. He is cool headed and, to his credit be it said, he is not cruel.

So far as foot-work is concerned Jeffries' movements do not suggest the poetry of motion, altogether. By some he is regarded as both awkward and slow. In his affair with Ruhlin at San Francisco, however, he covered ground nimbly enough and once he began to be aggressive it was impossible for Ruhlin to keep out of his way. He is fast enough on his feet in all conscience.

To sum up his qualities of ringmanship it may be said that he is fairly talented in every branch of self-defense. He boxes cleverly, defends himself well and does not get blown. But back of all these are the qualities that have made him a champion, to wit, magnificent endurance.

He has given credit for a new departure, so far as he is concerned, in the matter of bringing a rule change into effect. As a rule champions are the most conservative in the business. A champion is not likely to change his dressing room after a victory, nor is he likely to accept with invitations to fight from

any one who does not have a champion's

life, however, notably stage appearances and trips abroad. As a rule, therefore, challengers are told to fight it out among themselves or "go and get a reputation." Whatever the means employed to evade them the champion enjoys himself after his own style until he feels like turning his attention to the fellows who are after his laurels.

Jeffries never waits for a challenge. He becomes the challenger and it is an interesting fact that he is always making overtures to somebody for a fight. What is more, he has poor luck in securing matches. This shows that while some of the critics contend he is "as slow as an ice wagon" and a mere apology for a champion, those who ought to know, to wit, the fighters themselves, have a great deal of respect for him.

James J. Jeffries blossomed out as a professional pugilist in the summer of the year 1896 in San Francisco.

It was while the aftermath of the four round bout between Corbett and Sharkey was still lively, and with two such thick bodied fellows as the boilermaker and the sailor looming up on the pugilistic horizon that the sporting world began to ask itself if the day of the Queensberry lightning strikers was passing and the burly bruisers of the ancient type were to rule the roost again. It certainly looked like a return to first principles in this respect.

While Jeffries' record does not mention the fact, his first appearance as a professional fighter was with Dan Long, a Denver heavyweight. Prior to that time Jeffries acted occasionally as trainer or sparring partner for other pugilists around San Francisco, and his splendid physique attracted attention.

"If that young man could only fight, he would become

a second John L. Sullivan," was a common remark among visitors to the training camp.

Jeffries proved that he could fight by disposing of Long, of Denver, with a few well directed punches. The old guard of San Francisco's fight following immediately became enthusiastic over the stalwart novice. In view of his great muscular development they expected he would lack freedom of delivery and prove ungainly in his motions, but the very reverse was the case.

As a Frisco expert remarked, "He looked too strong to fight, but he loosened up like a featherweight."

Jeffries continued to figure in bouts of minor importance and he never failed "to bring home the money," as the turfites say. He had an experience, though, which bade fair for a brief while to terminate not only his ring career, but his tenure of life.

He was in training at the Ocean Beach in San Francisco for a contest with one of the local heavyweights when he contracted pneumonia through exposing himself to the chill fogs which rolled in from the sea. He was highly delirious at one stage of his illness and it required the persistent efforts of a small corps of physicians to bring him out of danger.

Jeffries knocked out Theodore Van Buskirk in two rounds at San Francisco on April 9, 1897, and a month later Dick Baker met similar treatment, succumbing to the big iron worker in nine rounds. Jeffries was then matched to box Gus Ruhlin twenty rounds before the National Club at Mechanics' Pavilion. This contest took place on July 17, 1897, and resulted in a draw, the decision being perfectly in keeping with the work performed.





JAMES J. JEFFRIES



Jeffries Being Paced Into Middletown, Cal.



View of Middletown Springs, Cal.

Jeffries in those days had not learned to strike in the most approved manner.

He contrived to injure his hands to some extent in every contest he engaged in and the Ruhlin affair was no exception.

Ruhlin, who had few friends in a sporting sense when the fight began, surprised the crowd. He held his own with Jeffries for a dozen rounds or more and at one stage of the proceedings startled the embryo champion with a right cross on the chin. Jeffries went clattering around the ring and displayed all the symptoms of a pugilist who was thoroughly shaken up.

Towards the close of the contest Jeffries infused more energy into his work and in the final rounds he rained blows on Madden's new candidate for ring honors. He simply evened up the score, at that, and in the discussions which arose out of the match it was the opinion of not a few that Ruhlin had equal prospects with Jeffries of becoming the leading heavyweight of the world.

Jeffries' next contest was with Choynski. They went the twenty-round route at Woodward's, San Francisco, on Nov. 30, 1897, and Choynski, by clever defensive work, contrived to share the honors of a draw with the big fellow.

Joe Goddard, the Australian, and Jeffries boxed at Los Angeles on February 28, 1898. Goddard made a sorry showing. He went to the floor repeatedly when it looked as if he might have stood erect. A decision was rendered against him in the fourth round.

A month later Jeffries and Peter Jackson met at Woodward's. Jackson had just returned to San Francisco after a long period of inactivity in England. He was persistent in his quest of a match with either Jeffries or

Sharkey and insisted that he was able to give as good an account of himself as ever.

Jackson had been warned in regard to Jeffries' strong points and particularly urged to beware of a high left swing upon which Jeffries placed reliance. On account of his height the boilermaker was enabled to deliver this punch over an opponent's guard and it landed usually on the temple.

Jackson studied out his plan of attack with care. He informed his trainers that he purposed cooling Jeffries' ardor with straight lefts and that he would delay mixing it until he had familiarized himself thoroughly with big Jim's tactics.

It may have been that the uproarious greeting Peter received from the crowd aroused his ambition. He certainly threw caution to the winds and went at Jeffries as if bent on finishing him up in a round.

Jackson forgot all about his straight left and began to batter at Jeffries with his favorite heart blow. The first round was one long rally and when it ended the gallery shrieked with delight.

The tumult affected Jackson, probably, as the blare of a bugle is said to affect a retired cavalry horse. He went at the big fellow again the moment the advance sounded, and poor Peter was soon in trouble. Jeffries, who had steadied himself, gave Jackson a taste of his own medicine, to wit, a right hand body punch which sounded like the play of a mule's heels against a bale of wool.

Jackson faltered and then Jeffries touched him on the side of the head a few times with that swinging beam left.

The third round settled it. Jackson had scarcely

reached the center when Jeffries cut loose with his high swing. A brace of blows caused Peter to reel; another sent him to the confines of the ring, where he sank in a sitting posture on the lower rope.

He was dazed and to all intents and purposes defeated. He half arose, but Jeffries stood clear away from him and looked towards the referee. To Jeffries' credit be it said he acted as magnanimously towards the once famous colored fighter as Jackson himself had acted towards others in similar straits. The referee assisted Jackson to his corner and decided in favor of Jeffries.

After that Jeffries found engagements following quickly on one another's heels. His next victim was Pete Everett, of Colorado, better known, probably, as Mexican Pete.

Jeffries and Everett fought at the Olympic Club. The affair was a dismal fiasco and Jeffries was as embarrassed as a girl posing for her first photograph. Incidentally Jeffries was nowise responsible for the farce which disappointed the Olympic gathering.

Everett was seized with ring fright or something of that character and refused to be seen in the center of the roped enclosure with Jeffries. He backed into whichever corner happened to be handy at the first sign of hostilities. He cowered and covered his head with his arms while Jeffries stood a couple of paces away and looked foolish. There were three rounds of this kind of thing and then Mexican Pete was ordered out of the ring.

Tom Sharkey and Jeffries had their first contest at Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, on the night of May 6, 1898. The fight itself will be long remembered on account of the picture the two wonderful specimens of muscular humanity presented while struggling for the

masses, but there were other occurrences that will cause the Sharkey-Jeffries engagement to linger in the recollections of San Francisco sports.

The promoters had studied economy in connection with the erection of supports and platforms on which the seats were placed, and the consequence was a general collapse of timbers, benches and chairs and a temporary panic. Tier after tier of seats fell with their occupants and the wonder is that no lives were lost.

The mishap occurred before the entire fight crowd had gathered, and the sale of tickets was affected, hundreds turning away from the box office when they learned of the commotion within the building.

The contest between the two big fellows took place and Referee Alex Greggains awarded the palm to Jeffries. Sharkey was not as willing to fight at some stages as he might have been, but whenever he went in and swapped punches with the boilermaker he held his own.

There was considerable curiosity to learn which of the two heavily muscled fighters was really the stronger. A test occurred while the fight was still young. Sharkey, who, beyond a doubt, is a powerful fellow, tried to indulge in some rough work while they were coming out in a clinch near the ropes. Jeffries thereupon took the grip on the two shoulders and shook him as a school-master might shake an offending urchin. There was a very decided expression on Jeffries' countenance as he shook Sharkey. Sharkey had run foul of a man who was his own size and had lost his prestige as "the champion of the Queensberry ring."

The incidents of the contest were the most interesting and Sharkey gave blow for blow. The sailor was intensely agitated

when the decision was given against him and he subsequently charged that he was the victim of a conspiracy. He failed completely to locate a single circumstance that might give color to his claim; and while there were differences of opinion, of course, as to the justness of the verdict rendered by Greggains, it was the belief of everybody that he was entirely without prejudice when he passed upon the merits of the bout.

Soon after the affair with Sharkey, Jeffries went to New York and placed himself under the management of W. A. Brady. The boilermaker made his bow to a Gotham fight crowd on the night of August 5, 1898, when he sparred ten rounds with Bob Armstrong, the negro heavyweight. Although Jeffries won the contest in question he made anything but a favorable impression. He was, however, in the hands of men who felt that he had the making of a champion in him and they were persistent in advancing his claims to a contest with Fitzsimmons.

This match was finally arranged. It took place on June 9, 1899, and full reference is made to it in the story of the Queensberry championships.

It is worthy of remark that Jeffries' hands did not go back on him in the fight in question. For that matter he has been able to keep his hands in good shape ever since, whereas in all his prior fights he suffered from sprained knuckles.

"I discovered what was wrong by accident," said Jeffries. "Formerly I used to copy other fighters in the matter of bandaging my hands and I overdid it. I began to notice that the more I bandaged the worse I fared during a fight. I then resolved to leave off bandages en-

tirely and I haven't had any trouble with my hands since."

Jeffries was not seen in the ring again until he boxed Sharkey for the championship at Coney Island on Nov. 3, 1899. As a matter of fact he seemed to confine his attention to those who were anxious to try conclusions for the highest honors of the ring. In three years, apart from his championship fights, he has only engaged in three contests. One of these was when he knocked out Jack Finnegan in a round at Detroit on April 6, 1900. A month later he had his championship affair with Jim Corbett at Coney Island, and after that he devoted himself to theatricals for an extended period.

On Sept. 17, 1901, he bested Hank Griffin in a four-round bout at Los Angeles and a week later he knocked out Joe Kennedy in two rounds at the Reliance Club, Oakland, Cal.

This was just prior to going into training for his championship contest with Gus Ruhlin at San Francisco. Ruhlin was among the spectators while the Jeffries-Kennedy bout was in progress. It is said that Ruhlin's face was a study when he saw the neat manner in which Jeffries put Kennedy to sleep.

In describing the knockout Jeffries said: "The blow which finished Kennedy was a left jolt and it did not travel more than eight inches. He thought I was going to swing for the stomach but I changed the direction on him. His guard went up, but not quickly enough. I allowed my left glove to rest on his arm, just for a fraction of a second, and then I drove it in against his chin. You know the rest."

"They keep talking of Fitzsimmons' knack of knocking out men with short arm jolts, but I think I am as good

as any of them at that kind of thing now," continued Jeffries. "I have made a study of it and I don't believe Fitzsimmons has any advantage over me when it comes to hurting a man at short range."

The championship fight between Jeffries and Ruhlin occurred on Nov. 15, 1901, in Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco. It is described fully elsewhere. In it Jeffries proved to be the master of the man with whom he fought a draw in the same ring five years earlier.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES.

Born in Carroll, Ohio, 1875. Height, 6 feet, 1½ inches.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1896		
July 2	Knocked out Dan Long, San Francisco.....	2
1897		
April 9	Knocked out T. Van Buskirk, San Francisco.....	2
May 18	Knocked out Henry Baker, San Francisco.....	9
July 16	Draw with Gus Ruhlin, San Francisco.....	20
Nov. 30	Draw with Joe Choynski, San Francisco.....	20
1898		
Feb. 28	Won from Joe Goddard, Los Angeles.....	4
Mar. 22	Won from Peter Jackson, San Francisco.....	3
Apr. 22	Won from Pete Everett, San Francisco.....	3
May 6	Won from Tom Sharkey, San Francisco.....	20
Aug. 5	Won from Bob Armstrong, New York.....	10
1899		
June 9	Knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons, Coney Island, World's championship	11
Nov. 3	Won from Tom Sharkey, Coney Island, World's championship	25
1900		
April 6	Knocked out Jack Finnegan, Detroit.....	1
May 1	Knocked out Jim Corbett, Coney Island, World's championship	23
1901		
Sept. 17	Won from Hank Griffin, Los Angeles.....	4
Sept. 24	Knocked out Joe Kennedy, Oakland.....	2
Nov. 15	Won from Gus Ruhlin, San Francisco, World's championship	5
1902		
July 25	Knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons, San Francisco, Cal., World's championship.....	8

CHAPTER XI.

THOMAS SHARKEY.

Tom Sharkey, frequently referred to as the Sailor, is one of the picturesque figures of the modern prize ring. He has made one bid for the championship and it may be that he will never shy his castor in across the ropes again as principal in a blue-ribbon encounter, but it will be many a long year before Sharkey and his stubborn efforts to climb the ladder of fame are forgotten.

Sharkey is comparatively a young man, but there is a suspicion that the drubbings he has received have taken the edge off his stamina and affected his condition. He contends that he is as eager as ever to take a whack at the highest prize in the ring. Maybe he is. Time alone will tell.

Sharkey first loomed on the horizon in this country at the Colma Athletic Club, a small organization which handled glove contests at a point in the San Mateo grass lands a few miles outside of San Francisco. It was in the summer of '94. A bout at the club in question had just been finished and Billy Jordan, the veteran master of ceremonies, was about to announce the event of the evening when a strange looking figure hopped up on the ring platform and dipped in beneath the ropes.

It was Sharkey. His hair was clipped close to the skull and the most striking things about him were the breadth of his shoulders and the long-tailed coat he wore.

There was a glint in his small blue eyes and his face had a sun-bronzed, brine-pickled look. He whispered something to Jordan and the announcer addressed the crowd as follows:

"This is Mr. Sharkey, of the navy, and he wants to fight. He isn't particular who he goes against."

"Three cheers for Mr. Sharkey, of the navy," suggested a wag on the elevated seats of the big barn, and the cheers were given with a will.

"Speech, speech!" was then the cry from different parts of the building, and a wide smile played on Sharkey's sun-burned countenance. He mumbled a few words of something over the ropes. What he said could have only been heard by those nearest the ring and he was constantly interrupted by the wag on the bleachers, who kept suggesting further cheers for "Mr. Sharkey" as often as he could make himself heard.

Finally with the remark "I'll fight anybody, I don't care," Sharkey waved his big arm at the crowd and tumbled out of the ring with a genuine sailor roll. In discussing the incident subsequently, the promoters decided that while Sharkey had absolutely no credentials to show as a pugilist, apart from his victories on board ship, and at Honolulu and other foreign parts, he looked every inch a slugger.

"He is probably one of those dubs who think they can fight," said a member of the Colma Club to the council. "Let us put him on with Australian Billy Smith and I guess that will be the last we will hear of Mr. Sharkey of the navy."

Smith, it should be understood, was a formidable pugilist in those days. His specialty was body punching

and he made short work of all opponents who were not both stout of heart and stout of frame.

When it became known that Smith was to tackle Sharkey, the navy champion, who had just blown in from the sea, the affair was regarded by fight followers as something of a joke. A good many said it was a shame to steer the unsuspecting sailor against such a hard proposition as Smith.

Sharkey and his messmates up around the navy yard did not regard the matter in that light, however. The blue jackets had great faith in Tom and he had advice and assistance unlimited while conditioning himself for his bout with the hard hitting Australian.

The marines on Mare Island, where the navy yard is situated, decided that the approaching mill was a thing of much consequence and they made arrangements for celebrating Tom's expected victory in proper style. Two excursion steamers were engaged to carry Sharkey's friends from the navy yard to San Francisco, and to add *eclat* to the proceedings, a brass band of a limited number of pieces was engaged. The band was divided up between the two steamers and as one of the boats stuck in the mud somewhere and those on board did not reach the scene of the contest, the crowd of sailors which made connections loomed up in the arena with only four instrumentalists out of a possible eight. What the musicians lacked in number they made up for in energy. They played while the preliminary contests on the program of events were being decided and when the Sharkey-Smith fight came on they played between rounds.

The contest furnished food for thought for the crowd of old-timers around the ring. As already hinted, it was regarded at the outset as something in the nature of a

joke with Sharkey as a prospective victim, but it furnished an entirely different result.

Smith started out bravely in his usual style and the blows he showered on the sailor's anatomy sounded like the flapping of a loose sail in a brisk breeze. Cheered on by his messmates and the band the sailor stuck to his task gamely, and he turned the tables on Smith and wore him down completely. The surprise was such that the regular patrons of the club made very little demonstration at the close of the contest, but the band and Sharkey's messmates made turmoil enough in all conscience.

Sharkey now considered himself fairly launched on the pugilistic sea, but for all that, the sports of the coast refused to consider him as a promising candidate for ring honors.

Tom engaged in a few contests of minor importance and won them all in short order. He was not in demand by the promoters of San Francisco, but as he was persistent in his claims for recognition, it was finally decided to send Joe Choynski against him in a handicap match, the understanding being that Choynski should stop the sailor within eight rounds or be declared the loser.

Once again the ring followers chuckled and remarked what a joke it would be when Choynski cut loose at the short-coupled mariner. It was thought that Tom had not a ghost of a show of remaining on deck above three rounds with Choynski, and bets of considerable amounts were made accordingly.

The contest took place on April 16, 1896, and Choynski failed to stop Sharkey. From the manner in which Joe started off no one would have given ten cents for

the sailor's chances of lasting the prescribed number of rounds. Choynski actually tired himself trying to place the navy champion *hors de combat* early in the mill, and according to the best information resorted to strategy in order to gain a respite. Joe complained that the sailor had struck him a foul blow, but gave his opinion that it was not intentional. Joe's seconds merely asked that Choynski be allowed to recover from the effects before being required to continue the fight.

The request was granted and Choynski went at his task like a giant refreshed. He rushed Sharkey to the ropes and tumbled him out of the ring and off the platform with a volley of punches. From the manner in which Sharkey slid head downward to the main floor of the building few expected that he would be able to continue fighting. To the surprise of all he gathered himself together. The look of surprise on his own face, in fact, was mirth inducing as he straightened up at the edge of the ring and looked inquiringly towards the spot he had been recently ejected from.

While he seemed thunderstruck he showed no indications of fear. The sailor grasped a post and pulled himself back into the ring and Choynski went at him again. Work as he might, Joe was unable to stop the broadbacked seaman within the time limit mutually agreed upon and Sharkey's record was further enriched by a victory over Joe Choynski.

Tom began to gain friends now among the sport followers of the coast, but there were still many who remarked, "He can't fight a lick and he'll never be heard of after he goes against the first good man who has had the training necessary to stand a few rounds of rough work."

Sharkey made a match with Jim Williams of Salt Lake City and disposed of him in a couple of rounds. On this occasion the sailor was jaunty. It was a new experience for him, in fact, to be a party to a contest in which his chances were considered as good as the other fellow's and he conducted himself accordingly. It was not so much the force of his blows as his cannon ball rushes which did for Williams.

This last affair did not improve Sharkey's standing as a fighter to any extent. The fellows who prided themselves on their knowledge of form in pugilists admitted that Sharkey had abnormal strength and was particularly quick on his feet. Further than that, however, they would not go. A common expression heard in reference to Sharkey was, "He has the feet of a dancing master and the arms of a longshoreman," the argument being that he had not the slightest knowledge as to the correct methods of administering a punch.

About this time James J. Corbett, the then champion of the world, came to town in San Francisco, and it was suggested that it would be great fun to bring about a clash between Jim and the sailor.

"Do you want to get poor Sharkey killed?" said one fight handler to whom the idea of such a meeting was mooted, but there were other promoters who saw the promise of a big gate in a go between the champion and Sharkey.

After considerable preliminary haggling it was decided that Corbett and Sharkey should box four rounds at the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, on June 28, 1896.

Many of Corbett's friends thought he would be able to settle the sailor in less than one round, and it was

argued that even if Tom was hardened enough to stand the rapid fire of Corbett's stinging punches, the pace at which the sailor would have to travel in order to keep out of harm's way would carry him off his feet and leave him so thoroughly weak and winded that he would never be able to answer the gong for the third round.

Sharkey's pride was hurt when he was told that the sports thought he would not be able to stand the pace set by Corbett.

"You can't always tell," said the sailor. "Corbett probably knows more about boxing than I do and will be able to land punches on me, I suppose. When it comes to footwork and condition, though, I think I am able to go as fast and as far as he is. Just wait and see. Perhaps before the thing is over it will be Sharkey making the pace and Corbett going like the wind to keep out of the way."

If ever there was a wild pugilistic whirl it was that self same four-round bout between Tom Sharkey and Jim Corbett. The champion at the outset hit the sailor when and where he pleased, and before the first round was over the right side of Sharkey's face showed the effects of Corbett's favorite left jolt.

Sharkey took advantage of every inch of ground in the enclosure, and made valiant efforts to escape contact with Corbett's nimble blows. It was no use, though, and before the round was half through it looked as if those who had called the turn for a one-round finish, with Corbett the winner, had gauged the thing correctly.

In the next round Corbett was still in full chase of the stalwart sailor, and once when he had Sharkey backed against the ropes the sailor reeled from a punch and the end seemed near. Sharkey recuperated with

wonderful rapidity and then it was noted that the pace was telling on Corbett and that there was less steam behind his blows.

Sharkey was quick to notice this slowing off on Corbett's part and he changed his tactics like a flash. Not being as well versed in the science of delivering punches as Corbett, the sailor took to rushing and Corbett had to clinch repeatedly to prevent himself from being borne bodily to the floor.

The referee, a young sporting man named Frank Carr, undertook to pull Sharkey and Corbett apart in some of the hugging matches, but Sharkey would not remain still long enough to allow the referee to exert his powers of leverage. The sailor's blood was up, and his strength being enormous he hustled both Corbett and the referee before him along the ropes. At one stage of the affair he sent Corbett and Carr sprawling together in a corner of the ring.

It was a similar state of affairs in the fourth round. Corbett, who lacked condition, acted as if he were quite content to grapple with the sailor when the latter rushed. It was easy enough for Corbett with his knowledge of defense to dodge the sailor's wild swings, but the bustling work was telling its tale and the champion no doubt felt that unless he kept close and clung to Sharkey he might become the target for a vagrant punch.

The end of the round found them in a tight embrace—that is, it was tight so far as Corbett was concerned. The sailor was straining every nerve to free himself and begin swinging again. Sharkey either did not hear the clang of the gong or would not heed it and the police were forced to invade the ring and tear the men apart.

When it dawned on Sharkey that he had made a draw

of it with Corbett, the world's champion, his good nature returned, a grin of satisfaction o'erspread his countenance, and he danced around the ring shaking hands with all and sundry across the ropes. He insisted that he would have defeated Corbett if the latter had not resorted so much to clinching, and he announced his willingness to sign for a world's championship match with no further delay than was necessary to permit of articles being drawn up.

Corbett, when seen the morning after the fight, was a victim of conflicting emotions, all right. His ready wit stood to him, however. Asked what he thought of Sharkey he replied: "He's the best wrestler I ever fought."

Jim admitted that the sailor's strength, speed and his faculty for assimilating blows had surprised him. He candidly admitted that if he had thought for a moment Sharkey was such a headstrong individual he would have insisted on more time for preparation for the affair. As a matter of fact Corbett had little or no preliminary exercise. He thought Sharkey would be no more formidable than the average unknown and he was caught napping.

The aftermath of the affair was lively. The idea of a world's champion catching a tartar was a rich morsel for the gossips of sportdom and it was made to appear to Corbett that the only manner in which he could hope to remove the blot from his escutcheon was to arrange a contest of longer duration with the doughty navy slugger. The pair met with their friends by appointment in San Francisco, within a day or two of the Mechanics' Pavilion meeting, and articles for a fight were drawn



THOMAS SHARKEY



YOUNG CORBETT

up and signed. That particular match never came to a head, however.

Even then the sports of the coast were loath to admit that Sharkey bore any of the earmarks of a promising fighter. After the sailor had made a trip to New York and returned to San Francisco the promoters began to look around for another opponent for him. Overtures were made to Bob Fitzsimmons, and after considerable seesawing in regarding to terms and conditions, the Cornishman agreed to box ten rounds with Sharkey before the National Athletic Club, of San Francisco, on December 2, 1896.

This developed into the greatest scandal of the modern ring. Fitzsimmons, in order to make the best terms possible for himself, insisted that the winner should take everything, and it may be that this hard bargain driving was largely responsible for the scheme which it was alleged was concocted for the purpose of depriving the Cornishman of both emoluments and victory should he earn them.

Wyatt Earp was the referee of the affair and he gave the decision against Fitzsimmon on a foul in the middle of the eighth round. Earp declared that Sharkey had received a foul blow.

Some of those close to the ring declared that Earp had stated the case correctly, but the majority opinion was that the decision was the result of a carefully planned conspiracy of which Fitzsimmons was the victim.

This latter view of the situation crystallized to such an extent that it became a part of the unwritten records of fistiana, and while Sharkey maintains to this day that it was an unfair punch that temporarily disabled him

and sent him to the floor, Fitzsimmons is given all the credit of a genuine knockout and is regarded in the light of a man who was deliberately robbed of \$10,000, the value of the purse.

While Sharkey's connection with the trickery said to have been resorted to in the Fitzsimmons affair, militated against him to some extent in his associations with sporting men generally, it had no particular effect on his career as a pugilist. He made another trip to New York on June 9 of the following year (1897), and figured in a draw fight with Peter Maher. The contest lasted seven rounds. Later in the year he returned to San Francisco and won from Joe Goddard, the Australian heavyweight, in six rounds.

In March, 1898, Choynski and Sharkey met at Woodward's Pavilion in San Francisco, and after a rough mill, in which Sharkey had away the better of the exchanges, but in which he imperiled his chances by his rough work, the affair was called a draw.

In May of the same year Jim Jeffries and Sharkey fought their first battle and Jeffries was declared the winner at the end of the twentieth round. The writer held at the time, and still holds, that the contest should have been adjudged a draw.

Many of Sharkey's friends have claimed that Tom was entitled to a draw when he boxed Jeffries for the championship of the world at Coney Island in November, 1899, but to my way of thinking Jeffries clearly earned the award on the occasion last referred to. In the San Francisco affair I could not see that Jeffries had a vestige of advantage when the gong called the men apart at the end of the twentieth round.

After his first affair with Jeffries, Sharkey did re-

markably well, albeit some of those who never could see merit in his milling, insisted that he would never furnish into a championship candidate. They said, in fact, that he was becoming less dangerous every time he entered the ring; that the little insight he had gained as regards scientific boxing was likely to operate to his detriment. A remark made by one of his trainers in this connection is worth repeating. Said the fellow in question, "Sharkey is getting cleverer and easier to lick."

In June of '98 Sharkey disposed of Gus Ruhlin in a round at Coney Island and followed this up a few months later with a victory over Jim Corbett in nine rounds at the Lenox Athletic Club, in New York.

It was at the fight in question that Jim McVey, one of Corbett's seconds, jumped into the ring, as he contended, to draw Referee Honest John Kelly's attention to the fact that Sharkey was fighting unfairly. The referee promptly disqualified Corbett on account of McVey's transgression of the rules and declared off all bets on account of it. The affair had a very fishy look and it is believed to this day that McVey's invasion of the ring was part of a preconcerted scheme to bring the contest to a termination at all hazards, should Corbett exhibit symptoms of waning condition.

One of Sharkey's most sterling performances was his defeat of Kid McCoy at New York, in ten rounds on January 10, 1899. After that the sailor won from Jack McCormick in two rounds at Philadelphia, and on November 3 of the same year had his ever-to-be-remembered fight with Jeffries at Coney Island, for the championship of the world.

The result of that encounter sent Sharkey into dock for a few months, but February, 1900, found him again

in war paint. He engaged in a number of contests, mostly of the pot-boiler variety. The most important of these, probably, was his knockout of Joe Choynski in two rounds, in Chicago on May 8.

He followed this up by putting Yank Kenney to sleep in one round in New York, and on June 26 of the same year he suffered defeat by Gus Ruhlin at Coney Island. The end came in the fifteenth round, Sharkey being completely knocked out. The sailor claimed that he was in very poor trim physically at the time of this fight. Others were of the opinion that the drubbing he received from Jeffries had put him on the down grade and that no amount of training would ever make him as formidable as he was prior to the championship meeting at the Island.

In the closing days of the Horton law (Aug. 24, 1900) Sharkey and Fitzsimmons met at Coney Island. This event is referred to more fully in my sketch of Fitzsimmons' career. It resulted in a clean knockout in the second round, Sharkey being the one to go to the floor.

THOMAS SHARKEY.

Born in Dundalk, Ireland, November 26, 1873. Height, 5 feet, 8½ inches.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1894	Knocked out Jack Langley.....	8
	Knocked out Rough Thompson.....	3
	Knocked out Rough Thompson.....	1
	Knocked out Nick Burley.....	8
	Knocked out George Washington.....	2
	Knocked out Billy Tate.....	4
	Knocked out Sailor Brown.....	2
1896	Won from Joe Choynski.....	8
	Won from Jim Williams.....	7
	Draw with Jim Corbett.....	4
	Met John L. Sullivan. No decision.....	3
	Won, on a foul, from Bob Fitzsimmons.....	8
1897	Won from Joe Goddard.....	6
	Draw with Peter Maher.....	7

1898		Rounds.
Mar. 11	Draw with Joe Choynski, at San Francisco, Cal..	8
May 6	Lost to Jim Jeffries, at San Francisco, Cal.....	20
Jun. 29	Knocked out Gus Ruhlin, at Coney Island, N. Y....	1
Nov. 22	Won, on a foul, from Jim Corbett, at New York..	9
1899		
	Knocked out Kid McCoy, at New York.....	10
Jan. 30	Knocked out Jack McCormick, at Philadelphia, Pa..	2
Feb. 1	Exhibition with Tommy Ryan, at Syracuse, N. Y..	6
Nov. 3	Lost to Jim Jeffries, at Coney Island, World's championship	25
1900		
Feb. 13	Won from Joe Goddard, at Philadelphia, Pa.....	4
Feb. 19	Knocked out Jim Jeffords, at Detroit, Mich.....	2
Mar. 15	Knocked out Jim McCormick, at Hartford, Conn..	1
Mar. 29	Knocked out Tom Conroy, at Baltimore, Md.....	3
Mar. 8	Knocked out Joe Choynski, at Chicago, Ill.....	2
June 8	Knocked out Yank Kenny, at New York.....	1
June 26	Knocked out by Gus Ruhlin, at Coney Island, N. Y.....	15
Aug. 24	Knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons, at Coney Island, N. Y.	2
1901		
May 3	Knocked out Fred Russell, at Denver, Colo.....	4
May 7	Lost, on a foul, to Pete Everett, at Cripple Creek, Colo	1
1902		
June 25	Knocked out by Gus Ruhlin, London, England..	11

CHAPTER XII.

CHARLES W. MITCHELL.

Charlie Mitchell, or Charles Watson Mitchell, to give his full name, was of Irish descent. He began his career in the ring when 17 years of age. Mitchell's first triumphs were with the bare knuckles, and a glance at his record will show that he had many a hard engagement on the turf in his youthful days.

Charlie's first fight was with Bob Cunningham. It was for £5 a side and was under London prize ring rules, Mitchell defeating his opponent in fifty minutes. During the three years following, he defeated C. Smithers in seventeen minutes, the stakes being £10 a side, and Bailey Gray, a colored heavyweight, in eleven minutes. He fought a draw with Bill Kennedy, in London, gloves being used, and early in 1881 won from W. Caradoff, known as the Belgian giant, in a match with the gloves for 1,000 francs a side. Mitchell earned the decision in four rounds, and some idea of the handicap he was under may be gained from the fact that his opponent had an advantage of 91 pounds in weight, Mitchell weighing 133 pounds, and the giant 224.

After that, Charlie defeated Tom Tully, in six rounds, with the gloves, under Queensberry rules, and on June 16, 1881, fought Jack Burke, the Irish lad, with bare knuckles, at Ascot. The contest, which was for £100, lasted one hour and seventeen minutes, and was declared a

draw, owing to darkness setting in. Mitchell and Burke were arrested for participation in this fight, and each of them was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment.

In April, 1882, Mitchell figured in a middleweight competition at Chelsea, and won the first prize. In that year Billy Madden, who had acted as John L. Sullivan's manager in the United States, had a falling out with the Bostonian, and went to England with the avowed purpose of finding some one capable of defeating John L.

In order to further his scheme, Madden arranged a heavyweight competition in London. Mitchell became a competitor, and he carried off first honors in the tourney, winning a silver belt, which bore the inscription, "Won by Charles Mitchell, of Birmingham, champion of England, December, 1882." Mitchell's opponent in the final of the tourney was Jack Knifton, known to fame as the "81-Tonner."

At the conclusion of the competition, Mitchell toured England, and then set sail for New York, arriving in the city named in March, 1882. His first contest in this country was with Mike Cleary, whom he defeated in three rounds. In May following he boxed John L. Sullivan, at Madison Square Garden, the police stopping the fight in the third round, at a time when Sullivan had much the better of the argument. Mitchell, however, received credit for knocking Sullivan clean off his feet in the first round.

Mitchell was subsequently seen in a great number of bouts of limited duration in this country, most of the contests resulting in draws. In November, 1887, he made a match with Sullivan for £500 a side, while John L. was in London. This event, which was under London prize ring rules, took place at Chantilly, France, on

March 10, 1888. It lasted 39 rounds, occupying three hours and eleven minutes, and finally resulted in a draw.

Mitchell seconded J. Kilrain, when the latter fought Sullivan, at Richburg, Miss., in July, 1888. He afterwards won from Jem Mace in a sparring bout with big gloves, in England, and in the year 1891 toured the United States with Frank Slavin.

In January, 1894, Mitchell boxed Corbett, for the world's championship, under Queensberry rules, at Jacksonville, Fla., and was knocked out in three rounds.

Mitchell was, without doubt, the best pugilist developed in England in a score or more of years. When in his prime as a ringster he was a neat boxer, with great punishing power. He was a plucky fellow, and in his most important engagements was compelled to concede advantages in weight to his opponents.

CHARLIE MITCHELL.

(Charles Watson Mitchell.)

Born in Birmingham, England, November, 24, 1861. Height, 5 feet, 9 inches.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1878	Jan. 11 Won from Bob Cunningham, bare knuckles,	50 minutes
1879	Won from C. Smithers at Wolverhampton....	17 minutes
	Draw with Bill Kennedy, London.....	30 minutes
	Won from Bailey Gray, Manchester, Eng.....	11 minutes
1881	Won from Caradoff (Belgian Giant), Antwerp.....	4
	Won from Tom Tully.....	6
	Draw with Jack Burke.....	1 hour, 17 minutes
1882	Won middleweight competition, Chelsea, England.....	
	Won Madden's heavyweight competition, London.....	
	Toured England, meeting Tug Wilson three times, Alf Greenfield once	
1883	Won from Mike Cleary, at New York.....	3
	Lost to John L. Sullivan, at New York. (Police interference.)	3
	Met Denny Hayes, at Leadville, Colo.....	4
	Met Billy Lynn, at Leadville.....	2
	Draw with William Sheriff, at Flushing, L. I.....	6

Rounds.

1884	Won from Joe Denning, at New York.....	4
	Draw with Jake Killrain, at Boston.....	4
	Won from Billy Edwards, at New York.....	3
	Lost to Dominick McCaffrey, at New York.....	4
	Draw with Jack Burke, at New York.....	4
1885	Won from John Scholes, at Toronto.....	4
	Draw with Mike Cleary, at San Francisco. (Police interference.)	4
	Draw with Jack Burke, at Chicago.....	6
1886	Draw with Jack Burke, at Chicago.....	10
	Draw with Patsy Cardiff, at Minneapolis.....	5
	Went back to England.	
1887	Returned to America and toured with Kilrain.	
	Won from Reddy Gallagher, at Cleveland.....	6
1888	Mar. 10 Draw with John L. Sullivan, at Chantilly, France, London prize ring rules.....	39
1890	Feb. 7 Won from Jem Mace, at London. Boxing championship of England.....	3
1894	Jan. 25 Knocked out by Jim Corbett, at Jacksonville, Fla. World's championship.....	3

CHAPTER XIII.

GUS RUHLIN.

Gus Ruhlin fought a draw with Jim Jeffries, in 1897, and was subsequently defeated by the heavyweight named, in a battle for the world's championship. Prior to the date of the first contest with Jeffries, Ruhlin had won several contests of minor importance, and had lost to Yank Kenny. In May, 1897, he went to the Pacific coast under the management of Billy Madden.

The first fight with Jeffries took place at Mechanics' Pavilion, on July 16, 1897. In the earlier rounds Ruhlin gained quite a lead on "the boilermaker," although, towards the end of the bout, Jeffries did the better work. It was a remarkably even fight for two such big and powerful men, and there was no demur when the referee declared that honors were easy at the end of the twentieth round.

Ruhlin, under Madden's management, appeared in the ring as often as engagements could be secured, and rarely a month went by in which the Akron giant, as he was called, did not figure in a fight of some description. That he took his opponents as they came is evidenced by the fact that his ring record comprises a long list of bouts in which the names of inferior fighters and world beaters intermingle.

For the purposes of this sketch, it will be sufficient to refer to his most important battles. One of these was his affair with Kid McCoy, at Syracuse, on May 20, 1898.

The match lasted the twenty rounds scheduled, and McCoy was declared the winner, Ruhlin taking a terrible drubbing while endeavoring to land a knockout punch on the nimble kid.

In the following month Ruhlin received a serious setback at the hands of Tom Sharkey, being knocked out in the first round during a fight at Coney Island. Gus always claimed that the fight was not a fair test of the merits of Sharkey and himself, as he had been bowled over before he had set himself. He was persistent in his demands for a return match, but it was two years before he secured a second contest with the sailor. They boxed at Coney Island again, on June 26, 1900, and Sharkey was knocked out in fifteen rounds.

One of the hardest fights of Ruhlin's career was his affair with Peter Maher, in New York, on May 2, 1899. The men fought at a rapid clip and punished each other severely. The contest is often referred to by the sports who witnessed it. It was declared a draw at the end of the twentieth round.

In the following month Ruhlin met Joe Kennedy at San Francisco and gave a wretched exhibition of ringmanship. He said afterwards that he was so much hampered by warnings and instructions from the referee that he was afraid of being disqualified every minute. In any case, the contest lasted twenty rounds and Kennedy was awarded the decision.

A couple of months after the date of his second meeting with Sharkey, Ruhlin fought Bob Fitzsimmons, at Madison Square Garden, New York. The men put up a determined battle and Ruhlin was knocked out in the sixth round.

In the opinions of not a few, the drubbing he received

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at Fitzsimmons' hands affected not only Ruhlin's stamina, but his confidence in himself. He certainly was not at his best when he boxed Jeffries for the championship at San Francisco on Nov. 15, 1901, and Jeffries had a little difficulty in disposing of him in five rounds.

A few months ago Ruhlin met Peter Maher at Philadelphia and made quick work of the Irish champion, knocking him out in the third round.

GUS RUHLIN.

Born in Canton, Ohio, January 8, 1872. Height, 6 feet, 2 inches.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1896	Won from Jim Wood.....	4
	Won from Con Tobin.....	5
	Won from Dominick Kane.....	4
	Won from Steve O'Donnell.....	20
	Lost to Yank Kenny.....	16
1897	Won from Tut Ryan.....	10
	Won from Bill Smith (Texas).....	2
	Draw with Jim Jeffries.....	20
1898	Knocked out Woolf Bendoff.....	2
	Lost to Kid McCoy.....	20
	Knocked out by Tom Sharkey.....	1
	Knocked out Tom McCormick.....	8
	Won from Ed Dunkhorst.....	22
	Met Joe Goddard. No decision.....	6
	Met Joe Choynski. No decision.....	6
1899	Won from Joe Goddard.....	5
	Draw with Peter Maher.....	20
	Lost to Joe Kennedy.....	20
	Knocked out George Lawler.....	9
	Won from Jack Stelzner.....	7
	Won from Jim Jeffords.....	5
	Won from Jack McCormick.....	6
	Won from Tom Conroy.....	7
1900	Knocked out Fred Kapps.....	1
	Knocked out Jack Finnegan.....	4
	Won from Yank Kenny.....	6
	Knocked out Tom Sharkey.....	15
	Knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons.....	6
	Met Peter Maher. No decision.....	6
1901	Nov. 15 Lost to Jim Jeffries, San Francisco, Cal., World's championship.....	5
1902	Knocked out Peter Maher, at Philadelphia, Pa.....	3
	Knocked out Tom Sharkey, London, Eng.....	11

CHAPTER XIV.

PETER MAHER.

Peter Maher is generally referred to as the Irish champion. Maher was still in his teens when he blossomed out as a pugilist, and when Peter Jackson visited Dublin, in 1889, Maher had victories over Tim O'Doherty, Martin O'Hara, John Seenan and Robert Hare to his credit.

Maher and Jackson put up an exhibition bout at an entertainment arranged by Charles E. Davies, in Dublin, and Jackson, at the time, expressed the opinion that the other Peter was likely to make his mark in the boxing profession.

Maher arrived in the United States in the year 1891, and soon gained a reputation by his quick method of disposing of opponents. Peter met a Tartar, however, when he went against Fitzsimmons at New Orleans, in March, 1892, being knocked out completely in the twelfth round.

Later in the year, he boxed Joe Goddard, at Coney Island, and was again defeated, the Australian heavy-weight putting him to sleep in the third round.

Among some of the best of Maher's performances in the years which followed were his defeats of George Godfrey, in six rounds, Jim Hall, in six rounds, and Steve O'Donnell, in one round. His first meeting with O'Donnell was at Maspeth, Long Island, on Nov. 11,

1892. It was on this occasion that Jim Corbett stepped into the ring, and, after congratulating Maher on his quick victory, resigned the championship in Peter's favor.

Maher did not enjoy his laurels for any great length of time, as they were wrested from him by Bob Fitzsimmons, in a contest on the banks of the Rio Grande, on Feb. 21, 1896. Maher was knocked out in the first round.

Since that time Maher has been a very inconsistent performer. He knocked out Choynski, in six rounds, in New York, on Nov. 16, 1896, and also made short work of Steve O'Donnell on a couple of occasions. Apart from that he has accomplished but little. In his bout with Ruhlin, at Philadelphia, in March, 1902, he made a sorry showing and Ruhlin had little difficulty in defeating him in three rounds.

PETER MAHER.

Born in Galway, Ireland, March 16, 1869. Height, 5 feet, 11¾ inches.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1888	Won from Tim O'Doherty.....	3
	Knocked out Martin O'Hara.....	2
	Knocked out John Seenan.....	5
	Draw with Robert Hair.....	4
1889	Exhibition with Peter Jackson.....	
1890	Knocked out Alf Bowman.....	6
1891	Won from Bubbles Davis.....	4
	Won from Jim Daly.....	1
	Won from Jack Fallon.....	2
	Won from Jack Smith.....	1
	Won from Sailor Brown.....	1
	Knocked out Gus Lambert.....	1
	Knocked out Joe Godfrey.....	1
	Knocked out Mike Monahan.....	1
	Lost to Bob Fitzsimmons.....	12
	Lost to Joe Goddard.....	3
	Knocked out Val Flood.....	4
	Knocked out Ike Hayes.....	1
	Knocked out Tom Johnson.....	1
	Knocked out Nick Burley.....	1
	Lost to Joe McAuliffe.....	4

		Rounds.
1894	Won from Peter Courtney.....	3
	Knocked out George Godfrey.....	6
	Knocked out Frank Craig.....	2
1895	Won from Jerry Slattery.....	1
	Knocked out Bob Marshall.....	1
	Knocked out Steve O'Donnell.....	1
	Draw with Jim Hall.....	6
	Met Dominick McCaffrey. No decision.....	3
	Exhibition with Billy Smith.....	3
1896	Won from Frank Slavin.....	4
	Knocked out Joe Choynski.....	6
	Knocked out Steve O'Donnell.....	1
	Met Bob Fitzsimmons. No decision.....	3
	Feb. 21 Knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons, opposite Langtry, Texas, World's championship.....	1
1897	Won from C. C. Smith.....	6
	Draw with Tom Sharkey.....	7
	Met Steve O'Donnell. No decision.....	6
1898	Knocked out Yank Kenny.....	1
	Won from C. C. Smith.....	3
	Won from Steve O'Donnell.....	2
	Knocked out by Joe Goddard.....	1
	Won from Joe Goddard.....	8
1899	Won from Tom Conroy.....	7
	Won from Charles Stevenson.....	2
	Draw with Gus Ruhlin.....	20
	Won from Mike Morrissey.....	1
	Knocked out Joe Kennedy.....	2
	Won, on a foul, from Ed Dunkhorst.....	7
1900	Knocked out by Kid McCoy.....	5
	Lost to Joe Choynski.....	6
	Won, on a foul, from Tom Conroy.....	5
	Knocked out Steve O'Donnell.....	1
	Won, on a foul, from George Haines.....	5
	Won from Jim Jeffords.....	2
	Met Gus Ruhlin. No decision.....	6
1901	Met Jim Jeffords. No decision.....	6
	Knocked out Jim Jeffords.....	2
1902	Knocked out by Gus Ruhlin.....	3

CHAPTER XV.

PETER JACKSON.

Twenty years ago there loomed up among the pugilists of Sydney, Australia, a strapping young colored heavyweight, who quickly attracted attention by his proportions and his evident bent for the work of the ring.

He was as straight as an arrow and as shapely as a Greek statue. An expert on physique would have picked him at once for a fellow who was both strong and rapid in his movements.

His name was Peter Jackson. In addition to being remarkably handy with the gloves he was noted as a swimmer and diver, and he had also gained considerable repute as a single sculler.

It soon became evident, however, that Jackson proposed making a specialty of fighting. Larry Foley, the retired champion of Australia, took him in hand and Peter made giant strides in his chosen profession. Among his earliest victims were Jack Hayes, Sam Britton and Mick Dooley.

In 1884 Peter met a reverse at the hands of Bill Farnan, a Melbourne blacksmith, and shortly afterwards the pair fought a draw, the police interfering in the sixth round.

Fights came slowly for Peter after that and he was regarded as invincible. His public appearances were confined to handicap matches and sparring exhibitions,



PETER JACKSON.



CHARLES W. MITCHELL
Boxing Champion of England

and according to some of the old-timers it was no uncommon thing to hear the announcement that so and so would box Jackson four rounds "with Jackson's right hand barred."

This meant, of course, that Peter was under promise to make no use of his right hand, except for guarding purposes, rather an eloquent tribute to the punching qualities that lurked in the stalwart pugilist's dexter fist.

In September, 1886, after a long season of enforced idleness, Jackson boxed Tom Lees for £200 a side and the championship of Australia, and Jackson won in thirty rounds.

In the following year Jack Burke arrived in Australia from the United States and arranged a big glove bout of a limited number of rounds with Larry Foley. It took place at the Carrington Athletic grounds in daylight and was pronounced a draw.

Jackson, who was one of Foley's seconds, had made all kinds of efforts to arrange a contest with Burke but the Irish lad would have nothing to do with Peter. The supposition was that Burke was warned to give Jackson a wide berth.

As an excuse for declining to box Jackson, Burke declared that it had been his rule throughout his career to draw the color line.

Directly the Foley-Burke match ended and before the crowd began to disperse, Jackson stepped to the side of the ring and announced his willingness to fight the Irish lad and allow the latter to name the conditions.

"He says he draws the color line," said Peter. "Well, John L. Sullivan, who also draws the color line, says he has no objection to meeting a colored fighter in pri-

vate. If Mr. Burke is of the same way of thinking I will meet him in private for £1,000 a side."

Jackson's attempts to taunt Burke into a match failed and Peter made up his mind that there was nothing left for him to do in Australia. At the author's suggestion he sailed for San Francisco, arriving here in April, 1888, bringing with him the massive belt emblematic of the championship of that country.

Jackson was introduced to a San Francisco fight gathering at one of the California Athletic Club's entertainments, and he received a hearty greeting as he stepped into the ring. On being called upon for a speech Peter said: "Gentlemen, I'm a stranger in a strange land. I came here in the hopes of getting a match, but I don't know whether I will succeed. If no one here will fight me I suppose I will have to try some other part of the globe."

The club matchmakers were favorably impressed with Peter from the start and they determined to find him something to do. Negotiations were opened for a contest with George Godfrey, of Boston, who at that time was at his best. Godfrey stipulated that there should be only ten rounds, but the club insisted on a fight to a finish, and finally the Bostonian accepted the terms offered.

The fight took place in San Francisco on the night of August 24, 1888, and Jackson won without receiving a scratch. His straight left work was a revelation to the coast fight patrons. He picked Godfrey clean off his feet once with a blow of this description and dropped him on his haunches upon the floor.

Jackson also made the crowd stare with the way he drummed on the ribs in the region of Godfrey's heart with his right. It was the heart punches, in fact, which

took the fight out of Godfrey. He quit in the nineteenth round and the wonder is he stood up against Jackson's bruising blows so long.

Soon after that the sports began agitating for a contest between Peter and Big Joe McAuliffe. The latter at that time was looked upon by San Franciscans as the coming world's champion. He had defeated in succession Dick Mathews, Mike Brennan, Paddy Ryan, Frank Glover and Mike Conley.

It was on the occasion of the Glover-McAuliffe contest that Jackson was introduced to the California members, and at the time it was understood that both McAuliffe and Glover drew the color line. The pressure brought to bear on McAuliffe was so great, however, that he finally consented to give battle to the clever Australian.

The fight took place at the California Club on the night of December 27, 1888, McAuliffe being a 2 to 1 favorite. Before the men entered the ring President L. R. Fulda addressed the members. Said he: "This contest tonight will probably test the honor of the club more than any other that has been held. It has been said that a colored man can not get fair play here. We propose to show that any man, whether black or white, can get fair play in the California Club. When the reputation that Mr. Jackson has obtained in his profession is taken into consideration the question of color is lost sight of. This is a gentlemen's club."

Hiram Cook was the referee of the affair, and he impressed upon the men that he wanted them to break away at his word.

"I don't want to be running between two big fellows like you to separate you, when you should break away of

your own accord," said Cook, loud enough for the crowd to hear, and someone yelled, "You are dead right, Hiram."

McAuliffe started out as if he intended to wipe Jackson from the face of the earth in short order, but he soon found he had a tough problem to handle. Peter was quick to duck every time McAuliffe's powerful right felt for his head, and it was rarely, indeed, that McAuliffe escaped a jarring right on the body, or a left stab in the face when he tried to take familiarities.

In the second round Jackson bent his head just enough to break the force of McAuliffe's right and sent in a stinging counter which made the San Franciscan see stars. McAuliffe tried to keep away then, but Peter went after him and smashed in telling lefts on the body.

In every round that followed Jackson mixed it freely with the giant before him, and the fellows who had laid the odds looked decidedly glum. The only time they had a chance to cheer was in the tenth round, and even then it was a false alarm.

Jackson, in pulling away from a swing, tripped and fell to the floor. The McAuliffe men thought it was a knock down and yelled lustily, but Jackson gathered himself together, squatted on his haunches, and grinned until every tooth in his head could be seen. He was on his feet before four seconds had been counted, and his manner of loosening up proved conclusively that there was nothing the matter with him.

The contest lasted twenty-four rounds, McAuliffe being severely punished. During the last four rounds McAuliffe did little but clinch and Peter had difficulty in freeing himself from the bigger man's embraces.

The punches which did for McAuliffe were a left in

the stomach and a right between the eyes. The first mentioned blow brought Joe's head forward and then the knockout was administered. McAuliffe fell with his knees doubled under him near the ropes, and was counted out amid howls of delight from those who had taken the odds in the betting.

Jackson and McAuliffe fought for \$3,000 and thereby hangs a tale. When the match first was suggested and the men were called to the California Club to confer, the amount of the purse was named.

"I suppose a small portion of it will go to the loser," said Jackson. "Of course I don't expect to lose," added Peter with a grin, "but I'm a long ways from home and \$500 out of that \$3,000 would come in very handy if Mr. McAuliffe defeated me, and thereby prevented me from getting any other matches."

McAuliffe and his manager, Barney Farley, objected to any part of the purse being set aside for the loser. Said McAuliffe, "I didn't want to make this match at all, and intended to bar colored fighters as long as I remained in the business. I've been goaded into it and I want to fight for everything in sight."

Jackson argued that the loser should be provided for in some manner, and one of the club directors asked how it would do to increase the purse to \$3,500, with an understanding that \$500 of this was to form a loser's end.

Prof. Barney Farley immediately jumped to his feet and said, "Excuse me, gentlemen; you can make the purse \$35,000 if you like, but if my boy wins he will want it all."

Jackson became irritated and twitted Farley and McAuliffe with their lack of liberality. Finally he said,

"Let the articles stand as they are. We will fight for \$3,000, the winner take everything."

If this were a Fable in Slang the moral, I suppose, would be "Never object to a loser's end in any transaction you may be a party to."

Four months elapsed before Jackson was seen again in the California club ring. His opponent this time was Patsy Cardiff, the Peoria giant, over whose hard head John L. Sullivan once broke an arm.

Jackson and Cardiff boxed for a purse of \$3,000 and Jackson won without a great deal of effort in ten rounds.

Jim Corbett sat close to Cardiff's corner and rooted for Patsy with all his might and main. Jim became quite worked up at one time over a fancied advantage on Patsy's part, and shouted, "Go it, Patsy! Go it." Then, turning to a friend, Corbett remarked, "I do hope Cardiff will lick him." He looked as if he meant it, too.

Apart from the patriotic feeling which possessed Corbett, it is more than possible that he recognized in Jackson a dangerous rival so far as clever boxing was concerned, and wanted to see Peter receive a serious setback.

Jackson proved conclusively that there was nothing cruel in his nature, by standing clear away from Cardiff several times when the latter reeled to the ropes unable to defend himself. On such occasions Peter looked appealingly at Referee Cook and evidently wished to avoid continuing such a one-sided contest. Cook gave no intimation, however, that he intended to call a halt, and Peter was forced to hammer Cardiff into submission. As someone remarked subsequently, "He did it as humanely as he could."

After the affair with Cardiff the California Athletic Club directors used every means in their power to ar-

range a match between John L. Sullivan and Jackson, but without success, the then world's champion's objections to fighting a negro being the ostensible bar to progress.

There being nothing further in sight at that time Jackson resolved to journey to England, friends in that country having assured him that he would secure a match with Jem Smith. Peter made his way to New York by easy stages, engaging in several unimportant contests on the route. While in Chicago he arranged to go abroad under the management of Charles E. (Parson) Davies. They sailed for the other side on August 31, 1889.

On his arrival in England Jackson appeared at Westminster Aquarium, where he sparred with several English pugilists. After considerable backing and filling, Jem Smith was induced to sign articles for a contest at the Pelican Club, the management of which hung up a purse of £1,000. Jackson trained for the contest at Brighton, being looked after by Jack Fallon and Sam Fitzpatrick.

The fight took place on the night of November 11, 1889, and Smith lost on a foul in the second round. The Britisher, who had plenty of beam, but very little reach, had no earthly show with the colored heavyweight. Jackson hammered him all over the ring and just before the foul occurred Smith was holding on to the ropes with his right hand and doing his best to keep Jackson at bay by making backhand smashes with the left.

Jackson stopped just an instant to size up the situation. Then he set himself as if about to close in on the Englishman. Smith felt that it was all up with him and he jumped at Jackson and clinched. He deliberately back-heeled Peter and threw him to the floor and was promptly disqualified by Referee G. H. Vize. The British boxer

knew very well, of course, that the fight would be given against him. He simply preferred losing that way to being knocked out.

The affair with Smith was the only important contest Peter figured in in England during that trip. He returned to America in January, 1890, and toured the country with a theatrical troupe.

In March of the same year he had rather an annoying experience with wrestler Gus Lambert of Troy, N. Y. Jackson was to stop Lambert in four rounds or forfeit \$100, and Lambert made use of his knowledge of grips and holds to such good purpose that he blanketed Peter for the stipulated time and earned the money. Lambert gained a little reputation by the feat and did not neglect to profit by it.

On May 19, 1890, Jackson won from Ed Smith, of Denver, in five rounds, the contest taking place in Chicago. In July Peter sailed for Australia, and a few months later he boxed an eight round draw with Joe Goddard at Melbourne. According to all accounts Jackson did not devote any time to training for the match, and the Barrier Champion, as Goddard was called, made things very lively for him. The contest was passed upon by two judges and the referee. The judges disagreed and Referee Prof. Miller declared it a draw.

Jackson's first match on his return to San Francisco was his ever to be remembered affair with Jim Corbett at the California Athletic Club. They fought on the night of May 21, 1891, and Referee Hiram Cook decided the bout no contest at the end of the sixty-first round.

For a year after that Jackson rested on his oars, only appearing in a couple of minor contests while on his way

to New York to take passage for England again. When he reached London, arrangements were completed for a contest that had been threatening for years, namely, one between Frank Slavin and Jackson for the championship of England and Australia.

Jackson and Slavin were rivals before they left the Antipodes, Slavin to try his luck in England and Jackson to seek for fights in America. On several occasions a match between them seemed imminent, but something always turned up to break off negotiations. The desire to see them get together was keen, for it was known, of course, that the pair outclassed all other English and Australian heavyweights and were what might be termed professional enemies.

Slavin and Jackson met at the National Club, London, on May 30, 1892, for a purse of £2,000. B. J. Angle was the referee.

Those who were privileged to attend the fistic function in the club's trim little arena that night felt that they would see a desperate fight, for there was no secret as to the bitterness which existed between Jackson and his opponent.

As the men sat in their corners waiting for the word they were sized up critically. It was very evident that Slavin had given himself an extra careful preparation. His condition seemed to be perfect. Every muscle on his back, arms and shoulders loomed up conspicuously beneath his tough, brown skin. His square-cut jaw and deep-set eyes made him look every inch a fighter. His face looked as hard as a board, and when he stood up to tighten his waistband it was remarked that his limbs seemed as firm as cast-iron pillars.

Jackson, too, appeared to be in splendid fettle. His

skin shone like ebony under the light and his splendid proportions presented not a single flaw.

When the preliminaries were settled, the principals and seconds shook hands in such a manner as to form the time-honored Maltese cross so familiar to British fighters. Then the signal was given and the men shaped up for the fight which had been hanging in the balance for so many years. Jackson, with his grand shoulders and massive frame, contrasted strongly with the more rotund build of Slavin. Peter carried himself with ease and grace.

Slavin crept in with a confident air, but his style suffered by comparison with Jackson. It was expected that the white man would hurl himself at the negro and make a smashing fight of it, but on the contrary Slavin went carefully at the beginning and sparred for an opening. Before the first round was half through it was patent to all that Jackson held his man safe, so far as actual cleverness was concerned.

Whenever Slavin led he was countered effectively, Jackson's long left catching him either on the nose or mouth, or fairly between the eyes. It was remarked that Jackson's blows were lighter than Slavin's but they were timed so well that they minimized the effects of the white man's deliveries.

Finding that he was being worsted in standaway work Slavin adopted different tactics. He dashed into Jackson in the second round, but that straight left was always in the way and the white man's head kept tilting back in a manner which threatened to crack his neck. Slavin's blood was up and he still kept boring in. His one wish was to get in the blow that had won for him so often—a right, under the heart. Jackson knew all about the

damaging effects of Slavin's ribroaster and he saw to it that the white fellow did not land, at any rate in that round. He used both hands on Slavin's head and the effects of his handiwork were plainly to be seen.

The pace told on both of them and they were very weary at times. The perspiration fairly rolled off Jackson. Slavin began to vary his methods. He tried boxing with caution and he tried aggressiveness, but no matter what tactics he adopted, collision with Peter's long left seemed inevitable and the white man's head went back again and again from those unerring jabs.

While Jackson had scored far more frequently than his opponent, it was regarded as anyone's battle up to the end of the sixth round. Slavin's face at that point showed signs of ill-usage, but it was thought he was stronger on his legs than his opponent.

The seventh round was a trying one for the white man. His head was jolted from side to side and he appeared to be almost entirely at Jackson's mercy. He pulled himself together, however, and fought desperately and for a while it looked as if he would gain a strong lead.

After that round the tide set steadily against Slavin and at the end of the eighth Jackson was a 6 to 4 favorite, whereas before the bout began Slavin ruled in the betting at the same figure.

Slavin put on a bit of a spurt in the ninth round. Jackson crouched low and dodged the rush cleverly. Then Peter set himself to receive the next rush and as Slavin came in Jackson's left shot out and took him on the forehead.

It was a jarring punch, but it stopped Slavin for an instant only. He charged again like a mad bull. This time Peter ducked and caught his opponent in the pit of

the stomach with the left. The punch hurt and before Slavin could thoroughly recover, Jackson's right landed squarely on the point of the chin.

Slavin was unsteady on his pins now, but he was not conquered by any means. He hurled himself at Jackson again and again, swinging his right like a Trojan. He was rattled and his estimate of distance was faulty. Jackson was fairly slaughtering him when the gong sent them to their chairs.

The end came in the tenth round. Slavin, although his legs were bending beneath him from the combined effects of fatigue and punishment, came bravely forth from his corner and Jackson, who scented victory, flew across the ring to meet him. Peter relied upon his right alone now, and he selected Slavin's chin as his target. Smash went the colored heavyweight's glove against the lower portion of the jaw and Slavin began to sway. Another smash and Slavin's arms fell to his sides. He lurched forward and even as he fell he struck out at Jackson. When Slavin pulled himself together and stood up, he was reeling and Jackson caught him in his arms. Jackson appealed to the referee in the same mute way in which he turned to Hiram Cook when Paddy Cardiff was past the fighting stage.

There was nothing in Angle's demeanor to indicate that he saw reason for interfering and it was a case of "fight on." Jackson made an effort to push his opponent to the floor, feeling that Slavin would not be able to rise if once he stretched his length, but Slavin clutched the ropes with one hand and swung feebly at Peter with the other. Seeing no alternative, Jackson stood away and struck his plucky rival again and again on face and ribs. The body blows were of the fiercest kind and

Slavin gradually fell face downwards and remained motionless until counted out.

The fight, besides deciding the question of supremacy, which had remained in doubt for many years, seemed to end all the bitterness of feeling that had existed between Slavin and Jackson. When they met at the National Club to draw down their respective shares of the purse, Slavin frankly admitted that he had been defeated on his merits. In the course of a conversation with Jackson, Slavin said:

"Well, Peter, I own you surprised me. You boxed tons better than I thought you would and I have no excuse for my defeat. I hope we are good friends."

To this Jackson replied: "Why, certainly. If I thought I could not be friends with a man after a contest I would not enter the ring with him at all."

"I am glad to hear it," said Slavin. "We have known each other for over ten years and I thought I would prove too good for you. There is no doubt I was overconfident. I felt well and when there is nothing wrong with a man he naturally fancies himself. Maybe if we meet again I'll come off best and perhaps you will win again."

"Just so," said Peter. "As far as this fight we have just had is concerned, I did my best and I am quite sure you did the same."

It has often been urged that that desperate fight at the National Club affected both Jackson and Slavin in such a manner that neither of them was ever of much account as a pugilist thereafter. A glance at their records would seem to give substance to this assertion. Slavin, after his affair with Jackson, proved an easy mark for second and third rate fighters, and Jackson

never accomplished anything after the defeat of his Australian rival.

It would be ridiculous, of course, to urge that the contest in question was solely responsible for the decline of the two men as pugilists, for the truth to tell, both Jackson and Slavin led such lives for years in London that it was only a matter of time when they would begin to lose prestige as fighters.

Jackson seemed to retire temporarily from the ring. In '93 he went on the road in this country with an Uncle Tom's Cabin company, opening at Santa Rosa, Cal. In the following year there was talk of a return match between Corbett and Jackson, but nothing came of it, and after visiting the West Indies Jackson went to England and remained there for years.

In 1898 he returned to San Francisco and expressed a desire to meet either Jeffries or Sharkey, who were among the new crop of heavyweights. Jeffries consented to fight the once famous colored pugilist and they met at Woodward's Pavilion on March 22, Jackson being defeated in three rounds.

Soon after that Jackson went to Vancouver, B. C., and in attempting to reach some point further north he contracted pneumonia. He was brought back to Vancouver and he remained an inmate of the hospital at that time for many months.

When he had partly recovered, Jackson's doctor informed him that his lungs were in a weak condition and that he could only improve his chances of prolonging his days on earth by betaking himself to a warmer climate.

Jackson returned to his old home in Australia, where he soon developed into consumption and he died

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There is a movement on foot at present in Australia to erect a monument to Peter Jackson, and it is meeting with success. He certainly deserves some such tribute to his memory, for he was a man through and through, both in the ring and away from it. As a fighter, he never avoided a match or punished an opponent unnecessarily; as a private citizen, he was good-natured, intelligent and courteous. In all his dealings he was the soul of honor.



TERRY MCGOVERN



JACK DEMPSEY
Once Middleweight Champion of the World

PART IV.

WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP CONTESTS UNDER QUEENSBERRY RULES.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CORBETT-SULLIVAN FIGHT.

The meeting between Corbett and Sullivan at New Orleans on that September night ten years ago signaled the dawn of the new era so far as the settlement of world's championships among heavyweights is concerned. There had been Queensberry contests for championships of various sections before, and also Queensberry contests which determined world's championships in classes lower than heavyweights.

This, assuredly, was the first time in which two men had boxed under Queensberry conditions for the distinction of being voted the peer of all pugilists the earth around.

Not so very long before, Sullivan, who was considered equally at home under old rules and new, had vanquished Kilrain in a bare knuckle fight at Richburg, Mississippi. Kilrain was also an adept at either style of milling and the fact that he was selected as an op-

ponent for Sullivan is the best evidence that he was regarded as John L.'s most formidable rival.

With Kilrain removed from his path, Sullivan seemed to have but two opponents in sight, so far as old style battles went. One of these was Frank Slavin and the other Charlie Mitchell. Peter Jackson was ineligible for two reasons. In the first place Sullivan drew the color line, and in the next, Jackson could not by any manner of reasoning be induced to become a party to a prize ring encounter.

There was no talk of a return match with Mitchell and for some reason the turf fight with Slavin was not arranged. Sullivan remained alone in his glory and it looked as if he would retire undefeated.

But the Queensberry mills were working and a new order of pugilists was being developed. In far away California Jim Corbett, who was regarded as little short of a precocious amateur by the seasoned sluggers of the three big fighting centers of the world, to wit, England, Australia and the United States, was coming to the front in a manner that boded ill to the champions.

The first hint of Corbett's promise as a candidate for the highest honors of the ring was when he won from Jake Kilrain in six rounds at New Orleans in 1890. Kilrain's chagrin was more pronounced, possibly, than when Sullivan downed him at Richburg.

To be defeated by Sullivan, the greatest living fighter, was bad enough, but it was the fortune of war. To be bested by a sapling from the wild and woolly west, of whom no one had ever heard, was gall and wormwood.

After that came Corbett's wonderful fight with Peter Jackson, and in the following year he conquered the mighty John L. in the first Queensberry battle in which

Sullivan risked his title. Then the Queensberry crackajacks ruled the roost and they have ruled it ever since. Long may they continue to do so.

It might be in order at this time to trace the gradual coming into favor of the Queensberry system in the United States. Beyond question, the California Athletic Club of San Francisco was the first organization to conduct contests of this kind between professionals. Prior to the formation of the club in question Queensberry matches were held in private or, by special dispensation, at some sporting resort or public hall. As a rule the public exhibitions consisted of four and six round bouts.

When the California Athletic Club first began to handle contests very little publicity was given to what happened in the club arena. Very often one would see in the sporting pages of the San Francisco papers that so and so had boxed so and so the previous evening, and that one man was awarded the decision on points in such and such a round.

Those who happened to be present at the affair knew that it was a bitter fight; one bristling with interesting detail—a contest, in fact, to which columns would be devoted nowadays.

When President L. R. Fulda and his associates took hold of the California Athletic Club and installed it in more commodious quarters on new Montgomery and Mission streets, public interest in the sport was aroused.

The club added to its members San Francisco's merchant princes and leading professional men and the country was scoured for pugilistic talent. Boxers were brought from Australia and England, and San Francisco became the Mecca of the fighters. This was back in 1888.

One has only to recall some of the contests decided before the club in order to be convinced that the city named led the world in the promotion of Queensberry pastimes. Jackson and Corbett boxed there and it was at the C. A. C. that Jackson defeated George Godfrey, Joe McAuliffe and Patsy Cardiff.

The lightweights, Jimmy Carroll and Champion Jack McAuliffe fought there; so did Carroll and English Sammy Blaklock. It was there that the two Murphys, Frank and Billy, boxed, and also there that Spider Weir, the inimitable, lost to Billy Murphy shortly after the latter's arrival from Australia.

Jack Dempsey and LaBlanche, the marine, fought at the California Athletic Club and it was in the ring of the organization named that Fitzsimmons made his first appearance in America, defeating Billy McCarty. Patsy Duffy, of Boston, gained a decision over Tom Meadows at the club in question, and George Dixon defended his bantam championship against Abe Willis, who journeyed all the way from the antipodes to box him.

Tommy Warren won from Jack Havlin at this club, and Joe McAuliffe, the Mission tanner, outboxed Mike Conley, the Ithaca giant, and Frank Glover of Chicago.

Among other sterling performers of those years who boxed for California Athletic Club purses were George Dawson, of Australia; Young Mitchell, Buffalo Costello, Johnny Griffin, Doc O'Connell, Danny Needham, Mike Lucie, Frank Childs, Patsy Kerrigan, Australian Billy Smith, Paddy Gorman, Sam Fitzpatrick, Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll, and Joe Choynski.

Other clubs sprang up in San Francisco and in time the sport languished temporarily. The scene shifted to New Orleans, where many important contests were

held, among them that between Jack Dempsey and Bob Fitzsimmons for the middleweight championship of the world.

New Orleans being so situated that it could draw from the sport patrons of New York and many other large cities, the Louisiana promoters became ambitious. They determined to arrange a carnival of boxing, which would comprise contests for the championships of the world in the various classes. It was during this carnival held in September, 1892, that Sullivan and Corbett boxed. In events which preceded the heavyweight fight, Jack McAuliffe defended his title of lightweight champion against Billy Myers, and George Dixon won without a struggle from Jack Skelly.

In order to relate the events leading up to the Corbett-Sullivan fight in their proper sequence, it will be necessary to refer to the Jackson-Corbett match again. The fight in question took place in San Francisco in May, 1891. The effect of it was to push Corbett to the front as a world's championship possibility.

Corbett, even before he met Jackson, was firm in the belief that he could defeat Sullivan if the opportunity occurred. He declared himself to this effect while training at Sausalito for his affair with Peter.

"But I will never challenge John L.," added Jim. "It will be for him to make a proposition, and if ever he does, I'll accommodate him."

National pride had something to do with Corbett's sentiments. He felt that he was in line for the world's championship and considered himself as Sullivan's natural successor. He was quite content that John L. should enjoy his laurels, and as he remarked, "I can keep my hands full fighting foreigners for a while."

After his draw with Peter Jackson—for a draw it was to all intents and purposes—Jim placed himself under the management of William A. Brady.

Sullivan and Corbett, who were apparently on the best of terms, arranged to spar a four-round exhibition at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, in June, 1891, a month after the Jackson-Corbett contest, and it was during this mimic bout that Corbett fathomed Sullivan's methods thoroughly and filed away what he had discovered for future reference.

The exhibition was particularly interesting to those who divined Corbett's purpose. It was not one of those "slap and duck" affairs that Jack Ashton and Sullivan were in the habit of delighting the gallery gods with nightly. It was a virtual tryout of the great and only John L. for the benefit of James J. Corbett, and Sullivan did not suspect it. At that, never a hard blow was struck.

Corbett, as I have taken occasion to say in a sketch of his career printed elsewhere in this book, was a student of the art Queensberry, if ever there was one. He was always adding to his knowledge of things scrapatorial, and he did not permit the slightest chance for improvement to escape him.

He would don the gloves with a visiting boxer—be he amateur or professional—at any hour of the day and if the stranger had any little trick worth copying Jim made a mental note of it and it became a part of his own stock in trade. He had only to see a fighter in action to determine quickly which were his strongest and weakest points, but in this particular respect Corbett was no more discriminating than other clear headed fellows of his calling. To box with a man, even though the bout

were of a friendly nature, was to know him thoroughly, and when Corbett retired to his dressing room the night of his set-to with Sullivan he felt that he was well posted in regard to Sullivan's methods.

It was amusing to watch Jim feinting and fiddling. Sullivan pushed his pillow-covered fists before him with that reckless abandon peculiar to all stage combats, but Corbett just tapped and parried and studied.

It is claimed that a boxer, and particularly a natural boxer, can no more depart from his usual style of milling when required to spar at a lively clip, than an ordinary person can disguise his handwriting when asked to scribble something in a hurry.

Corbett, maybe, had this in mind when the third round began. He hustled the big fellow by making quick passes that were not intended to land, and soon Sullivan's massive shoulders were working vigorously as he launched out with half speed blows.

Corbett blocked and countered lightly and grinned and grinned. Once he raised his right arm quickly and held his glove as if about to send it against Sullivan's face. He dropped it again to his side, content to note that the opening was there. It was in that friendly bout on the Grand Opera House stage, probably, that Corbett mapped out the plan of attack which won for him at New Orleans.

It was not long after the Opera House affair when Sullivan began to discern that he had a formidable rival in Corbett. For that matter there was an inclination among sport critics and sporting men generally, to sidetrack Sullivan, as one who had virtually retired, and whenever there was talk of a match in which a

representative American was to figure, Corbett's claims were advanced.

That Sullivan still considered himself a factor in championship disputes was shown by an open letter he issued from St. Paul, Minnesota, early in March, 1892. It read as follows:

"Our season ends about June 4 and we do not resume again until September 12. This gives me over three months' time to prepare.

"I hereby challenge any and all of the bluffers who have been trying to make capital at my expense, to fight me, either the last week in August or the first week in September, this year, at the Olympic Club in the City of New Orleans, for a purse of \$25,000 and an outside bet of \$10,000. The winner of the fight to take the entire purse.

"I insist upon a bet of \$10,000 to show that they mean business—\$2,500 to be put up inside of thirty days, another \$2,500 to be put up May 1, and the entire \$10,000, and as much more as they will bet, to be placed by June 15. I am ready to put up the entire \$10,000 now. First come first served. I give preference in this challenge to Frank P. Slavin, of Australia, as he and his backers have done the greatest amount of blowing. My second preference is that bombastic sprinter, Charles Mitchell, of England, whom I would rather whip than any man in the world. My third preference is James J. Corbett, of America, who has uttered his share of bombast. But in this challenge I include all fighters.

"The Marquis of Queensberry must govern this contest, as I want fighting, not foot racing, and I intend keeping the championship of the world.

"JOHN L. SULLIVAN,
"Champion of the World."

Sullivan's defi threw the world of sport into a flutter. To begin with, it was an unusual thing for a world's champion to issue challenges and the fact that Sullivan,

had thought it incumbent upon him to do such a thing was taken as evidence that the big fellow was genuinely agitated and in a fighting mood.

For a while it looked as if Charlie Mitchell, of England, would accept Sullivan's challenge. The amount of the side wager named by Sullivan proved a stumbling block to Mitchell, however. Then William A. Brady, acting for Corbett, declared that the Californian stood ready to box John L. on the terms named by the champion and that all the conditions imposed by Sullivan in the matter of putting up a side bet would be observed.

To begin with, Brady posted \$1,000 to bind the match. The news was forwarded to Sullivan by wire and he immediately telegraphed his backers to cover Corbett's forfeit. James Wakely, the well known sporting man, saw to it that Sullivan's forfeit money was forthcoming and the full details of the match were arranged in New York on March 15, 1892.

It was agreed that the contest should take place in New Orleans early in September and that the Olympic Club in that city should have the preference, provided it offered a purse of the value of \$25,000. In case the Olympic Club did not see fit to hang up such a large amount, then the club making the best bid was to be accorded the privilege of handling the mill. Incidentally the Olympic Club, through its secretary, Charles Noel, subsequently announced that it was prepared to offer the fighters the amount named and the question of a battle ground was settled.

The articles of agreement drawn up for the first Queensberry encounter for the world's championship were worded as follows:

First. The match is to decide the heavyweight championship of the world, a stake of twenty thousand dollars (\$20,000) and a purse of twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000).

Second. The contest shall take place before the Olympic Club, of New Orleans, Louisiana, on Wednesday, September 7, 1892. In case the said Olympic Club refuses to give a purse of twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000), the contest shall take place before a club to be mutually agreed upon by the signers of these articles.

Third. The contest shall be under Marquis of Queensberry rules. The gloves shall be the smallest the club will allow, and other details of the contest itself shall be left to the decision of the Olympic Club or the club before which the contest shall take place. The club selected shall name the referee.

Fourth. The sum of twenty-five hundred dollars (\$2,500) has been deposited by each party. It is agreed that the remainder of the stake of ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) shall be deposited on the days named here: June 1, twenty-five hundred dollars (\$2,500); July 10, twenty-five hundred dollars (\$2,500); August 25, twenty-five hundred dollars (\$2,500).

Fifth. The final stakeholder shall be agreed upon on the date of the second deposit, June 1.

Sixth. Should either party fail to comply with these articles, the money then in the hands of the temporary stakeholder shall be forfeited to the party which shall have fulfilled its obligations according to this paper.

J. C. KENNEDY,
Witness for Corbett.

JOHN McDONOUGH,
Witness for Sullivan.

JAMES WAKELY,
For JOHN L. SULLIVAN.
JAMES J. CORBETT.

Sullivan trained for the match at Canoe Place Inn, Good Ground, L. I., the champion's work being supervised by Phil Casey, the handball expert. Jack Ashton assisted in preparing the big fellow for the contest. It is said that Sullivan weighed close to the 230 pound

mark when he began his arduous routine and by strict attention to business he reduced his avoirdupois to 210 pounds.

Corbett ensconced himself in training quarters near Asbury Park, with Billy Delaney at the head of affairs. Jim gave himself a careful preparation, putting in much of his time in the open air.

September came around and New Orleans saw many strange faces. First on the ground, of course, were the press correspondents, and on their heels followed a number of dyed-in-the-wool fight followers who believed in being on hand early so as to secure good locations at the ringside and comfortable quarters at the hotels.

When Corbett reached New Orleans a day or two before the date of the contest I saw him exercise at one of the clubs in the Crescent City. His appearance denoted that he had been out in the sun and wind a good deal. Rowing had entered largely into his training. His shoulders were as brown as a berry and his arms were of the same hue. His face was also tanned.

He was heavier muscled than when he boxed Jackson. He was as clean as an antelope about the legs and his neck and shoulders looked as if they had been subjected to some special process of development.

They were betting 4 to 1 against Corbett at that time, but the fact did not seem to worry him. He was as confident as it was possible for a man to be. The thought of the surprise that was in store for the sporting world amused him. When it is remembered that the weight of expert opinion was against him, the nerve he maintained was truly remarkable.

Nor was his trainer, Billy Delaney, one jot less sanguine in regard to the result of the big fight.

To give an instance of Delaney's confidence in Jim's ability to trim Sullivan, I will relate an incident. Among the earliest of the fight excursionists to reach New Orleans was a rich young Californian who had backed Choynski when the latter boxed Corbett. This gentleman did not think Jim had a ghost of a show with Sullivan and was making his bets accordingly. Delaney heard of this and he said to a friend: "I wish you could pull ————— to one side and have a little talk with him. He is against Jim in this affair and I hate to see him lose his money. Will you go and tell him from me that Corbett will win as surely as the sun shines? He is a nice fellow and it worries me to think of him having the thing wrong."

The friend delivered the message and received very little thanks.

"Delaney means well, but I think I know what I'm doing," said the Californian. "I have had others come to me and tell me how well Corbett looks and all the rest of it. Of course he looks well. How else could anyone expect to find a man on the eve of a championship fight and after months of training? I still stick to Sullivan."

Sullivan also became the guest of one of the New Orleans clubs, on his arrival at the Crescent City a couple of days in advance of the fight. He was the great attraction for the populace of course and the streets in the neighborhood of his abiding place were packed.

When, on the afternoon of his arrival, he punched the bag for a while, entrance to or exit from the club was impossible. The place was literally jammed and the privileged guests crushed each other to the wall in their efforts to catch a glimpse of the famous John L. Sullivan.

Came the fateful September 7, and New Orleans' streets were filled with strangers. Fight talk was in the air and the hotel lobbies and bars were given over to the visiting sports. Even the ice cream caravansaries and soda water fountains did a rushing trade.

In the early evening all travel seemed to set towards the Olympic Club. The crowd began the pilgrimage before dark. Hacks were at a premium and some of those who managed to secure vehicles to take them to the club were obliged to alight several blocks from their destination and fight their way through a dense throng.

Hundreds of police were detailed to keep the mob away from the approaches to the club house, but regiments of soldiers could not have performed the task.

Several enterprising parties, who had erected temporary booths for the sale of solid and liquid refreshments, did a roaring trade. Some one remarked there was the atmosphere of Mardi Gras time about the whole proceedings.

Within the Olympic Club the scene was a notable one. It breathed of suppressed excitement. Ticket holders, who came in flushed from their exertions in gaining an entrance, sought their seats as quickly as possible and seemed intensely relieved the moment they were comfortably located.

Policemen and club members acted as ushers, and considering the size of the gathering there was very little confusion. There was a steady stream of spectators into the arena from the moment the gates were opened. It was estimated that between 7,000 and 8,000 persons witnessed the championship fight.

The fighters arrived at the club shortly after 8 o'clock. Representatives of the men tossed for corners in one

of the club parlors and Corbett won. He decided to occupy the angle of the ring in which McAuliffe and Dixon, winners of the previous matches in the tournament, had sat.

In due time the men entered the ring. Sullivan was accompanied by Jack McAuliffe, Joe Lannon, Phil Casey and Charlie Johnson. Corbett's principal esquires were Billy Delaney, Jim Daly and Professor John Donaldson. Mike Donovan, boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club, was in Corbett's corner by invitation.

Corbett's demeanor while the preliminaries were being arranged seemed to puzzle Sullivan. Jim stepped around and tested the floor with his feet as coolly as some athlete might smooth the loose soil before attempting a record jump. He appeared to be entirely oblivious to the fact that the biggest and best fighter in all christendom was glowering at him from across the ring.

Then Corbett walked over to the ropes and yanked at them as if to make certain the posts were firmly braced and that the ring fixings would bear the strain of a hurricane fight.

It was a new experience for John L. He had been used to intimidating opponents with a glare, but here was a youth who did not even deign to glance towards the big gladiator's corner and who went about his business as if there was no such a person as Sullivan on earth, or at any rate as if John L., at the most, was something simply incident to a great happening.

Of course it was all a studied method of procedure on Corbett's part, but it had its effect on the giant in the other corner.

When they came together to receive instructions from

Referee John Duffy, Corbett was equally nonchalant.

If he had any misgivings in regard to the outcome he buried them deep and displayed no outward sign of uneasiness. He looked at Sullivan casually and then allowed his eyes to wander over the sea of faces, nodding repeatedly as if he thoroughly understood everything Duffy said and was fully prepared to act in accordance with the directions given.

The rumble of John L.'s deep voice could be heard as he interposed remarks in regard to his own particular manner of interpreting the rules.

Then the little knot in midring dispersed. The seconds stepped away and the fighters turned and went to their corners. Corbett walked jauntily and John L. paused on the way to his angle of the ring and looked over his shoulder at his opponent. Corbett's back was to him and Jim was not aware of Sullivan's act until some one in his corner told him about it. The young Californian smiled.

It was now a few minutes after 9 and presently the gong rang out; the chairs were whipped from the ring and the champion of the world stepped briskly forth for his famous fight with the San Franciscan.

As the men maneuvered for the first punch they presented a striking contrast. Sullivan, although he had trained arduously, looked rotund both in body and limb, when compared with the trimly built westerner. There was a depth of chest and a width of back and shoulders about Sullivan which suggested crushing force. He wore green fighting breeks and the look on his face was half savage and half serious.

Corbett's fighting costume consisted of an elastic breechclout and laced fighting shoes with socks rolled

down to the ankles. The tan of his arms, shoulder knobs and neck contrasted plainly with the pallor of his skin generally. His face, while sunburned, was somewhat pallid and the shadows cast by the overhead lights gave his eyes the appearance of being deeply set in their sockets. He looked serious but not in the least worried.

Sullivan was the first to make a motion. He swung his left and Jim ducked under it. Corbett threw another left aside with his guard arm and hopped away nimbly when the big fellow tried a vigorous right swing for the jaw. The force of the blow was such that it nearly threw John L. off his balance.

Warned by the way those big arms were whizzing through the air Corbett began to step around at a lively gait. He was well out of range and the crowd began to hiss and cry "fight! fight!" Jim's brow was corrugated. He rubbed his nose softly with his right glove but he still kept out of range and was "as flee as a bird" at the least sign of familiarities on the big fellow's part.

Sullivan looked at his lissome adversary disdainfully. John dropped his arms and waited seemingly in hopes that the jeers of the crowd would cause Corbett to stand in and trade punches.

Not a bit of it. Corbett, who had mapped out his plans carefully, bided his time, and the man who had defeated Paddy Ryan and Jake Kilrain fumed. Sullivan gathered himself together and made one of his famous rushes. It was like an elephant crashing through underbrush as he bumped into the ropes. Corbett was around the end, as it were, and into the open with a grin on his face and Sullivan's lip curled in contempt of Jim's runaway tactics.

There was another clattering rush from Sullivan with

similar results, and the crowd began cheering. It was difficult to determine whether the tumult among the spectators was over Corbett's nimbleness or John L.'s determination to bring matters to an issue.

Sullivan rushed no more during that round. He made one left sweep for the westerner's midsection and his big fist simply plowed through space. Now it looked as if the crowd was jeering Sullivan's futile efforts.

The round ended without a blow being struck. Corbett, as a matter of fact, made no effort to inflict bodily damage on the Goliath in front of him. He seemed thoroughly satisfied with the progress so far and he smiled in a contented way as he skipped blithely to his corner.

In the ordinary course of things a glove fight gathering is suggestively silent at the close of a round which is devoid of exchanges. In this particular instance there was loud cheering and it seemed to be for Corbett.

The second round found Sullivan feinting and working his massive shoulders while trying to entice Jim into a mixup in the center of the ring. Corbett still acted carefully and when Sullivan let fly his left for the face the blow did not go within two feet of its target. John followed it up with another lefthand assault and again he found nothing but air. Then suddenly Sullivan bore down on his man. This time Jim was not so active in getting away and he was carried towards the ropes, a glancing righthander catching him on the jaw.

They clinched and here came the first real surprise of the contest. Comparing the bulk of the men it seemed as though Sullivan, did he care to exert his force, might have crushed Corbett like an eggshell when they met in an embrace. Instead of that Corbett pinioned the big

fellow so as to render him perfectly powerless. The San Franciscan's forearm went across Sullivan's throat and there was a look of something like reproach in Sullivan's eyes as he glanced at his opponent. Sullivan was holding on to Corbett. John's head was pressed back and it was plain to be seen that the knowledge of grips and locks Corbett had gained in his wrestling with Miehlung and Jimmy Faulkner at the Olympic Club was standing him in good need.

It came to the Corbett men then that there was little fear of Pompadour Jim being roughed or smashed like a butterfly in the clinches and the thought made them radiantly happy.

Sullivan seemed to be slightly discouraged as they broke away and it almost looked as if Corbett had been waiting for that clinch before deciding as to the degree of energy he should put into his work. When they reached the center Jim sent in his first forceful blow, a stinging smash on the mouth with the left. John L. responded with two or three ineffective lunges at the body and a right swing which would have worked damage had it reached Corbett anywhere above the shoulder. Corbett dodged these blows. He laughed and skipped around, and just before corners rang he drove his left fairly into the pit of Sullivan's stomach.

Sullivan came to the scratch in the third round with a remarkably sober look on his countenance. He fainted and frowned but Corbett grinned and sidled. Twice the Sullivan right went careering in the direction of Jim's head, but in neither case did the blow go within many inches of the mark. After dodging around for a while Corbett stepped in suddenly and swung his left into the champion's stomach. It sounded like a drum

beat and Corbett was five feet away by the time John L. made a vicious sweep with his right arm in response.

Corbett was gauging his man to a nicety now and was becoming endowed with more and more confidence as the minutes ticked away. He crept close to Sullivan and fainted in a bewildering manner. Then crack, crack—twice in succession—that lightning left banged into Sullivan's face and the onlookers yelled like Comanches.

Sullivan was ill at ease. He was sweating like a bull and, try to hide it as he might, he was palpably discouraged, but with the dogged pluck and perseverance that had carried him through many a stubborn fight out in the open, he continued to rush and swing.

He let go one righthander which threatened danger to the grinning Californian. The Sullivanites, sitting around the champion's corner, half arose from their seats as the champion's glove shot out. Corbett got beneath it by barely a hair's breadth. It brushed his pompadour, but he bobbed up to one side grinning. It was a close shave. The Corbett crowd chortled and the champion's friends looked glum. Jim was doing famously.

A rush from Sullivan marked the opening of round four, and Corbett flitted rapidly. Again and again the big fellow hurled his great bulk in Corbett's direction, but Jim kept changing his spots and laughing in a tantalizing manner. Once or twice Corbett dropped his arms and gazed sarcastically at the champion. Incensed at Corbett's levity John L. rushed and rushed, but failed to connect. Once in a clinch Sullivan allowed his right to fall on Corbett's back. Jim said subsequently that it was as if a heavy piece of timber had dropped upon him.

Corbett took to feinting again and Sullivan's eyes widened.

His previous experiences had caused him to be dubious as to what would happen when Jim began nodding his head and whirling his gloves in that mysterious way. Jim was satisfied to notice that Sullivan was confused. He stepped back and surveyed his big opponent, but before the round ended he dodged in close and dealt the big fellow a jarring rap on the ear with the right.

There was a smile of derision on Sullivan's face as he stalked to the scratch when the bell sent them together for the fifth round. It may be that Corbett's fighting spirit was stirred by his opponent's evidences of disgust. Certainly he made a shuttlecock of his bulky *vis-a-vis* in the round in question.

Hostilities began with a lefthand exchange, both fighters reaching the head. Sullivan's blow was just hard enough to irritate Corbett and Jim came in with an additional lefthander which took the big fellow on the mouth. They were standing toe to toe now and the spectators were in an effervescent state.

Sullivan got home again with the left and they bumped together and clinched. Jim's forearm as usual was on the champion's windpipe and Sullivan was forced out of balance to such an extent that he had to be content with clinging to Corbett's shoulders without trying to settle himself for a punch as they broke.

When they parted, Corbett worried his man by feinting and after a second's indecision Sullivan charged like a wild steer. Corbett sidestepped and chuckled. Sullivan faced him and made another rush. This time Corbett stood his ground and the most desperate work of the contest was seen.

Sullivan swung his right and Corbett threw his head back far enough to allow the blow to pass. Quicker than a flash of light Corbett's shoulder went up and his right glove came whizzing around. It reminded me of one of the motions I had seen him make during that friendly bout at the Grand Opera House, but of course on that occasion he withheld the punch.

This time his fist caught John L. between nose and cheek bone and the champion faltered. There was blood on Sullivan's face.

Sullivan fought back savagely, but his gloves in the main glanced from the lithe fellow's shoulder or were thrown up so that they went high. Corbett's smashes were going in with unerring certainty and Sullivan's face showed the effects of the visitations.

Discovering that it was dangerous work to continue trading rights with the big fellow, Corbett changed his tactics. He dipped his head when Sullivan's dexter fist came around and he peppered the champion's face rapidly with left upswings. Sullivan looked grewsome. He clinched to save himself and he tried to land on Corbett while hugging. Corbett baffled him easily, broke away and then returned to the attack.

Jim's left was working like a pump-gun and Sullivan was powerless to avoid his stinging blows. It looked, indeed, as if the championship would change hands in that round, but the big fellow's marvelous strength and vitality stood him in need.

There were blank faces in Sullivan's corner as John L. walked unsteadily towards his chair at the gong sound, while from the verge of the ring to the furthest confines of the gallery excited men were bobbing up

and down and shrieking hysterically over the impending Corbett victory.

It must be said that the champion's seconds sent him to the front in comparatively good shape for the sixth round. Corbett was not inclined to dodge the issue so much now and there were several exchanges. Corbett's blows were the more telling and Sullivan's face showed signs of wear and tear again. Judging from the clumsy manner Sullivan let go his right, he had lost much of his steam.

After a while Corbett took his time, and maneuvered whenever Sullivan tried to work close. Jim sent in a light left on the stomach and another on the face. A little later there was a rally in which both landed, but Corbett lessened the force of his opponent's blows by moving his head quickly when struck. A good deal of the work was done in midring and Sullivan began to tire. The champion was the recipient of a damaging left on the face before the bell rang.

Round seven was another disastrous experience for Sullivan. It was on the lines of round five, Corbett standing closer in and fighting more viciously. Sullivan swung his left for the face and Corbett drew back his head, allowing the champion's glove to touch his chest. Then it was left, right, left from the San Franciscan, Sullivan's nose being the object of attack. Corbett then took a strong lead, scoring repeatedly with both hands and swinging his left into the stomach once in a while.

Sullivan's arms dropped and the big fellow seemed to sway on his feet.

"He's licked!" "He's licked!" was the cry that went up and it seemed to act as an admonition to Sullivan. He braced himself and made valiant efforts to counter

Corbett when Jim smashed at him. He was unable to reach the Californian with a telling blow.

Corbett went after his man in savage fashion now. He showered blows on the big fellow and pressed him steadily toward the rope. The final blow of the series was a crushing righthander. It took Sullivan on the damaged nose and, as Corbett clashed with the big fellow, Sullivan's head and shoulders bent back over the ropes. He was a sorry looking world's champion now. The Californian was playing battledore with him.

John L. tried determinedly to offset the San Franciscan's advantage in the eighth round. He lunged for the body and reached the mark, but the straight left facer he took in return was the more effective punch of the two. The blood trickled from Sullivan's face again and once more he braced himself and rushed. This time Corbett met him with a right cross which landed on the side of the face.

Then there was a spell of scuffling work, Sullivan being particularly anxious to get to close quarters. Corbett pinned him more than once and there was a complaint from Sullivan's corner that Jim was forcing John L.'s head back with his forearm in the clinches.

Having satisfied himself that nothing was to be gained by grappling with the sinewy westerner, Sullivan tried fighting at long range. He was thoroughly outpointed at this kind of milling and his face became puffed from the stinging blows Corbett inflicted on him. Corbett had got down to his work and was like a race horse in full stride. He had his man sized up to perfection and was cutting him down in a systematic manner. No vestige of a scratch or a bruise was to be seen about Jim except where the skin of his shoulders appeared to be

rasped slightly from the grip of John L.'s gloves when they clung together in the clinches.

So the fight went on round by round. Sullivan showed the same wonderful powers of endurance which had upheld him in his long siege on the grass with Charlie Mitchell in France and his grueling fight with Kilrain under the broiling sun at Richburg. While he was punished "good and plenty" and was to a certain extent arm weary, he plodded along in the hopes that he might land squarely with his trusty right, the fist that had wrecked the dreams of so many aspiring heavyweights.

He brightened up repeatedly and was always ready with a rush and a savage swing when the moment seemed propitious. While a study of the blow by blow accounts of the fight given by the experts of the sporting press will show that John L. reached Corbett many times with his favorite fist, the explanation is required that in most cases the punch was either a glancing one, or else Corbett allowed his head to go with the blow and thus lessened its force.

In like manner the numerous left scores which are credited to Sullivan were in a large measure harmless. Many of them barely tapped Corbett's chest as he threw his head back out of range. Many a Sullivan punch that had a snapping sound tapped Corbett's face but lightly. Not once throughout the mill did John time the youngster in such a way as to make him feel the full force of a smash.

After Corbett had made such a determined attack on Sullivan in the fifth round and had demonstrated to the satisfaction of his friends that he could outwit the big fellow in any phase of the Queensberry version of self defense, it was thought that Jim would keep right after

his man and take Sullivan's measure in from eight to twelve rounds.

Corbett fought intermittently, if such an expression may be used. He was always clever and always careful but he seldom acted the same way in two successive rounds. He would go close to Sullivan, begin a tattoo on the face and body and press the big man to the verge of the ring. In the following round he would keep away, avoid Sullivan's rushes and indulge in but one or two brief rallies.

When the tenth round was reached it was considered that level betting was a fair thing. While the contest had been all in the Californian's favor, the fact that John L. was always in pretty fair shape for a rush and a swing warned the Corbett crowd from becoming too sanguine. In this very round Sullivan shook his man up slightly with a right on the ribs and took a straight left on his gore-covered nose in return. The monotonous jab of Corbett's left seemed to annoy Sullivan as the darts of the picadores annoy the bull in a Mexican ring. Sullivan would charge with the force of a locomotive, flinging his right glove in the direction of Corbett's head as he bore in. Corbett was too spry, however, and by the time the Bostonian brought up against the ropes Corbett would be yards away, grinning derisively.

In the eleventh round Corbett's left was exceedingly busy. It kept shooting into Sullivan's mouth and nose and then Jim varied the performance by swinging onto the ribs and stomach. Sullivan failed to land one good punch.

It was the same in rounds twelve and thirteen. In this latter round Corbett simply played fast and loose with the big fighter in front of him. At that it looked

as if the San Franciscan neglected many good openings. He wished to rest his arms, probably, but whatever the cause, he allowed Sullivan to do the most of the leading in the last part of the round, while he himself indulged in a clever display of ducking.

In the fourteenth round Corbett traded lefts with the champion and had the better of the exchanges. As usual in such cases, Corbett generally contrived to send in an extra smash for good measure.

When the fifteenth round opened there was a buzz of voices all through the building, for a favorite betting feature of the mill had been in connection with Corbett's chances "of staying fifteen rounds." At this stage it looked as if Corbett would not only stay, but would win the championship.

Sullivan probably had been reminded in his corner that on the outcome of this round hinged the ownership of a whole lot of money. He made one of his tremendous rushes, letting go his right as he went in. He reached Corbett's neck, but it was only a glancing blow. Corbett was alert now. He timed Sullivan's next rush, and bang, bang, went left and right against Sullivan's face. The Bostonian's head went back with a jerk and his desire for rushing was cooled temporarily.

John L. wanted to spar at long range now, but Corbett gave him no rest. Jim wanted to show his admirers that he could pull through the fifteenth round without going entirely on the defensive, and he just rapped and rapped at the big fellow's body and head. Jim stepped in and out like lightning, gauging his rocking horse movement so as to avoid Sullivan's counters, and there was cheer after cheer from the spectators.

When the round ended there was a wild scene. Those

who had backed Corbett to stay longer than fifteen rounds just howled with delight. Over among Sullivan's seconds there were bowed heads and furtive looks. In sending their man in to try and finish Corbett and save the fifteen round money poor Sullivan had been sent up to be hammered to a pulp.

The fighting spirit was still strong in Sullivan, however, as he strode to the scratch for the sixteenth round.

This time Corbett was in a stayaway mood again. Occasionally he poked his face towards his opponent and appeared to be taunting him. Once Jim drew back none too soon and Sullivan's left fell on his chest.

Corbett mixed it in the last half of the round, Sullivan's nose being the especial target for his rapid fire left. Sullivan got in on the face lightly with the left a couple of times himself. John's success in this direction precipitated a rally during which Sullivan threw out his arms and clinched to avoid the rain of blows.

Odds of 10 to 7 were offered now that Corbett would win.

In round seventeen Corbett divided his time between resting up and jabbing the big fellow. Sullivan, in one of the mixing matches, clipped Jim on the chin twice in succession with the left and also dealt him a glancing lefthander while the San Franciscan was ducking. Corbett came back with his left and reached the face solidly. Sullivan snorted and rushed.

Corbett danced away and as he went to his corner he seemed the most self-possessed mortal in the world.

Jim stood straight in the eighteenth round and ducked under left swings. While crouching he smashed his left into the ribs twice. Sullivan gasped and seemed surprised. Then Corbett's left brought up against Sully's

swollen nose. Sullivan made a quick attempt to counter but was short and received two more lefts full in the face. He lowered his guard and appeared to grow listless in his movements.

Corbett stepped in again and straightened his left twice in succession. John L.'s head tilted. He gathered himself together and rushed. He brought up against another straight left, followed by a right which crashed against his cheek.

When Sullivan sat in his corner awaiting the signal for the next round his seconds busied themselves scraping the caked sand from the soles of his shoes.

The nineteenth round did not improve Sullivan's chances of success. Corbett was extra careful and anticipated every move. At the least sign of a swing from the big fellow Jim danced away and grinned, and when two minutes of the three had sped Corbett went close to his man and swung his left on the body a few times. He snapped his head back out of range of Sullivan's swings and then forced the champion to the ropes with a succession of left facers.

The twentieth round was also a betting proposition, much money having been wagered that Corbett would not remain on deck for that length of time. As in the fifteenth round Corbett seemed ambitious to show that there was no occasion for him to loaf in order to protect his back made by his supporters.

He waded in and smashed Sullivan with right and left in quick succession. The force of the punches sent Sullivan reeling. The big fellow made no attempt at a counter. He landed right on top of him, lashing out savagely, and Sullivan was in a bad way. His knees drooped and he was powerless to strike a blow in return.

Corbett was merciless. Both arms were working like the eccentric rods of a piece of machinery and Sullivan staggered towards the ropes. The Californian stepped towards him, intent upon finishing the fight then and there, when the gong clanged.

The end came in the next round. Sullivan's legs dragged as he walked to the center and Corbett sprang at him like a panther. Left, right, left, right fell on Sullivan's face, and the champion's gloves dropped to his sides. He reeled to the ropes and spread his legs to brace himself.

There was no respite for him, however. Corbett, with the scent of victory in his nostrils, fought like a fiend, the thudding of his fists against Sullivan's devoted head sounded like the rattle of a horse's hoofs in a fast gallop. Sullivan backed wearily into his own corner. His head was rocking from its contact with Corbett's gloves, his knees had sagged and he began to lurch forward.

A brace of crushing righthanders on the jaw caused the big fellow's eyelids to droop and his collapse was at hand. Corbett stood away as Sullivan sank to the ring floor. The big fellow was not completely knocked out, but he was in such a dazed condition that his chances of recuperating within the allotted ten seconds were infinitesimally small. He struck the floor on his side and rolled over on his face. The damp black sand of the ring showed in patches on his green tights. McAuliffe showered him with water from a sponge, but Sullivan was past help.

John L. placed his hands on the floor and attempted to rise. He lurched forward on his face. Corbett stood a pace or two away, eyeing him like a hawk, and ready to resume the contest should Sullivan reach his feet. The

power to fight had gone from the champion, and with it his title. He was counted out.

By many a ringside I have been,
And many a champion's finish seen,

but looking back to that particular night, and beyond it again into other years of service as a fight chronicler, I can say with all truth that I never saw or heard anything to equal the tumult and turmoil that marked Sullivan's downfall.

The uproar was in progress while Referee Duffy was tolling off the fateful seconds close to the face of the prostrate Sullivan. As could be seen by the movement of Duffy's lips, he was shouting off each number, as well as denoting the passage of time by arm motions. There was no such thing as hearing his voice, however, owing to the racket which extended from ringside to eaves. When he had waved off ten seconds Sullivan was still on his face.

Delaney and Mike Donovan jumped into the ring to bring Corbett to his corner, but Jim held them at bay and waited to make entirely sure that victory was his. Official announcements or announcements of any kind would have been futile just then on account of the ear-splitting noise, so Corbett marched over to Duffy and with his head aside looked at the referee inquiringly. Duffy understood the question that was being put to him in dumb show and he replied in kind. He patted Corbett on the shoulder, and the motion said louder than words "James J. Corbett, I pronounce you champion of the world."

As I said in my official report of the proceedings at the time, "It was the only signal Duffy could give, for the booming of a thousand cannon and the roaring of a whole

herd of Kansas cyclones would have been but as popguns exploding to the sound which filled the big pavilion."

A New York sport remarked afterwards in the crowded corridors of the St. Charles hotel: "I've often heard of the rebel yell, but that's the first time I was caught in it."

A peculiar thing about these ringside ovations is that they are almost equally vociferous no matter which man wins. There probably would not have been such volume to the outburst if Sullivan had won, for the crowd is always with the under dog in these matters, but there surely would have been a hysterical demonstration if the big fellow in the green tights had drubbed the tall youth from San Francisco.

This is a curious phase of human nature. It is the fact of somebody being knocked out that is cheered. The personality of the man who is down or the fellow who downs him has not a great deal to do with it.

I never saw this so plainly exemplified as when Sullivan beat Paddy Ryan to the floor in Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, in November, 1887. Near me, just as the fight was starting, were two dapper looking sports. They were making audible comments as the men began the contest.

"I hope Ryan will knock his head off," said one.

"I'm with you," chipped in the other. "That big loafer deserves a licking and is right in line for it."

When poor Paudheen fell like a pithed ox a mighty roar of approval ran up and down the crowded benches like wildfire, and no one yelled louder than my two anti-Sullivan men. They waved their hats around and they cracked their throats and became ruddy-faced while cheering for the big fellow.

Such is life in the Queensberry belt, and after many years of observation I have come to the conclusion that it is neither the Sullivanites nor the Corbettites that cheer. It is the savagery, which has lain dormant in man since the "thumbs down" days of the Coliseum, asserting itself.

They picked up Sullivan and sponged the signs of ill-usage from his face. Then he went slowly to the ring-side and raised his hand. The crowd became tolerably silent, and with a half sob in his throat the big fellow said: "I tried once too often. I am glad that the championship remains in America."

Corbett, of course, was the hero of the hour. His friends and acquaintances took him by storm. The souvenir hunters swarmed into the ring. They captured buckets and sponges; they even dipped the lemon rinds out of the water he had used. Later when he reached his room they purloined his fighting shoes and the gloves he had worn during the contest. It was a case of "the king is dead, long live the king."



Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimmons, two of their Pets, and George Dawson on the
Veranda of their Cottage at Skaggs Springs, Cal.
From a photograph taken July 2, 1902



Jeffries and Party Starting on a Hunting Trip.

CHAPTER XVII.

CORBETT AND MITCHELL.

Corbett became a full-fledged stage celebrity after that. At various times he had little snarls with English Charlie Mitchell, and after much vexatious wrangling and bitterness of spirit, articles were signed for another world's championship fight.

It was arranged that the contest should take place under the auspices of the Duval Athletic Club, of Florida, and Manager W. A. Brady, as an inducement to Mitchell to make the match, declared he would give the British fighter \$1,000 in currency the moment he took his seat in the corner of the ring.

There was considerable uncertainty regarding the mill. Governor Mitchell, of Florida, set his face against the affair and declared there would be no boxing in the everglade section as long as he was at the helm. On this account the fate of the fight was in doubt right up to the day it took place.

The troubles which beset the promoters, however, did not deter Corbett and Mitchell from setting up training quarters in Florida. Jim pitched camp at Mayport Beach near Jacksonville, and Mitchell installed himself at Anastasia Island, near St. Augustine.

Mitchell had to resort to the hardest of work in order to strip his frame of the superfluous flesh which had accumulated through years of indolence and high living.

CHAPTER X OF THE QUEENSBERRY REALM

He walked and sprinted along the margin of the tide every second day after day, and he put in tremendous licks on the punching bag and the other equipments of his gymnasium on the beach.

A man who noted the way in which Charlie was forced to use his bulk in order to give free play to his muscles and his breathing apparatus, decided that his chances of success in a go with Corbett, a natural athlete, were remarkably small. It was remembered, however, that Mitchell had performed wonders before, when the weight of the world was against him. Sportsmen who believed in the ethics of fair play and who consistently desired to give credit where it was due, did not forget easily how Mitchell, when little more than a lightweight, faced the mighty John L. Sullivan at Madison Square Garden, and subsequently fought a draw with "the big fellow" on the field of Chantilly. Mitchell had proved that he was possessed of that rare fighting quality, "bull dog courage," and there never had been any doubt in regard to his talent as a boxer. The fact that he had won the boxing championship of England suggested that he was an expert in the ring methods in vogue across the Atlantic.

His ability were considered sufficient to give him a fighting chance with Corbett, but it was not known as condition came up for the men who wanted to see the better man. The public and expressed the opinion that Mitchell should fight Charlie in the face.

He was as chipper as a cricket all the time. He was the life of the party in a jolly mood. He was quite at ease in argument and he liked to dis-

cuss the chances of the fight with visitors who believed that Corbett was the better man.

A favorite saying of Mitchell's was, "This fellow Corbett has no private graveyard that I have ever heard of. His jaw is just as vulnerable as other men's jaws, and a good punch will tumble him the same as it will tumble anyone else. Champions have to come and go, and I don't see why this Pompadour Jim should keep on forever."

About Corbett's condition there was never any question, but his moods were far more variable than when he was getting ready to box the great John L. Sullivan. Jim disliked Mitchell on account of a squabble they had in some public place, and in the fight to come the thought of giving Charlie a thorough drubbing was uppermost in his mind.

He seemed to have absolutely no fear for his laurels, and he became irritable when he heard of the troubles that beset the path of the Jacksonville promoters.

In his condition of mind it was very easy to distort things, and he was inclined to attribute wrong motives to Mitchell. He somehow seemed to connect Charlie with many of the schemes devised for preventing the contest, and he became curt and ungracious through brooding over the possibility of Mitchell's escaping him. It is highly probable that Jim would have been satisfied to battle in private with nothing in sight but the satisfaction of settling the old grudge.

It was the afternoon of January 25, 1894. The skies were dull and the weather cold and cheerless when the crowd began to wend its way from Jacksonville to the big structure on the outskirts of the city, where Corbett

and Mitchell were to box for the world's championship, a purse of \$20,000 and stakes of \$5,000.

In the throng which poured through the highways and byways in the direction of the trysting place was a large sprinkling of militiamen in uniform. They had been called to Jacksonville by the governor's order to aid in preventing the fight. At the eleventh hour, however, the club sued out an injunction restraining the governor from interfering. This was just the thing the soldiers had hoped for. They purchased tickets for the mill, and as someone remarked, they came to hinder and remained to see.

The place filled slowly. The uncertainty which attached to the affair up to the last moment had affected the sale of tickets. There were comparatively few visitors on hand from points outside of Florida and Louisiana.

Not more than one-half of the seating space was occupied when the fighters entered the ring. Mitchell was the comedian of the occasion from the outset. He wore a flowing bathrobe and on his head, perched rakishly, was a small conical shaped hat, such as clowns wear in English Christmas pantomimes. With Mitchell were Jim Hall, Pony Moore, Tom Allen and Steve O'Donnell.

Corbett was stern visaged as he stepped in through the ropes and took his corner. He gazed over in Mitchell's direction once or twice. With Jim were Billy Delaney, John Donaldson and Jack Dempsey.

W. A. Brady walked across the ring and placed ten one hundred dollar bills in Mitchell's hand. This was in accordance with the promise made prior to the signing of articles. Mitchell handed the money to a friend at the ringside.

Mitchell kept his eyes trained on Corbett almost continuously. Charlie chuckled, shrugged his shoulders and whistled while having his gloves put on. Corbett might have been undergoing preparation for the electric chair, so solemn of mien was he.

"Honest John" Kelly, who was to referee the fight, entered the ring and the preliminary ceremonies were galloped through. Mitchell wished to exchange the customary handgrip, but Corbett refused to shake.

There was a lull and someone drew Kelly's attention to the fact that the usual formalities in the direction mentioned had been omitted. Corbett became impatient, and said, "hurry up there," to the timekeepers, in a snarling way. Mitchell thereupon returned to his corner.

The gong gave forth its ominous clang and the men crept towards each other. There was shuffling of feet on the powdered rosin and the swift play of glove-covered hands as each of the contestants tried to create an opening for a blow.

Corbett, in the early stages of his bout with Sullivan at New Orleans, showed a hair-trigger alertness in the matter of avoiding danger. There was nothing of that about him this time.

He was all confidence and he was simply possessed with the one idea—to wipe out an insult either fancied or real. The wonder is he fought so well, considering the revengeful feelings that were in his heart.

This bitterness of spirit on Corbett's part was one of the things on which Mitchell based his hopes of success. Some of those who heard him speak of the matter believed that he saw in Corbett's avowed animosity the prospect of a victory on a foul. Charlie, to his inti-

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declared he would fling taunts at Corbett in the ring in the belief that he would cause the champion to become incensed and rattled and thereby afford the chance for a knockout punch.

Alas! poor Charlie. He did not have much time for taunt flinging. If he did attempt to utter uncomplimentary things his speech must have had a muffled sound, for Corbett's tensely gripped gloves were seldom away from Charlie's mouth and nose.

After a short spell of feinting and sparring, Corbett stepped towards the round bodied Englishman and drove him across the ring. Mitchell was wide-eyed and his legs were in danger of becoming entangled as he backed away.

He wrenched his body this way and that, as if bent on darting past his implacable enemy, but each of Corbett's hands came to the ready in turn, and Charlie made up his mind that to try and reach the open at that particular stage of the proceedings would bring him in contact with a swing or an uppercut.

As Mitchell's back touched the ropes Corbett brought up his left foot from the hip. Mitchell smothered the blow with his forearms and bumped heavily into a clinch.

Quickly and a fierce left upswing landed on Mitchell's eye. Corbett followed with the right hand and Mitchell saved his ground bravely and gave

But when Mitchell scuttled away there was a thin, dark trickle of blood on his upper lip. It came from the Britisher's left eye. Something for Charlie to be

proud of. It had always been Corbett's boast that his nose had never been bled during a fight.

Corbett went in pursuit of Mitchell again and one mix-up followed quickly on another's heels. Most of the work was done near the ropes, Mitchell, as a rule, backing to the confines of the ring before making up his mind to trade punches with his clever and merciless adversary.

There was considerable clinching, and out among the onlookers there was the usual commotion, for it was a speedy, spiteful contest and Corbett's fists were beating a merry rataplan on the Britisher's head and hide.

When the round ended and Mitchell went with just a suspicion of unsteadiness to his corner, there was jubilation, either feigned or real, among the Englishman's seconds. They appeared to be telling Charlie he had done famously.

Corbett was viperish in the next round. He went at his man as a bull terrier goes at a friendless cat, and the rapid thumps of his gloves were like the heartbeats of a terror-stricken child.

Mitchell's face was a study. His head was batted from side to side and his countenance was marked with little dabs of red. He still kept throwing out his fists with all the energy he could command in the hope that a vagrant wallop would enable him to spike Corbett's guns.

Once Charlie stopped while being forced backward by the steady pelting of Corbett's gloves, and flung himself at his opponent. The sudden change of tactics took the Californian by surprise and Mitchell sent in some hot shot before Jim set himself and began to strike back.

Then it was the same old thing. Mitchell's head

rocked and his brave attempts at counter-hitting whistled past Corbett's face as the San Franciscan, with rhythmic movement, drew his head back out of Charlie's sphere of usefulness.

Back into an angle of the ring went Mitchell, breathing heavily, and his eyes becoming more and more distended. He seemed to bear with the smashes that were bruising his face, but he cringed when Corbett curved his left arm and drove his fist in at the stomach. Charlie lowered his head suddenly and escaped beneath Corbett's arm to the center of the ring. He turned towards his corner and grinned through a mask of blood in a ghastly way.

Corbett went at him again. A long, straight left found a resting place on the Britisher's swollen lips, and Mitchell lunged out in the hopes of countering. A second later, a left upswing caught Mitchell while ducking and when he raised his head it looked as if the shadows of defeat were closing around him.

He backed wearily into a corner with Corbett following, dealing out swings and jabs. Along the ropes they went, the steady flog of Corbett's gloves hastening the end.

Suddenly, with a snapping sound, as of a twig breaking, Corbett's glove reached his opponent's jaw. The Englishman's arms dropped heavily. He balanced an instant on his heels and then fell between the ropes.

The crowd was in a tumult then. The pent up passion in Corbett asserted itself to such an extent that he was in danger of losing his head entirely. He struck at Mitchell as the latter made an effort to gain his feet. Mitchell dropped to his hands and knees, and finally,

with great effort, stood erect. Before Corbett could get at him again the round ended.

Mitchell appeared to be greatly distressed as he sat in his corner. When they sent him to the center for the third round it seemed very evident that he was on the verge of defeat.

Corbett dashed at him and hammered him around the ring. Then Jim put extra force into a heart punch. Mitchell cringed and toppled. He caught the lower rope as he was falling, and again Corbett became furious and smashed at him.

One blow grazed Mitchell's forehead and Kelly pushed Corbett away. Corbett's seconds rushed into the ring, but the referee was too excited, seemingly, to notice this infraction of the Queensberry rules. Between trying to count while Mitchell was down and at the same time prevent Corbett from committing a foul, Honest John had his hands full.

Most of the spectators were on their feet yelling themselves hoarse and wildly waving their arms.

Mitchell made a gritty effort to reach his feet within the time limit. He managed to do so, but had no sooner straightened up than a smash on the jaw from Corbett's right laid him low again. This time he stretched his full length on the floor and the championship fight was at an end.

Corbett and Mitchell were haled before a judge at Jacksonville after the contest to show cause why they should not be punished for offending against the laws. They evidently explained their actions satisfactorily as there is no record of their having been punished.

When they met outside the court house, Corbett for-

got the old soreness and greeted Mitchell in a friendly spirit.

"I must say that you are a good, game fellow," is one of the compliments the San Franciscan paid to the Britisher.

Mitchell took his defeat philosophically, but his father-in-law, "Pony" Moore, seemed depressed over the result of the fight.

"I think I can do better than that," said Mitchell. "Of course, a fellow always tries to explain away his defeat, but I'm not wishing to take any of the credit from Corbett. All I have to say is, that in trying to get into the best condition possible I brought myself too low in weight. I won't say what I scaled a day before the fight, for nobody would believe me. I was pretty close to the middleweight mark though."

After the contest Corbett made an extended tour of European countries. By his quick defeat of Mitchell he increased his fame as a fighter, and many who had doubts as to whether he was entitled to call himself champion of the world after his affair with Sullivan admitted that his victory over Mitchell fully established his pre-eminence among heavyweight boxers.

It should be explained that in those years there were still many admirers of the old style of fighting with bare knuckles. These hardshell ring patrons even pooh-poohed the idea that Sullivan was ever champion of the world, holding that his victory over Ryan at Mississippi City simply made John L. champion of America.

Among those who maintained that Sullivan was really a world's champion was Billy Madden, John L.'s former manager. Said he: "Sullivan was certainly the champion of the world. Here is the proof. The title went

to Tom Allen on the retirement of Jem Mace. Goss won it from Allen on a foul, and Paddy Ryan won it from Goss. Sullivan succeeded to it when he defeated Ryan, and Corbett became the champion of the world through winning from Sullivan under the Queensberry rules, by which all championships in future will be decided."

Then there arose another thorny question, to wit: "Was not Sullivan's title clouded when Charlie Mitchell boxed a draw with him on the turf at Chantilly?"

This was a poser and those to whom the query was put avoided answering it directly by saying: "Well, anyhow, Corbett has defeated both Sullivan and Mitchell so that no one can dispute Corbett's right to sign himself world's champion."

There was one who disputed it, however. This was Peter Jackson, who had defeated the best men in England and Australia as well as some of the topnotchers among American heavyweights, and who had boxed sixty-one rounds with Corbett at San Francisco.

Jackson made overtures to Corbett to fight after the latter returned from abroad, but the match never came to a head. Each man claimed that the other had thrown obstacles in the way of a meeting and a disinterested person could choose between two diametrically opposite statements of the circumstances.

Anyhow, Jackson and Corbett did not fight again and Corbett was left to enjoy his laurels until Fitzsimmons began to pester him for a match.

Fitz, in addition to being the kingpin among middleweights, had demonstrated that he was able to hold his own among heavyweights. When he suggested that he would like to fight Corbett there began a long drawn out

wrangle, which was notable for the bitterness displayed on both sides.

Corbett at first declared Fitzsimmons would have to defeat some prominent heavyweight before being considered eligible to box for the championship. The sporting press sustained Fitzsimmons in his demand for a go with Pompadour Jim, and the latter eventually decided to give the Cornishman battle.

A match was arranged to take place in Florida, but the legislature of the state named passed a law which forbade the holding of glove contests.

Dan Stuart, Joe Vendig and others believed they could bring the men together in Dallas, Texas, but here again Governor Culbertson interposed an objection, and, with the lawmakers to back him, wrecked the plans of the promoters.

Prominent citizens of Hot Springs, Arkansas, then offered to furnish a battleground for Fitzsimmons and Corbett, and Stuart moved his headquarters to the point named.

It was decided that the fight should take place at Hot Springs on October 31, 1895, Fitzsimmons meanwhile training at Corpus Christi, Texas, and Corbett at a spot a few miles out of Hot Springs. Governor J. P. Clark, of Arkansas, set his face against the championship fight, but the Hot Springs promoters insisted that all would be well.

Fitzsimmons left Corpus Christi on October 28 for the scene of the contest and was met at Marshall, Texas, by a special train sent out by the Hot Springs sports to bring the Cornishman to the ringside in safety. Fitzsimmons and Julian refused to leave the train they were on, and before proceeding much further on their jour-

ney, were arrested by deputies sent out by Governor Clark.

Fitzsimmons and his party were taken to Little Rock, Corbett being arrested at Hot Springs and brought to the city named. Thither the sports and the correspondents flocked, and it was generally admitted that there was no chance of the fight taking place in Arkansas.

While waiting for the affair to come up in court, Fitzsimmons and Corbett were guarded by deputy sheriffs. Each of the fighters called on the governor in turn and the state's chief executive also invited the leading sportsmen as well as the visiting correspondents to visit him at his office.

He was quite amiable and he laughed heartily when referring to the efforts made to bring off the fight in Arkansas. Manager W. A. Brady had a conversational tilt with Governor Clark and failed to impress his views on the governor.

Said Brady: "The great trouble is, Governor, some people don't appear to know the difference between a prize fight and a scientific glove contest."

"I guess I'm one of the class you refer to," said the Governor, with a grin. "That's why I am stopping this thing."

Corbett and Fitzsimmons were brought before the court at Little Rock and bound over to keep the peace toward each other as well as to all and sundry in the state referred to, and the prospect of a meeting between the world's heavy and middleweight champions faded.

Corbett returned to New York, and early in November, 1895, intimated that he would soon retire from the ring.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FITZSIMMONS AND MAHER.

On November 11 Peter Maher and Steve O'Donnell boxed at Maspeth, L. I. The latter was Corbett's sparring partner, and Corbett believed him a wonderful fighter. Maher defeated O'Donnell in the twinkling of an eye, and no one was more surprised than James J. Corbett. He congratulated Maher, saying: "Apart from myself I consider you the best boxer in the world. I am determined to retire and I resign the championship in your favor, being quite satisfied that you will be able to defend it successfully."

Fitzsimmons, who had already defeated Maher at New Orleans, did not believe in seeing Peter wear the heavy-weight crown. He immediately challenged Maher, and Dan Stuart, who was determined to bring off a heavy-weight championship at all hazards, offered a purse of \$10,000.

It was agreed that the fight should take place at a point to be designated by Stuart, in February, 1896. Fitzsimmons went into training at Juarez across the Rio Grande from El Paso, and Peter Maher took up his abode at Las Cruces, N. M.

Immediately El Paso filled up with Texas Rangers, Governor Culbertson being fearful that Stuart might outwit him and handle the fight in the Lone Star state after all.

Stuart was very silent in regard to his plans. He said the contest might take place in Texas, then again New Mexico might be the scene of the affair, while it was just possible that the men would battle at some point in Old Mexico. As a matter of fact Stuart had any number of irons warming in the fire, and until late in the day was doubtful himself as to where he would find a ringsite.

Eventually Mexico was decided upon, and on the night of February 20, a special train bearing the pugilists and the excursionists left El Paso for Langtry, Texas. In the different cars were numbers of Texas Rangers, who dozed with their rifles in their arms.

The crowd disembarked at Langtry, Texas, the following morning. Stuart was met there by his partner in the kinetoscope venture, and the gentleman referred to reported that something had gone wrong with his rapid-fire cameras and begged Stuart to have the contest postponed for twenty-four hours.

Neither Maher nor Fitzsimmons would agree, and for that matter, the feeling generally was that the fighters would be lucky if they finished their little affair before the Mexican authorities got wind of what was happening and pounced upon them.

In order to reach the battleground it was necessary to cross a temporary footbridge, which spanned the Rio Grande, and then walk about a quarter of a mile. The ring platform had been erected on a level stretch of sand on the Mexican side, and a low shelter composed of light timbers and canvas had been built around it.

The spectators were rather nervous while the men were preparing for the fray, but at that they admired the picturesque surroundings. On the high bluffs on

the American side of the river, numbers of rangers leaned on their rifles and watched the scene. In groups here and there were Mexican residents of Langtry in bright costumes. On the Mexican side were grassy slopes, dotted with thousands of sheep and goats.

When the fighters came into the ring, Martin Julian asked Referee Siler if he had in his possession the ten thousand dollars that the men were to fight for. It had been arranged before leaving El Paso that Tom O'Rourke, the stakeholder, was to hand the amount to Siler in currency.

Siler immediately produced Dan Stuart's check for \$10,000.

"We won't fight for that," said Julian.

Then he turned to O'Rourke and asked him why he had not cashed the check before leaving El Paso. O'Rourke replied that he did not care to carry \$10,000 on his person when traveling in a strange land. A hitch seemed imminent, when suddenly Fitzsimmons raised his hand and cried out:

"All right, all right. Let her go. I've taken the worst of it many a time before and I'll take a chance again."

The fight needs but little description. Fitzsimmons opened proceedings with one of the clumsiest swings a man of his ring attainments ever was guilty of. He was not within several feet of Maher when he let go that wild, weird righthander, and he tumbled in towards Peter, floundering and with lowered head.

Peter, whose eyes had troubled him while training in the alkali dust around Las Cruces, blinked considerably in the reflected light from the glaring white ring mat, but he was strictly on guard. He caught Fitzsimmons a blow in the face as the Cornishman stumbled into



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Fitzsimmons Taking the Stage at Skaggs Springs, Cal.



ALBERT GRIFFIN (GRIFFO)

a clinch, and also rapped him in the ribs with the right.

When they parted there were other clumsy right swings from Fitzsimmons, interspersed with telling left facers from Peter, and the pair clinched more than once. Fitzsimmons complained that Maher was transgressing the rules, and Siler warned Maher to desist from hitting in the clinches.

As they pulled apart from a hugging match, an El Paso sport shouted, "One hundred dollars even on Maher!" The wager went unheeded, although some of those who were acquainted with Fitzsimmons' methods remarked that the Cornishman, in swinging in that wild, wideopen manner, was working out some scheme of his own, and would be heard from before the fight had gone much further.

Fitz covered up awkwardly as Maher let fly at him, and they went into another clinch. On being ordered to break, Fitz acted as if intent on backing away. Maher, eager to follow up his seeming advantage, stepped towards the lanky one and poised his right for a smash at the jaw.

It never reached. Fitzsimmons stopped suddenly and with a quick upward movement of his right caught Peter on the chin. The contact between glove and jawbone sounded exactly like the clicking of a door lock. Maher fell to the canvas covered floor. He rebounded in such a manner that his head and shoulders were clear of the boards. He rested on his heels and haunches and he trembled all over, like a man with palsy.

Fitzsimmons gave one look at him and then slouched towards his corner. Julian touched him on the arm and said excitedly, "Look, look!" Julian evidently thought that Maher was recovering and would attempt to rise.

"It's all over," said Fitz, after taking a backward glance at his fallen foe. Then he leaned on the ring post in his corner and listened to the count.

John Quinn ran around the ring to a point close to Maher and attempted to revive the Irishman by showering him with water from a sponge. It was of no avail. Peter was counted out and carried to his corner.

"Well, I'm the champion of the world, now," said Fitzsimmons, as he attired himself, in the little calico enclosure that served as a dressing room.

"And how about Corbett?" asked one of the correspondents. "Will you give him a fight?"

"Oh! I guess we'll come together after a while," said Bob. "In the meantime Corbett had better defeat a few of these husky heavyweights and improve his reputation."

Fitzsimmons took to the road with a vaudeville company, and later went to England, Corbett having arrived in the country named before him. Corbett was the first to return to America. Jim arranged his four-round bout with Tom Sharkey, referred to elsewhere in this book, and when the Cornishman came back from the other side he also had an experience with the muscular sailor. This was the affair presided over by Wyatt Earp.



CHAPTER XIX.

FITZSIMMONS AND CORBETT.

At the time of the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons bout, it was the understanding that Corbett and Fitzsimmons were to fight for the world's championship before many months had elapsed, and that Dan Stuart, of Texas, was to handle the mill. Sharkey and Fitzsimmons boxed December 2, 1896, and fifteen days later Corbett and Fitzsimmons attached their signatures to the following articles of agreement:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

We, the undersigned, James J. Corbett, of New York, and Robert Fitzsimmons, of New York, do hereby agree to a fight to a finish under Marquis of Queensberry rules, for the heavyweight championship of the world, for a purse of fifteen thousand dollars (\$15,000), offered by Dan A. Stuart, of Dallas, Texas.

It is further agreed that the said purse of fifteen thousand dollars (\$15,000) shall go to the winner.

Each principal also agrees to post two thousand five hundred dollars (\$2,500) in the hands of Richard K. Fox, or Al Smith, to guarantee his appearance in the ring, the one failing to live up to this agreement to forfeit to the other and said Dan A. Stuart.

The said Dan A. Stuart, as a guarantee of good faith, hereby agrees to post five thousand dollars (\$5,000) with Richard K. Fox or Al Smith, the said five thousand dollars to be divided equally between the said James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons, if Stuart fails to

carry out the provisions incorporated in this agreement.

The said Dan A. Stuart agrees to post the remainder of the purse money, ten thousand dollars (\$10,000), in the hands of Richard K. Fox or Al Smith thirty days prior to the date of the contest. The said ten thousand dollars to be forfeited by Dan A. Stuart to said James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons if Stuart fails to bring off the contest on the date named by him.

George Siler, of Chicago, is hereby agreed upon as referee.

The date of holding the contest, it is agreed, shall be March 17, 1897, between the hours of 7 a. m. and 11:45 p. m., and the place for holding the same must be named by said Dan A. Stuart on or before February 17, 1897.

The said James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons agree that Dan A. Stuart has the right to reserve all privileges.

And in witness the parties hereto have affixed their signatures this 17th day of December, 1896.

JAMES J. CORBETT,
ROBERT FITZSIMMONS,
DAN A. STUART.

In presence of witness.

CHARLES E. DAVIES,
MARTIN JULIAN.

Stuart pitched upon Carson City, Nevada, as the scene of the fight, legislation favorable to the holding of glove contests having been enacted at that place shortly after the signing of articles. Corbett and Fitzsimmons went to Carson to complete their training several weeks before the date of the affair, Corbett locating at Shaw's Springs, and Fitzsimmons at Cook's Grove.

Corbett had quite a staff of trainers and exercising partners. In the beginning, Billy Delaney, of San Francisco, was at the head of affairs, but when W. A. Brady arrived from New York he brought with him Charlie

White, and thereafter Delaney and White were equal in authority at Camp Corbett. The others on Jim's staff were Jack McVey, Joe Corbett, Billy Woods and Kid Eagan. Later, Jim Jeffries assisted in the work of preparing Corbett for his fight with the Cornishman.

As snow storms were frequent in Carson about that time the roads were in poor condition for outdoor work. Corbett, however, had a spacious ball alley erected, and between playing his favorite game and indulging his bent for wrestling and sparring, he managed to condition himself thoroughly. Later he put in a good deal of time on the roads around his quarters.

It was quite an event at Camp Corbett when Jim Jeffries arrived. The boilermaker, who was then a novice, was brought from San Francisco at Delaney's suggestion, the trainer believing that the husky young heavyweight would be far more suitable as a sparring partner for Corbett than either McVey or Billy Woods. The last named, by the by, was in the habit of wearing a pneumatic face and body protector so that Corbett might put in his hardest smashes without stint.

On the afternoon of Jeffries' arrival it was given out that the champion and the boilermaker were to have their first bout in private. As a reason for this it was stated that Corbett wanted to drill Jeffries a little and give him certain instructions that were to be observed daily thereafter, and that the presence of newspaper men and other visitors might cause Jeffries to feel embarrassed.

It was a very plausible story, but we all made up our minds that Corbett, having heard so much about Jeffries, wanted to ascertain just what kind of a bruiser the big fellow was and preferred to make his investigations when there was nobody around.

As it happened, however, there were as many pairs of eyes trained on Corbett and Jeffries when they had their preliminary bout as there would have been if the ball alley had been filled with spectators. The structure was built of Nevada white pine, and as each board contained many knotholes, the walls of the alley had a Swiss cheese aspect. Corbett noticed this before they had been boxing many minutes, but he wisely resolved to take no offense.

The bout was a lively one. Just as soon as Jim gained an inkling of the young fellow's style he boxed in a frisky manner, and as Jeffries was quite willing to strike out the affair involved plenty of footwork and exercise generally. Corbett was quite delighted with Jeffries and the little spell of glove work they put in every afternoon together became one of the attractions of Shaw's Springs.

When the weather took up in such a manner as to permit of Corbett going out on the highway each day in addition to his indoor work, Trainer Delaney became anxious. He felt that Jim had reached a critical notch in the matter of condition and that sustained work of a heavy character would injure rather than benefit the champion.

Some of the others around Shaw's Springs thought similarly and it was whispered at one time that there was a scheme on foot to burn down the newly built ball alley. The conspirators must have thought better of it, however, as the structure was still a landmark when Jim and the Cornishman were fighting for the championship on the race track at Carson.

Corbett and Delaney were at variance in a quiet way in regard to Jim's training. At one time Delaney pre-

vailed upon Corbett to let up for a day or so, but when Corbett resumed work he acted as if he thought himself duty bound to make up for the time he had lost. This caused Delaney to mutter things about fool fighters who used up all their strength and substance in training and had nothing to fall back upon when the test came.

A good idea of the manner in which Jim and his old mentor disagreed in regard to Jim's schedule was had one day when they were rubbing Corbett down after a long jaunt on the road. Delaney took particular notice of the signs of fatigue Corbett displayed and remarked, "You did not go as far as you did yesterday, did you?"

"Yes," said Corbett sullenly, "I went further."

Thereupon Delaney turned his eyes towards the ceiling and bit his lip.

These little tilts and differences were forgotten, however, when the date of the contest drew near. Delaney then declared that Corbett was in the best possible condition to defend his title and seemed to believe what he said.

Fitzsimmons worked like a Trojan to fit himself for the fray out at his quarters at Cook's Grove. He had for sparring partners Dan Hickey, Jack Stelzner and Ernest Roeber, and he engaged in wrestling and grappling exercise with the athlete last named. Very few of those who saw Fitz at work believed he had a chance with Corbett. The Cornishman seemed much finer drawn than when he boxed Maher down on the Rio Grande.

Fitzsimmons, himself, appeared to be confident enough, however, and one thing which suggested that he was genuinely sanguine was his constant good humor. He was in merry mood during the whole of his days of

preparation, and liked nothing better than putting up jakes in Rochester and others of his staff in the spare hours of the day.

In this respect Fitzsimmons presented a contrast to Corbett. Jim was irritable at times and his moods varied. Those who were close to him noticed this, and strangers among the visitors were mean enough to say that the prospect of meeting the Cornishman had no charms for the San Franciscan.

It would be ridiculous, of course, to urge that Corbett had anything of the coward in his nature after his experiences as a strapping, almost, with Joe Chynski, Peter Jackson and John L. Sullivan, but there is no denying the fact that the Corbett who trained for Fitzsimmons at Carson was not as steady nerved as the Corbett who prepared himself for Jackson, Sullivan and Mitchell.

It may have been that the prospect of being defeated by Fitz, however faint it may have appeared to him, contributed to Corbett's irritability, for even though Jim had resigned his title of world's champion to Maher, he still, without a doubt, considered himself the king of the world's heavyweights and believed himself entitled to all the prestige, popularity and privileges that attached to the laurels.

It can easily be understood how a man who has held the championship for years and has been the idol of sportdom wherever he traveled, could be more easily upset by thoughts such as these than a young championship candidate who had everything to gain by victory and very little to lose by defeat. For that matter Corbett himself made a better fight after he was relieved of the championship than he did at Carson.

I refer to his go with Jeffries near New York a year or two ago. Jim was the under dog in the public estimation on that occasion, and he went at the big boiler-maker with all the abandon of a fellow who had no championship to protect and who felt that he would not suffer to any extent in reputation if the battle went against him.

Corbett's ill humor was manifest on the day Fitzsimmons overtook him on the road near the Carson prison. Jim had been out to the jail to see the footprints, which are supposed to have been left by some giant sloth in prehistoric times.

Cartoonist Homer Davenport and myself arrived at the prison while Corbett and his party were there, and followed them towards Carson in a buggy soon after they left. It was Fitzsimmons' custom to run daily along the road in question, and on this particular occasion he overtook Corbett and his crowd opposite the place where the championship arena was being erected on Carson race track.

Fitzsimmons, who was accompanied by Dan Hickey, proffered his hand to Corbett, but the latter refused to shake and worked himself into a fit of anger.

"I'll shake hands with you over there if you defeat me on St. Patrick's day," said Corbett, jerking his thumb towards the unfinished structure.

Fitzsimmons, who seemed nonplused, walked away rapidly and the two fighters raised their voices and made uncomplimentary remarks to each other as the distance between them became greater.

The incident was not forgotten, and it led to Fitzsimmons refusing to shake hands with Corbett when they met in the ring on the eventful day.

While the attendance at the contest was comparatively small, it is doubtful if any pugilistic event that ever took place attracted as much attention as the affair up in the sage brush country.

There were several reasons for this. To begin with, it was a tussle between a pair of world's champions, each representing a different weight class, a thing never heard of before. It was felt, too, that the contestants were the two most talented, and at the same time the two most widely known, fighters on the face of the earth at that time.

While the most knowing ones in the inner circles of sportdom had made Corbett a top-heavy favorite, the feeling out among the people generally was that Fitzsimmons had almost an equal chance. This added to the interest as did the further belief that both men were at their very best and would, on account of the bitter feeling of rivalry they entertained toward each other, put up a fight that would be notable for stubbornness and heroic effort.

Even the women folk and the children kept close track of what was happening at Carson during the days of training. This was shown by the character of the mail received daily at the opposition camps.

Youngsters who could barely scrawl wrote to Fitzsimmons and Corbett, giving their impressions as to the best methods to be employed to secure a victory. Other letters contained rabbits' feet, four leaved clovers, scraps of ribbon and other things of a miscellaneous description, each particular offering being lauded as a never-failing talisman or good luck charm.

There were letters, too, from fond mothers conveying the information that a newly born son had been chris-

tened Robert Fitzsimmons Gilhooley, or it may be James J. Corbett Obernsdorfer. The mail receipts became so large before the championship contest took place that special hours of the day had to be set apart for reading, classifying and replying to such letters as called for replies.

Strangers began to drop into Carson a few days before the 17th and the hotel accommodations being limited, the fight visitors were farmed out to private houses. On the day preceding St. Patrick's day several special trains arrived, the members of these particular excursions having made arrangements to occupy the Pullman cars they brought with them during their stay.

Blue skies ushered in St. Patrick's morning and Carson City was all agog. Dan Stuart and his associates were particularly jubilant, for even though the wise men of the East and middle West had not rolled up in large numbers to see the sport, there was every prospect of obtaining excellent moving pictures of the fight.

Several special trains arrived from San Francisco and other points and there were carloads of miners from the Comstock region. Altogether, what with Indians, cattlemen, delvers in the bowels of the earth, and others who gained a living far from the madding crowd, it was a motley throng which gathered in the Nevada capital.

Poolrooms conducting wagering on the contest sprung into existence and Corbett was made a strong favorite at odds of 10 to 6.

The notables of fistiana were there in force, with John L. Sullivan the center of attraction among the non-militant crowd. Sailor Sharkey was also on hand and came in for his share of admiration.

It was announced that the big fight would take place in the newly built arena on Carson race track somewhere around the hour of 11, but the crowd began to make its way to the ringside long before that time.

Naturally there was a good deal of curiosity to learn how each of the boxers felt, and there was general satisfaction when it became known that both Jim and Bob were in tiptop fettle.

Dr. Guinan, who examined Fitzsimmons and Corbett for the W. R. Hearst papers, reported that both men were in splendid condition. Of Corbett he said:

"His whole physical machinery is in splendid condition and unless some unforeseen misfortune happens he will enter the arena as fit as his most ardent friends could wish."

The doctor said that Fitzsimmons' organs were also in fine shape and that he found the Cornishman "a very well man."

Speaking for himself, Corbett said: "If I had been made to order for this fight I could not be in better shape. I have never been as free from nervous anxiety as I am at the present moment and this I largely attribute to my present state of health. I am told that Fitzsimmons is well trained and ready to fight every foot of the way. I hope this is so, for I want to settle the question of supremacy between us in a way that will leave no doubt of where the superiority lies."

Fitzsimmons had the following to say: "As to my general condition I can only say that my friends who will be at the ringside could not expect more of me. I am fit from head to foot and will enter the ring without regrets at anything I have done through the whole course of my training. Sleep has come to me when I required it

and I have had all the rest I desired. My body has answered to every demand made upon it by exercise and system and my appetite has been excellent. My head is perfectly clear and combining, as I will, all the experience of former years with the ability I possess today, I consider myself in proper trim to handle this job, as I have all others."

The bulk of the crowd was seated by 10 o'clock, and it was clearly to be seen that there would be room and to spare in the big circular edifice. The sun was beating down in such a manner as to make overcoats an encumbrance, and the only way to obtain a suggestion of coolness was to gaze at the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras in the distance.

The kinestoscope platform, with its trappings, loomed up on the south side of the ring, the arrangements being such that there was no possibility of spectators bobbing up between the camera and the fighters.

At 10:30, Billy Jordan, of San Francisco, the dean of all announcers of pugilistic events, clambered into the ring and held his hand aloft to enjoin silence. Jordan stated that he had been requested to challenge the winner in behalf of John L. Sullivan to fight for \$5,000.

As Sullivan, obese and gray haired, squeezed in between the ropes in response to calls for a speech, the crowd hardly knew whether to take the challenge seriously or not. The big fellow said he believed he had one fight left in him and he was quite earnest in his desire to tackle the winner.

When Sullivan vacated the platform Billy Madden put in an appearance and told the crowd that Joe Goddard, the Australian heavyweight, was also eager to try conclusions with the winner.

Then it was Sailor Sharkey's turn. Tom spoke for himself and said, among other things, "I've met both of these men and I don't think either them has got anything on me." Sharkey then handed the writer a check for \$2,500, saying that it was to stand as his forfeit in case the winner decided to accept his challenge.

There was a long wait before anyone immediately connected with the fighters put in an appearance, but the crowd was remarkably patient. There was considerable cheering when Mrs. Fitzsimmons came into view and took her seat in a box reserved for her by the San Francisco *Examiner*. She had for company Senator Ingalls, who wrote an account of the proceedings for the Hearst papers.

Shortly before 12 o'clock William Muldoon, who was to act as official timekeeper, inspected the gong and the arrangements of his department generally and had a conference with L. M. Houseman, who kept time for Fitzsimmons, and James Caldwell, who acted in a similar capacity for Corbett.

Fitzsimmons was the first to enter the ring. He sported a clean shave and his damp hair looked as if it had been carefully brushed. He wore a dressing gown of many colors and was attended by Martin Julian, Ernest Roeber, Dan Hickey and Jack Stelzner. Before mounting the ring steps Fitzsimmons stopped at the *Examiner* box and kissed his wife.

Corbett presently came along from an opposite direction. Jim's dressing gown was of a nondescript color. Those who accompanied him to the ring were W. A. Brady, Charlie White, Joe Corbett, Billy Delaney, John Donaldson, Jim Jeffries, Kid Eagan and Billy Woods.

The bright glare of the noonday sun showed up Cor-

bett's complexion to disadvantage. The hue of his face was something akin to that of his drab bathrobe and he did not look anything near as confident as he did in his initial championship venture with John L. Sullivan. There was nothing in his actions, however, to denote that he lacked zest for the work in front of him. He nodded at least a score of times to different friends around the ring and he laughed and joked with those in his corner. He glanced steadily over towards Fitzsimmons a few times, but Fitz appeared to be purposely averting his gaze.

Some one in the Corbett angle of the ring remarked that Fitzsimmons was nervous, but a close scrutiny of the Cornishman failed to reveal how the conclusion had been arrived at. Each of Fitz's cheeks was of a pinky hue, and barring the fact that he blinked and bared his teeth when the sun shone in his face, he did not appear to be any more perturbed than he would be prior to the start of a boxing bout in his gymnasium.

Both men tested the ring padding with their feet, and Fitzsimmons, in the course of his stepping around, meandered towards Corbett's corner. When the Cornishman noticed where he was he turned abruptly and stalked across the ring, and many who had observed his motions laughed.

Then there was the fitting on of gloves, the tossing aside of bathrobes and the time honored conference in the center of the ring. The latter did not occupy very many minutes and at a hint from Referee Siler the seconds disappeared.

Corbett held out his hand towards Fitzsimmons, and Bob, from force of habit, half advanced his gloved fist

to grip that of the San Franciscan. Like a flash Martin Julian stepped in between them.

"There will be no handshake," said Julian, and Fitzsimmons, remembering his experience the day they met on the road, also shook his head and echoed "No."

Corbett was clearly taken back for an instant, but he grinned and shrugged his shoulders. Then he turned quickly and strode to his corner.

At exactly five minutes past the noon hour the official gong rang out and the rival champions stepped forth to fight for the blue ribbon of the world of fists.

It was a fight in which no mercy was asked or extended, a fight in which the participants tore at each other with the ferocity of tigers. Every punch meant so much towards a season of popularity, a coveted name among pugilists and sportsmen generally, and a hoard of foot-light gold. Beyond that again, every punch meant some word or slight avenged during years and years of mutual bitterness.

Fitzsimmons was the first to make a motion. He waved his rigid left arm and Corbett hopped away as lightly as a sparrow. Jim seemed more natural now that he was in action than when back in his corner waiting for the word.

He smiled and stepped around, contriving to keep the Cornishman so that the sun shone in his eyes. Corbett backed towards the ropes and Fitz made a violent left lunge at him. Jim ducked neatly and airily and again Fitz made play with his left.

Now Corbett took a hand, his own left being but an inch or two shy of the Cornishman's chin. Fitzsimmons was doing the forcing and Corbett was making mental notes of Bob's tactics. Back to the ropes went

Jim again, and as Fitzsimmons slouched towards him there was an exchange of lefts. Neither landed cleanly and they clinched.

After the break Fitz feinted with the left, then lowered his head and caught Corbett with a left on the body. They clinched again and broke at a word from Referee Siler.

Fitz followed Corbett and tried all manner of means to land with the left, but Corbett ducked and sidestepped, avoiding the Cornishman's efforts and keeping as cool as a cucumber. Half way through the round Corbett took to countering, and Fitzsimmons was rapped both on head and ribs. The Cornishman drove his opponent into a corner and let go two lefts in succession. One blow was short and the other glanced off Corbett's shoulder. Jim stepped in quickly and sent his right into the ribs.

Corbett was fighting with rare caution. Again and again he ducked out of danger after being backed to the ropes. The most hurtful punch landed by Fitzsimmons was with the right when he reached Corbett's temple during a clinch.

Corbett was more willing to exchange blows in the second round. He feinted rapidly, drew Fitz's fire, smothered the lead and clinched, nailing the Cornishman with a right on the ear before closing in. They hung together and swayed over to Corbett's corner, Bob trying hard to push Corbett away. When they finally broke Fitz was in Corbett's angle of the ring and Jim kept him there and also kept him guessing by feinting rapidly. Fitz finally took to swinging with the left and cleared a passage to midring.

They made the circuit of the roped enclosure, Fitz-

simmons lashing out viciously and Corbett footing it whenever Bob became too pressing. They exchanged blows at intervals and Corbett did the cleaner work. Jim had not begun to lend much force to his punches. He seemed content for the time being to know that he could reach the Cornishman and he was remarkably shifty in avoiding returns.

When the round was nearly over Corbett threw his head low and sent in a solid left dig on the stomach. Fitzsimmons grunted and their bodies bumped. Before there was time to clinch Corbett pushed Fitzsimmons away, lowered his head again and drove in another hard lefthander on the Cornishman's body. At a third attempt Fitzsimmons drew back out of danger. They were in each other's arms when corners rang.

Remembering the effect of his body blows Corbett opened the third round with a stiff punch in the stomach, throwing his head down so as to avoid Fitz's left swing. They came to a clinch and Corbett pushed Fitzsimmons away. Fitzsimmons now began forcing again and rushed Corbett to the ropes. Corbett put in a lefthander on the face while backing and a right swing from Fitzsimmons grazed Corbett's shoulder.

After that Corbett scored a left on the body and sent his right across on the jaw in a break. They clinched and smothered for a while, and once as they hung together, Fitz jolted Corbett's head with the right, Jim retaliating with a right over the kidneys.

Corbett went in largely for body punching and Fitz began to act as if Jim's solid lefts were distressing him. Fitzsimmons swung his right on the ribs and was repaid in kind. Then Jim got in two hard punches under the heart and avoided Bob's counters. Fitzsimmons

forced his opponent to the ropes again and at the second attempt with the left landed solidly on Corbett's jaw. Fitzsimmons was making the pace as the gong sounded.

Fitz took the initiative again in the fourth round and Jim caught him on the cheek while backing. After a clinch Fitz reached the ribs with the left and Corbett was there with the right on the jaw. It was not a very effective blow and Fitzsimmons grinned.

Back to a corner went Fitzsimmons with Corbett dancing after him. A snapping left took Fitz on the chin and a clinch followed. Both men were eager to score now. Fitz made a wild swing with his right. The effort threw him out of position and before he could gather himself together Corbett swung fiercely on the ear with the right. The inevitable clinch followed and Fitz, in breaking quickly to avoid a parting shot, bumped into one of the ring posts.

Just as soon as Fitz could steady himself he returned to the attack. He smashed Corbett on the face with the left and clinched. While parting, Corbett put in a jolty right on the cheek. Fitzsimmons came back, lowered his head and made a stiff arm sweep with the left for the body. Corbett easily avoided the punch, but was not so lucky in escaping a right aimed at his jaw. It was a light one, however.

Fitzsimmons made determined efforts to work a free right in the clinches now, but Corbett's knowledge of standup wrestling was too extensive and he held the Cornishman in such a way that no opening occurred. To show that he was the master at break hitting Jim rapped his opponent smartly on the side of the head with the right while coming out of a clinch. Soon after

that Corbett drove his right in at the ribs. It was a punishing blow.

Fitz was looking tired now and his condition was not improved when two swift left swings in succession landed on his chin.

Corbett had considerable of a lead when they toed the scratch for the fifth round. He started off with a left-hander fair on the jaw and sidestepped in lively fashion as Fitzsimmons crowded him. Fitzsimmons set himself for another rush and ran into a left which took effect on the chin. They were holding and swinging towards the ropes when Corbett scored heavily with the right in the region of the heart. Then they worked their way to the center, where they dropped their arms and stood back.

After a couple of feints each landed a heart punch simultaneously. It would be hard to say which was the more severe. Another heart punch from Fitzsimmons was repaid with a left on the jaw. They were exchanging blows merrily now and Corbett was rolling up the bigger score. Fitz took his medicine gamely and grinned. Clinches were frequent and Corbett forced Bob's head back by placing the forearm against the throat. As soon as he had free play for his fists Corbett sent in one, two with left and right and the blood showed on Fitzsimmons' face. Delaney and White shouted "first blood for Corbett" while the men were clinched.

When they drifted apart Corbett sent in another telling left on the nose. Fitzsimmons leaned in and clinched, but Corbett freed himself quickly and sent in another cruel stab with the left.

"Take your time, Jim. You've got him!" was now the cry from Corbett's corner.

The admonition simply served to quicken Corbett. He sent in three blows in succession, two lefts and a right, on Fitz's face. The right took effect on the chin and jarred Fitzsimmons. There was a clinch and the Cornishman hissed through his bared teeth and drove in a heart punch.

Bob's eyes were rolling and he appeared to be in distress. He was bent on getting in a damaging body blow on the break and between clinches Corbett was smashing him savagely on the face.

The round was decidedly in Corbett's favor. He scored two blows to the Cornishman's one and seemed to be the fresher of the pair as they went to their chairs. The referee walked to the ropes and allowed the claim of "first blood" for Corbett.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons was very much discouraged. She was pale and she arose from her seat. She shouted to Bob's seconds and seemed to be signaling them to warn Bob to change his style of fighting.

A feint from Fitzsimmons brought them into a clinch before the sixth round had been in progress ten seconds. While they were thus clinging together Bob got his forearm across Corbett's throat and forced Jim's head back with such pressure that it looked as if he would crack Corbett's neck. Corbett cried "Oh!" and looked around at the referee. They swung to the ropes, parted again, and in the anxiety on the part of both men to accomplish something desperate clinches were frequent. Finally Corbett caught his man heavily on the chin with the right in the breakaway. They clinched again instantly and once more in the break Jim sent the Cornishman's head back with a punishing uppercut.

Fitzsimmons was shaken clear to the heels and his

guard was faulty. A second later Corbett's right glove pounded Fitzsimmons between nose and mouth and there was a scatter of blood drops on Fitzsimmons' chest. Bob was in trouble. He clung to Corbett tenaciously and Corbett had hard work to break his opponent's hold.

"Take your time, Jim," was the warning sent in through the ropes from Corbett's corner, but Corbett was all a-flutter and it is doubtful if he heard it.

Just as soon as he could pull loose, Jim drove in left and right on the face. Fitzsimmons seemed too far gone to put up a respectable defense, let alone strike back. His face was a fair target for Jim's lightning-like clips and the poor Cornishman's lean head rolled dizzily. He clinched at every available occasion, but gained very little respite by so doing. Corbett seemed to have the strength of a lion in that round and he swung the Cornishman around in the half clinches as a grown up man might handle an urchin.

Fitzsimmons was battered back to the ropes, Corbett steadying him with the left and pumping fierce right-handers into the face. Near a corner of the ring Bob stood with his legs apart and swung for Corbett's head with all the strength he could command. He missed, and again Corbett's right reached his chin.

Fitzsimmons fell to the floor. He rested on his knees and Corbett walked a little distance away, the referee standing between them tolling off the seconds. Fitzsimmons appeared to be but slightly dazed. Julian ran along on the outside of the ropes and Fitzsimmons straightened up at a word from his manager.

Corbett went to him immediately and bang, bang went left and right against the Cornishman's face. Fitzsimmons tried to keep him away by feinting, but Corbett was

not to be denied. As Corbett pressed in Fitzsimmons clinched and held on. Corbett wrenched himself free and tilted Bob's head with a right uppercut. For a while Fitzsimmons thought of little else but encircling Jim's shoulders with his arms and hanging there for dear life. He was unable to cling for any length of time, and whenever Corbett felt himself fist loose he threw in jolts which jarred the lank fellow tremendously.

Finding that Fitz would not down from the blows that were being rained against his face, Corbett tried a righthander in the stomach. The only effect of this was to make Fitzsimmons clinch with more fervor.

Corbett's face was a study. His eyes were glittering and he was thoroughly worked up. He seemed to be exasperated at his failure to send the wiry framed fighter in front of him to the floor and he redoubled his efforts.

When the round was nearly over Fitzsimmons began to swing his arms again, but there were neither force nor direction to his blows. Corbett drew back at times to avoid contact and then darted in and placed left and right on the face. In the last few seconds of the round a scattering punch from Fitzsimmons took Corbett on the mouth and nose and he returned to his corner with a little blood in his nostrils and on his lip.

Fitzsimmons seemed to be heavyheaded and weak as they sponged him off in his angle of the ring. There was excitement all around. It was any odds you might name on Corbett's chances when they raised their hands for the beginning of the seventh round.

This three minute spell was not so disastrous to Fitzsimmons. It looked, indeed, as if Corbett had drawn heavily on his fund of reserve force in that terrible sixth

round and that he felt the necessity of steadying himself for a while.

Fitzsimmons started the ball with a left swing which Corbett avoided. They bumped together and held an instant and while drifting apart Corbett brought the blood afresh with an ugly little right jolt. The punch seemed to anger Fitzsimmons and he came in whirling his fists in an overhand manner. Corbett stopped his opponent's advance with a straight left and then Jim hopped away and eyed the Cornishman critically.

Fitzsimmons went to him and they clinched. Bob tried for a jolt in the break, but Corbett baffled him. Fitzsimmons seemed to have freshened up temporarily. He kept after the San Franciscan and made persistent attempts to nail him with the left. He was short many times and he seldom managed to place his arms in position again before feeling the effects of a left or a right.

Corbett began feinting again and he cleared the way for a fusilade of facers which rattled Fitzsimmons and forced him to go on the defensive and resort to clinching. In the last minute of the round Corbett fought carefully and at the same time effectively. He coaxed Fitz into leading, dodged the Cornishman's blows and sent in lightning smashes while Bob was out of position. Some of Fitzsimmons' swings were well meant, but they fell far short of the mark. Just before chair time Corbett swung heavily on the cheek and followed it up with another on the ear.

Fitzsimmons seemed to be more confident as they stepped forth for the eighth round. He fiddled for an opening and Corbett sidestepped in a bewildering manner. When the Cornishman finally lunged out, Jim

ducked and they clinched. After that Fitz reached the face with the left, but when he tried to repeat, Corbett dipped his head and threw a stiff left into the pit of the stomach. Fitzsimmons let fly a spiteful left and swung himself half around. Corbett skipped away laughing.

Fitzsimmons pressed in with his right poised for a smash, but Jim was wary. He scented trouble and employed his knowledge of distances to a nicety. He was always just out of range when the Cornishman swung at him.

Corbett permitted Fitzsimmons to act as pacemaker for a while. He straightened his left occasionally with good results and found the ribs with the right. Once he met his opponent with a crushing righthander on the nose. After that he took a turn at forcing matters, and as a result of the onslaught placed a right under the heart and two lefts on the face to his credit.

Jim then began to vary his methods. He led short with the left more than once and it looked as if he did not intend them to reach, but was figuring on something else. Finally, as Fitz came towards him, Jim "balked" with the left and then brought the right around on the face. Fitzsimmons let go his right in response and was several inches short of the mark. Then they went into a clinch and as they stepped back, Corbett struck his opponent many times on the face, bringing the round to an end with a flush left on the nose which sent Bob's head back.

Fitzsimmons was commendably persistent in the ninth round. He blocked Corbett's blows more cleverly than he had yet done and he sent in a hard left on the stomach. He was warned by the referee to beware of hitting low and he promised that he would be careful.

Corbett came back with a left dig in the midsection and Bob doubled up like the traditional jackknife. There was a clinch and then Fitzsimmons forced Corbett to the edge of the ring, taking a left rap on the nose and failing to score with right and left swings.

They worked to midring again and Corbett got home with a long straight left on the chin. Fitzsimmons shook his head as they clinched. When they broke Corbett was there with another stinging jab with the left, and yet another and followed with a forceful right just under the heart.

Fitzsimmons seemed to draw in his breath while holding, as if the body punching distressed him. He did not lose time, however, when they separated, but shuffled in towards Corbett and let fly the left at the head. Jim threw up his shoulder and stopped the blow and a second later dealt Fitz a telling left on the jaw.

They came to a clinch again and Fitz tried a right-hander almost as soon as they parted. He missed and his head went back from a left which took him between nose and mouth. Corbett then ducked a left swing, placed a lefthander on his opponent's face and clinched.

Fitz made a mighty effort to nail Jim with a right in the breakaway, but Jim hunched his shoulder and warded the blow. Corbett then glanced towards his corner as if to reassure his seconds that everything was well with him. Fitzsimmons was bleeding freely and his legs seemed to drag as he moved around. One of Corbett's seconds sung out, "Look out for him, Jim. He's faking. He's not as bad off as he looks."

As Bob sat in his chair during the minute of rest allowed him after the ninth round, Julian and Roeber busied themselves chafing his legs. The Cornishman's

under lip protruded and his nose presented a battered appearance.

As he toed the scratch for the tenth round the look of grim determination in Fitz's snappy blue eyes contrasted strangely with the bruised appearance of his face. He went to work quickly, boring in on Corbett and swinging heavily at him with the left. Corbett was out of range and Fitz stumbled to the ropes.

As he faced about Corbett crowded him and bang went Jim's right against the ear. Fitz clinched to think it over and was more than ever convinced that action and plenty of it should be the watchword from that time forward. They swayed to the middle of the platform where they broke away.

Fitz swung for the face with the left. He was short and Jim countered him on the nose. There was another clinch, and just after breaking, Fitzsimmons tried a left for the ribs, Corbett stopping the blow with his elbow.

Fitzsimmons was becoming stronger every second and was warming to his work, while Corbett appeared to be slowing off to some extent. Fitz got to the face with the left and then put in a good right over the heart. Corbett came back with a left which reached Fitz's neck, and the Cornishman immediately clinched and forced Jim's head back with his forearm.

As they swung apart Corbett let fly at the ribs with the left. Fitzsimmons drew away far enough to avoid the blow and grinned. Then Fitz shot in a straight left on the stomach and took a left on the cheek in return.

They feinted a bit and Fitz backed into Corbett's corner, where he received a heart blow. Twice in succession Jim drove the left into the pit of the stomach, but

his punches were losing their sting. He placed a left on the mouth and was countered stiffly.

Fitzsimmons began to hustle things again and did good work with his left. He scored one particularly heavy blow as they broke apart from a clinch. It was a lefthander and it caught Corbett on the mouth. There were cries of "good boy, Fitz," and Fitz gritted his teeth and waded in. In another break he rapped Jim solidly on the neck with the right and Jim dived in and hugged him. More cries of "good boy, Fitz," greeted the game Cornishman.

Corbett's face as it loomed over Fitz's shoulder was the face of a tired man. His color was ghastly. He looked straight towards Delaney and White, but it must be said that there was no gleam of triumph in the glance. It rather suggested that Corbett felt that he had none the better of the fight at that particular point; that his energies were flagging, but that he was possessed of a desperate resolve to battle it out to the bitter end.

To the writer, Corbett looked as he looked that other time when he leaned over Sharkey's shoulder in the fourth round of that hurricane whirl in San Francisco. It was a look that suggested impaired stamina.

As they stood away from the clinch, again Corbett sent his left for Fitz's face. It was a light blow and the counter which fell upon Jim's chin was a jarring punch.

"Take your time, Jim; take your time," was the warning from Corbett's corner, but it must be said that at that stage Jim's thoughts were of clinching, mainly. Between clinches Fitz made great use of his left, rocking Corbett's head more than once. In ducking Corbett managed to place his head under Fitz's arm and Bob

dragged him, wrestler fashion, towards the ropes. There were audible objections to Fitz's tactics from Corbett's angle of the ring and Fitz released Corbett, who struggled to the center.

Jim, who was palpably tired, was willing to spar for time, but Fitz would have none of it. He was firm on his legs now and he evidently felt that things had taken on a different aspect. He followed Corbett around steadily and persistently, and shook him up with a left-hander in the face. They were in a clinch when the gong sounded.

Fitzsimmons seemed impatient for the eleventh round to begin. He appeared to realize that the uphill part of the journey was over and that he was now fighting tooth and nail with his heavier adversary on level ground. How he did work that left when the bell sent them together! For a while Corbett avoided contact and for that matter scored left facers and right body blows in between Fitz's futile swings.

Fitz's time came as they separated from a clinch. He hooked Corbett twice in succession on the chin with the left and there was a yelp of delight from the Fitzsimmons angle.

The little howl of joy that went up from the opposition corner acted as a spur to Corbett. He jumped towards his man, braced himself and smashed out with left and right. He reached Fitz's face and caused it to bleed afresh. Then they clinched and as they parted Corbett drove in his right on the ribs. Fitz took it all without trying a return. Both men appeared to be tired as they held to each other and swayed across the carpet.

They hit short and clinched at every opportunity, hanging together without punching. Delaney shouted

to Jim to look out for "that right," and the words were hardly out of his mouth when Fitz swung viciously with the hand in question. He missed twice with it and the third attempt caught Corbett on the upper arm. It was a lead and a clinch now, both men ducking in turn and both apparently being of the same mind in regard to grappling and holding on after avoiding a well-meant swing.

The secret of Fitz's partiality to clinches at this stage was, evidently, his desire to score in the breakaway. He grazed Jim's face once with a right uppercut, and at the end of another clinch left-hooked the San Franciscan in the face. After that again Bob jolted him on the ear in the break and as they stood away Fitz swung his left twice in succession and reached Corbett's chin both times.

It seemed to be the toss of a penny now which way the thing would go. They were both tired from their efforts, but Fitz gave evidence that he had the bulge on Jim in the matter of recuperating quickly. Another thing, no matter how Fitzsimmons' legs dragged or his body swayed, there was always a suggestion of solidity about his leads and counters.

Corbett, when he brightened up, appeared to be able to reach Bob's face and body at will, but steam seemed to be lacking in his deliveries.

In the last few seconds Corbett straightened his left as Fitz came towards him and landed on the face. Fitz swung his left at the same instant and landed heavily on the neck. Fitz followed in and swung again. He was short, but he kept right on and jammed Corbett into a corner. There the Cornishman let go with both hands,

the right nailing Corbett on the ear. Jim dipped in and held on.

They swung around and Fitz pulled himself away. Then he went after Corbett again and it was well for Jim that he ducked in time, for the righthander that went in his direction was a particularly well-meant one. They were in a clinch at the bell and as they went to their corners remarks to the effect that it was "anybody's fight" were numerous.

Both men appeared to have been considerably freshened as they stepped forward for the twelfth round. Corbett began feinting, but Fitz pressed in swinging, and forced Corbett into his own corner, where they clinched. Jim put plenty of vim into a left swing after the breakaway and missed the Cornishman's face by a couple of inches. Fitz followed his man around, making jolting hits with the left, which Corbett cleverly avoided. Once Fitz tried a swift righthander, which passed over Corbett's head.

Coming out of a clinch Fitz got to Corbett's stomach with the right, and in another clinch which followed, Bob repeated the trick.

Corbett now began reaching for the nose with the left and got there twice in succession. Then Jim threw in a left body blow. He was doing quite nicely, thank you, until Fitzsimmons smashed him on the chin with a left and jolted his head. Jim clinched and clung for a few seconds and managed to put in two telling right-handers on the ear while breaking. It was Fitzsimmons' head that rocked that time.

They sparred across the ring and Jim swung with the right. He was short, but he scored with the left a second later. Then for a brief while Corbett took a de-

cided lead, landing both left and right. Fitzsimmons brought matters to a clinch and was there with a couple of snapping rights on the face in the break. Neither of these blows seemed to affect Corbett.

Fitz took a light left on the face for the privilege of putting in a left stomach punch. It was a hard blow. Corbett fiddled for a moment and came back at Fitzsimmons with a lefthander on the body. Then they clinched and as they pulled away Corbett put all the force he had behind a right uppercut. The blow missed Fitzsimmons' face and the champion's glove went high in the air, the spectators crying out, "Ah!" as they noted Fitzsimmons' close call. A second later the bell called the men to their corners.

There was a pleased expression on Mrs. Fitzsimmons' face now. The color was back in her cheeks and her eyes danced merrily. She bent over towards her husband and chatted to him while his seconds freshened him up with damp sponges. A whisper came around the ring that she had told Bob to go right after his man, as the thirteenth round was always a lucky one for him.

Fitzsimmons certainly lost no time in getting down to work when he left his corner. He led short with the left and swung his right on the ribs. Then his left banged against Corbett's chin and Jim hustled in and clinched. They stood away again and Corbett was short several times with lefts meant for the face, Fitzsimmons meanwhile getting in a hard left on the body. Just after a clinch Corbett was there with a light right over the

s
 cc Fitz's blood was up now and Corbett was inclined to
 be defensive. Fitz followed him around, swing-
 ing both hands, and forcing Jim to clinch. Jim

scored one break hit, a right on the chin. The blow was not a damaging one.

For a little while they sparred cautiously and then Fitz rushed Corbett to the ropes. Jim got out of a tight place a couple of times without feeling the weight of his opponent's gloves. Fitz followed him along the ropes and around the ring. Occasionally Jim stood and struck at Bob. Whenever he landed his blows were light. There were many clinches and in between Fitzsimmons kept his man ducking and sidestepping to escape being smashed. Once after drawing away from a left Corbett came back with a heavy right on the short ribs and a left hook under the chin. The blows did not stop Bob for an instant. He still kept moving towards Corbett and finally scored on the side of the face with the left. Jim then made a stand and put in a right uppercut and two lefthanders, the blood which showed on Fitzsimmons' face making it appear that the blows were stinging ones.

From the treatment the men received in their corners it was evident that neither of them had any too much steam. Their legs came in for a deal of attention and there was much slapping and rubbing between knee and ankle.

Then came the fourteenth round, the round that told the story. As already stated, Fitzsimmons was generally first to recuperate after a spell of tiring work and he gave further proof of the fact in this round. He bore down upon Corbett and Jim met him with a hard left rap on the mouth. Fitz shook his head and rushed again and a similar reception awaited him. With determination stamped on every lineament of his countenance Fitz went into close quarters, letting go left for

the body and the right for the head. The last mentioned punch was an overhand and it caught Corbett on the ear and shook him through and through.

Billy Delaney evidently felt that Corbett was hurt, for he shouted "Look out, Jim." Corbett clung to Fitz's shoulders and nodded towards his corner, as if to assure the fellows there that he was all right. When they broke away Fitzsimmons worked Corbett across the ring and sent him two heavy leftfacers and a choppy righthander.

Some of those who before the fight thought that it was merely a matter of Fitzsimmons' ability to reach Corbett's jaw were surprised at Jim's manner of assimilating those heavy facers. Frequently an extra hard punch from Fitzsimmons appeared to anger Corbett and make his gloves fly. He was bent on starting one of his periodical rallies now. He stepped in towards the crouching fellow before him as if intent on delivering one of his damaging lefthooks. As he led Fitzsimmons straightened up slightly and drove in his left for the body, catching Corbett at a point directly under the heart.

Corbett fell to his knees. As he went down Fitzsimmons, who had not stepped back, swung his left again, this time for the jaw. He landed on the right side of Corbett's face and there were loud cries of "foul" from Corbett's seconds. Assuredly no foul was meant. Fitzsimmons had simply employed a double punch and Corbett happened to be dropping floorward when the second instalment was on its way.

The blow on the jaw did not affect Corbett, apparently, but the other punch was a terrible one. Jim's right knee touched the ground and his left leg was twisted and nearly extended. He bent over until the tips of the fingers of his right hand rested on the floor. With his left hand he

grasped the flesh around his heart, and it was plain to be seen that the seat of the injury was there.

There was a look of intense agony on his face, his eyebrows were drawn together, his forehead was corrugated and he seemed to be fighting for just one breath.

Fitzsimmons stood close to him until ordered away by the referee, the official timekeepers meanwhile counting off the seconds loud enough to be heard. Corbett seemed to relax slightly from his rigid position and he shuffled along on his knees until he could grasp the upper ring rope with his right hand. He made a feeble attempt to pull himself to his feet, but his legs were as the legs of a man who was paralyzed.

Just as timekeeper Muldoon yelled "nine" Jim raised his left hand in mute protest against being counted out. His head was perfectly clear, but the breath had been knocked entirely out of him. Jim's seconds meanwhile continued their cries of foul and jumped into the ring. Stelzner and Roeber, from Fitzsimmons' corner, were also about to push in through the ropes, but Fitz ordered them back.

Then Muldoon pronounced the fatal word "out" and the spectators, who up to that time were evidently in doubt as to the legitimacy of the Fitzsimmons punch, realized that the championship had been lost and won. The cue for jubilation was given when Martin Julian waved a towel around his head and danced up and down in the exuberance of his feelings. Then the friends of Fitzsimmons voiced their glee.

Two seconds later Corbett was on his feet. His features were drawn and he looked desperate. He realized that he had lost the contest and he threw his hands high above his head. For a moment he bent over again as if

still affected by the pain of the blow. Then he rushed over to where Fitzsimmons was standing near the ropes, waving two miniatures of the American flag.

Spectators swarmed into the ring and Corbett's progress was impeded. His brother, Joe Corbett, caught him by the arm, but Jim wrenched himself free. He dodged past one another and literally fell upon the unsuspecting Fitzsimmons, striking him to the floor beneath the ropes.

Corbett was pulled away and Fitz was dragged to his corner and placed in his chair, Jim making frantic efforts to get to him a second time. Delaney clung around Corbett's neck and others intervened and managed to hold the infuriated fighter at bay. Jim was forced bodily back to his corner and then came the official announcement, "Fitzsimmons wins."

Corbett sat in his chair in a high state of excitement. Tears coursed down his cheeks.

"I am not licked," he said. "I am strong and full of fight. I am ready to go right along now if he is willing. If he doesn't care for that I'll fight him this afternoon. Oh! This is a tough deal, boys. To be counted out over a sneaking little punch like that when I was winning every inch of the way."

When the deputy sheriff had cleared the ring of a portion of the crowd, Corbett and Fitzsimmons were brought together to shake hands. Jim acknowledged that the victory was a clean cut one, but said he felt he was the better man.

"Will you fight me again, Bob?" asked Corbett, pleadingly.

"I will never fight again," said Fitzsimmons.

"You will have to," said Jim, determinedly. "If you don't I will go at you in the street."

To this Fitzsimmons replied, "If you ever do that I will kill you."

Such was the ending of a championship fight that will live in memory when other championships have faded. Even those who had lost heavily on Corbett admitted that Fitzsimmons had made one of the gamest struggles ever seen in a ring. His face was pecked, puffed and bruised by Corbett's spiteful stabs and jabs, but he stood it all and waited for the turn of the tide. Comparing Corbett's wonderful fistplay with Bob's bruising blows someone remarked that it was a case of glittering generalities against stubborn facts and that the stubborn facts won out.

Before the Corbett party left the platform W. A. Brady walked to the ringside and issued a challenge to Fitzsimmons to fight again for \$10,000 a side. It simply showed Brady's great faith in the ex-champion, but it had little effect on the crowd, for everybody knew that there were theatrical tours for Fitzsimmons and other money-making schemes to be considered before match-making became the order of the day again. For that matter Fitzsimmons was already on record to the effect that the fight that day would be his last.

Corbett was inconsolable as he made his way to his dressing room, and once there he became a victim of grief and chagrin to such an extent that his brother Joe urged him to act like a man.

An hour after the fight Corbett left for San Francisco in company with the author and others on the *Examiner-Journal* lightning special, which broke all previous records of railroad trips in its journey from the Nevada capital to the bay.

In talking of his defeat on the train Corbett said:

"I believe I fought as well as ever I fought in my life but luck was against me. The blow which won for Fitzsimmons was in a large measure an accidental one. It was a left hook and it caught me directly under the heart. I went to my knees but my brain was clear and I could see everything that was going on around me. I could not move a muscle and I felt as if I could not take a breath. I could not even move my lips. I remember after I caught hold of the ropes I raised my hand to protest against being counted out. I knew that the seconds were slipping away. At last I stood erect, but it was too late. It was a legitimate punch and the man who delivered it is entitled to every credit of his victory.

"I am satisfied that I am a harder puncher than Fitzsimmons. He must have reached me on the head at least a score of times and none of those blows hurt me. His most damaging punch was a lefthander in the stomach, such a one as he won the fight with. I did not look for that kind of blow. I was led to believe that his most dangerous blow was a right jolt somewhere around the jaw at close quarters, and that was the blow I was watching for all the time.

"Taking it from start to finish, it was the fastest fight I ever fought. I was never conscious of being tired. I suppose I was just like a man who had run one hundred yards at a fast pace or had done any other rapid piece of work and had to slow off. I am absolutely certain that I was not tired in the last round when he hit me the punch that won. That is what makes it all the harder to bear. If I had been put out in the ordinary way with a smash in the chin I would not care a button and would not be looking for a fight.

"I believe it was overconfidence which lost me the bat-

tle. Each time I went to my corner I was warned to keep away from him as much as possible and whip him with my left. I was carried away. I had felt his blows on my face and I did not fear them. I gauged the thing wrong and overlooked the punch that really was to be feared. I want to say for Fitzsimmons that he is infernally clever. He is decidedly the best man I ever fought. The way matters stand it can be readily understood that all of my arrangements for the future are shrouded in doubt. Fitzsimmons is the champion and I am the ex-champion. I will do no further boxing until I have convinced myself that all efforts to get Fitz in the ring again will be in vain."

Fitzsimmons, who was interviewed in Carson after the fight, said:

"When I went to my corner at the end of the twelfth round my wife, who sat within five feet of me, called out, 'Remember, Bob, the thirteenth is your lucky round. Don't let him whip you.'

"When the gong sounded I had freshened a little and was positive that he had gone his limit—had done the best he could and was at my mercy the first bad break he made. When the thirteenth closed I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had knocked out one of his gold teeth and perhaps two. I went to my corner more thoroughly convinced than ever that it was all up with him and that the next round would close the issue.

"In the beginning of the fourteenth round Corbett was fighting a little wild and made a swing which I sidestepped. In a flash I saw an opening and came in with a lefthander on the wind. Then, without changing the position of my feet, I shot the same hand against his jaw, thus giving him the identical blows which I had admin-

istered to Sharkey in San Francisco. There was no way for him to get up within ten seconds. I was sure I had done the trick, and although he made a hard struggle to get back on his feet he was counted out and the championship honors which I had won once before were again mine, in one of the fairest fights ever fought in the ring.

"I have promised never to fight again. I met the enemy and he is mine. I am now prepared to enter into some occupation other than the profession which has been mine for fifteen years."

CHAPTER XX.

FITZSIMMONS AND JEFFRIES.

For two years and a little over, Fitzsimmons remained firm in his resolve to keep away from the ring. He turned a deaf ear to Jim Corbett, and in fact to everyone else who sought to draw him into a fight.

All this time Big Jim Jeffries had been coming to the front in a plodding way, and making it apparent that he was at least the equal of any of the heavyweights who remained in the business.

Jeffries' field of action had been confined to San Francisco, but in course of time he went East with "Billy" Delaney and placed himself under the management of W. A. Brady.

There was considerable curiosity to see the Los Angelen in a bout in New York, and when he did set to in front of a Gotham crowd there was general disappointment over his performance. Jeffries undertook to stop colored Bob Armstrong in ten rounds and he failed, the best excuse he could offer being that his hands had gone back on him again early in the contest.

Brady was satisfied, however, that Jeffries was the coming champion and he began to advance his man's claims to a match with Fitzsimmons. He succeeded in his efforts eventually and it was announced that Fitzsimmons and Jeffries were to box on June 9, 1899, for the championship of the world.

At the outset the affair did not appeal to the sports who take interest in ring matters. It was thought the match was a very uneven one, and that Jeffries on his New York showing would prove a veritable punching bag for the hard-fisted Cornishman.

Jeffries went into training at Allenhurst, N. J., occupying the cottage that Jim Corbett lived in while preparing for his battle with John L. Sullivan.

Fitzsimmons took up his quarters at Bath Beach and it was easy enough, once training began, for anyone in search of him to locate the Fitzsimmons stronghold. There was always a crowd in the neighborhood, although about the only glimpse the general public had of Corbett's conqueror was when he was in the field adjoining his house, indulging in horseplay with his piebald pony.

Even the promise of that little spectacle seemed to warrant a knot of people loitering there all through the daylight hours, and if Fitz failed to give a matinee performance with the pony, they contented themselves with listening to the thumping of the punching bag in the barn which served as a gymnasium.

Jeffries was very modest in everything he had to say about the approaching contest, but at the same time he was steadfastly sanguine. He seemed to be less bothered over the prospect of meeting Fitzsimmons, than over his failure to make a favorable impression on the sports of New York.

He explained that everything had gone against him while he was getting ready for the bout with Armstrong. The weather was so extremely hot that he felt disinclined to follow the routine work necessary to attain good condition and in addition his hands were never right. He

considered he had learned how to box without injuring his hands in the meantime, and as the Spring weather was delightful for training he felt that he would land in the ring in shape to tackle Fitzsimmons or anyone else.

When asked when he first conceived the notion that he had a chance with the Cornishman, Jeffries said: "It was when I saw him box Corbett at Carson. I was in Corbett's corner and I made up my mind right there that I could whip Fitzsimmons. I have held that opinion ever since. No matter what some people think, I don't regard Fitz as a murdering puncher. He didn't knock out Corbett according to my way of thinking. Corbett was fagged out, just as he was in his fight with Sharkey, and it needed but a light punch to settle him. I felt that Corbett was all out after he fought that sixth round at such a breakneck clip.

"Anyhow I'm going to do the best I can," continued Jeffries. "Everything is pleasant in connection with this match. There has been no mudslinging or roasting as there would have been if I had been matched with Sharkey. If I am to be licked by Fitzsimmons I suppose that will end me as a possible champion for a while, but even if it puts me out of the business altogether I think people will say that I always fought on the square and did my level best."

"Billy" Delaney, who was present when Jeffries delivered himself in the foregoing manner, expressed great confidence in regard to the boilermaker's chances.

"I've heard some of the smart fellows saying that Jeff won't be able to hit him," said Delaney. "Well, if Fitz goes at Jeffries as he went at Corbett, Jeff will not only be able to hit him, but he will wind him up in short order."

"As to not being able to hit him," put in Jeffries, "I'd like to know what's to prevent me. I can hit other fellows who are just as clever as he is. Tommy Ryan, for instance, and as far as that goes, Ryan can't take many liberties with me, though I say it myself."

To a great many it appeared that the stamp of overconfidence was on everything Fitzsimmons did at his Bath Beach quarters. He trained in a haphazard way, and visitors were uncertain as to whether they would find him exercising in his gymnasium, or pulling and hauling with his pony in the water down at the beach.

In order to amuse his guests, when boxing was the order of the day, he permitted Yank Kenny and others of his sparring partners to hit him at will, although as a rule he got even with them in the windup by slugging them against the walls of the barn.

Martin Julian, Fitzsimmons' manager, when asked why Bob allowed Kenny and the other fellows to smash him on the jaw in that manner, replied: "Oh, it doesn't hurt Bob. I don't believe it's possible to knock him out. Why, down at Juarez, when he was training for Maher, he had sore teeth from the way Stelzner used to smash him, but he was never dizzy for an instant."

Any number of smart fellows who watched Fitzsimmons at work foresaw trouble for the Cornishman on account of this method of his of courting smashes from his sparring mates. It was instanced that the scheme was in direct contrast to Jeffries' ideas, for the boiler-maker would not allow any of those who boxed with him to place a finger on him if he could help it. The only conclusion that could be arrived at, after seeing Fitzsimmons exercise, was that he purposed making a toe-to-toe fight of it and that he believed he was going the

right way to work to season himself for a mill of that character.

Julian was often drawn into discussions hinging on this phase of Fitzsimmons' training. His stock argument was that Fitzsimmons knew what he was about and the fight would last but a short time. On one occasion Julian said: "We hear a lot about Jeffries' cleverness and how Tommy Ryan can't get any the better of him with the gloves. Dan Hickey is just as clever as Ryan, though, and Hickey can't touch Fitzsimmons unless Bob lets him. Fitz will be all there if it comes to a test of cleverness, and for the rest, Bob is as good as ever and if he doesn't win quickly, I'll be a very much surprised man."

Towards the end of the training season rumors were set afloat that Fitzsimmons had not attended strictly to business in the closing days of his work. Over at Camp Jeffries they believed these canards were the work of fellows who intended betting on Fitzsimmons and wanted to influence the odds. An investigation of the reports failed to show that Bob had been irregular in his habits. He appeared to be in excellent condition and he admitted himself that he was fit to fight for his life the night he entered the ring.

The contest took place at Coney Island and a tremendous crowd rolled up to see the battle for the world's championship. Fitzsimmons was the first to enter the ring. He wore a blue and white sweater and he was accompanied by Martin Julian, Yank Kenny and Jack Everhardt.

Jeffries soon followed. With him were Billy Delaney, Jim Daly and Jack Jeffries.

Fitzsimmons won the toss and selected the southwest

corner, which had come to be known as the "lucky corner."

When the men had fitted on their gloves and thrown aside their wraps they presented a startling contrast. Fitzsimmons, by comparison with his sturdy, massive opponent, seemed remarkably frail and lanky. His blonde skin and Jeffries' swarthy complexion accentuated the other differences that existed between them.

Fitzsimmons' shoulders, which on other occasions looked so formidable, dwindled to nothing when compared with the boilermaker's wonderful upper body. Fitzsimmons' legs seemed spidery, while the underpinning of the giant across the ring was simply elephantine.

Jeffries looked remarkably confident as he sat in his corner. Fitzsimmons seemed to be thoroughly unconcerned. By his manner he suggested that he considered the whole thing as an occasion on which he was to give further proof of his superiority over all leading heavyweights. That somebody else entertained similar impressions was made patent when a big floral horseshoe was passed over the ropes and dumped in Fitz's corner. The words "Good Luck to the Champion" appeared in small dark flowers on a background of white. After the spectators had feasted their eyes on it, it was withdrawn from the ring.

As soon as the men had donned their gloves Referee Siler ordered the ring cleared. Meanwhile, a few bets of 10 to 6 were offered on Fitzsimmons, but Jeffries money was remarkably scarce and it might be said that there was no betting.

When they went to the center for the first round Jeffries assumed a crouching position. He leaned away

over to the right and kept his left arm advanced. He had schooled himself carefully in this attitude, as he believed it would aid him in avoiding Fitzsimmons' favorite solar plexus punch.

Fitzsimmons paused just an instant and Jeffries stalked, ostrich fashion, towards the Cornishman. The latter gazed wonderingly at the stooping figure. Only for a second, though. Fitzsimmons feinted and then lunged out with the left, stepping towards his man at the same time. Jeffries was under the lead and they clinched, separating immediately by mutual consent.

Jeffries tried a feeler or two with his left and found he had not gauged the range. Fitzsimmons also was short with the left. Then Jeffries' powerful left arm straightened. He aimed at Fitz's skinny midsection and in trying to avoid contact the Cornishman backed into the ropes.

Jeffries followed in and Bob whipped his right across for the head. Jeffries squatted a little lower and the glove just touched his hair.

Fitzsimmons now went straight for the giant before him, swinging the left for the stomach and the right for the jaw. Jeffries was so bent over that the body punch did not reach. He dipped under the right at the head and clinched. The crowd cheered Jeffries for his odd and easy manner of baffling the all-conquering Cornishman.

After the break Jeffries caught his opponent a snapping left facer. Fitzsimmons avoided a second punch of the same kind and they were holding together when corners sounded. The round was in Jeffries' favor.

Fitzsimmons seemed piqued at his poor success and he carried himself straight as he strode towards Jeffries at



GUS RUHLIN AND HIS MANAGER, BILLY MADDEN



Carson City, Nev., Showing Arena in which Corbett and Fitzsimmons Fought

and swung again, but a hard left on the nose disarranged his aim. Not to be denied, Fitzsimmons bored in again, but even while he was bringing his right up to the ready, Jeff's unerring left crashed against his mouth.

Fitzsimmons steadied down for a second or two and while he was making up his mind what to do next, Jeffries caught him in the short ribs with the left and a moment later dashed in another straight left on the cheek. Fitzsimmons rubbed his face and shuffled away grinning.

Fitzsimmons took to feinting again. Then he stepped in quickly and made a rapid pass with the left, hooking Jeffries on the chin. Jeffries dived in and straightened up in front of Fitzsimmons without clinching. Fitz rapped him twice with the left and Jeffries, who seemed as if temporarily bewildered, threw his arms around Fitz's shoulders and held on.

They stood apart again and Fitzsimmons unlimbered his right. He was over-anxious and he made wild attempts at landing. Jeffries took to crouching again and began stabbing at the body with the left.

Fitzsimmons was possessed with the one idea now, namely, to get home with a knockout right. He cut loose with one blow which went within an ace of landing on Jeffries' chin.

Jeffries entered into the spirit of the thing and began to give and take with his sinewy opponent. There was a season of breast to breast fighting, in which Fitz placed his right on the ear and Jeffries scored a hard left in the solar plexus region and a right which took Bob on the temple.

Jeffries, by careful ducking and timely countering, had a good deal the better of the round. Fitzsimmons was fighting like a fiend, however, and the persistent way in

which he kept his right going made slightly anxious faces in the big man's corner.

When they left their chairs for the fifth round Jeffries acted as if bent on keeping away. Fitzsimmons was full of fight now. He worked his opponent towards the ropes and let go a straight left which cut Jeffries' eyebrow and brought blood. It was a hard punch and Fitzsimmons was eager to follow it up with others. He threw off Jeffries' right with his shoulder and sent in two left hooks in succession on the big fellow's face.

Jeffries crouched lower than ever and appeared to lack confidence. He got home on the stomach with the left as Fitz went at him, but the Cornishman pulled himself together quickly. He forced Jeffries into a corner, swinging at the head with both hands. Jeffries covered up and then clinched.

They pulled and hauled to midring and directly they let go Jeff tried a left swing for the head. It was a gingery smash, but it missed Fitz's chin by an inch. Fitzsimmons grinned as he stepped back. Jeffries now made play for the body and scored a solid right-hander, the crowd encouraging him by cheering. They exchanged lefts on the face, Jeffries' blow being the more damaging one.

Fitzsimmons pressed matters again and Jeffries went back to the ropes. Fitzsimmons rushed towards him and tried hard to land on the side of the head with the left. He overbalanced himself and went to his knees. When he arose Jeffries drove him across the ring, placing three straight lefts on the face in succession. Fitzsimmons made a stand and put in a pile-driving right just under the heart.

It was a fierce round, with the honors about evenly

divided. The straight left with which Fitzsimmons reached Jeffries in the beginning was possibly the fiercest punch the Cornishman landed. His heart blow at the finish of the round was also a heavy smash. It was remarked that there was little danger of Jeffries being knocked out when he stood up against assaults like these.

Fitzsimmons was brimful of confidence as he went forward for the sixth round. He worked Jeffries into a corner without delay, feinting with the left and letting fly the right for the face. It was a glancing blow and Jeffries clinched. After the break they worked diagonally across the ring, Fitz doing the forcing. He fainted considerably and was short with left and right. He finally reached the body with the left and lowered his auburn head just in time to escape a wicked right swing.

Fitzsimmons fumbled with the left a couple of times now, and it was evident that he was figuring on a right cross. While trying to clear the way for it he felt the force of Jeff's big fist on his ribs twice in succession. Fitz crowded his opponent to the ropes and scored with left and right. Jeffries' head jolted and there was a clinch which lasted until the referee parted them.

Jeffries was much inclined to duck in and hold on at this stage of the proceedings. Fitzsimmons was still looking for an opening for his right. He found it once after a break and the sound of the smash he placed on Jeff's throat could be heard at both ends of the pavilion. Jeffries had a subdued look, but otherwise he showed no effects of the punch. For that matter he made the pace for a while and sent in telling lefts at the body. Fitzsimmons' shoulder acted as a shield for most of the blows aimed at his face. The sixth round was decidedly in Fitzsimmons' favor.

Fitzsimmons went after his man again in the seventh round. Jeffries bent almost double and backed around the ring. After one or two attempts Fitzsimmons reached the mouth solidly with the left. Stung by the blow, Jeffries straightened up and lashed out, and in the course of a rally he put in a hard left on the stomach and a right on the jaw which made the Cornishman's head rock. There followed a good many feints, short leads and clinches, Fitz being the aggressor and his style suggesting that he was looking for a rightaway for his trusty right.

Near the end of the round each landed with the left and blood trickled from the corners of Jeffries' mouth.

Jeffries backed away again in the eighth round, Fitzsimmons pressing him. Fitzsimmons infused great energy into his righthand swings, but Jeffries managed either to duck or draw away from every lunge. Between swings Jeffries scored with the left on nose and mouth and cheers went up for the boilermaker. Fitzsimmons pursed his lips and laughed. He followed Jeffries to the ropes, swinging savagely, but ineffectually.

Jeffries held him off for an instant with a straight left on the body and then the Cornishman swung a rasping left on the big fellow's sore eye. Jeffries, who was bleeding again, scored on the ribs with the right and then sent in a straight left which sent Fitzsimmons tottering to the ropes. The crowd cheered, but Fitzsimmons, when he recovered from his surprise, began to grin. He shuffled towards Jeffries and cut loose with the right. He failed to land, but followed with a left which reached the chin. Just as the round closed Jeffries ducked a left and gave Fitz the shoulder. Fitz seemed to be thoroughly satisfied with himself as he walked to his corner.

When the ninth round opened, Fitzsimmons went to the scratch with his left arm dangling by his side. Evidently he was thinking of nothing but a knockout punch with the right. He was warned to attend to business by a hard left rap on the nose, which made the blood trickle. Still he waded in as if satisfied that all that remained was for him to swat Jeffries with the right.

Jeffries fought carefully and well, his straight left proving an effective stop whenever the Cornishman tried to get within striking distance. The heavy punches jarred Fitzsimmons, but he was as persistent as ever. There were smothered exchanges, followed by a clinch. After that Fitzsimmons got under one of Jeff's long lefts and the Fitzsimmons crowd were beginning to hope their man had at last resolved to be more cautious.

They were doomed to disappointment, though. Again Fitzsimmons danced in with his left by his side and let go a jolty right for the jaw. He missed and half turned in delivering the punch. Jeffries smashed him heavily under the heart with the right. Then Jeffries set himself again, and the next time Fitzsimmons bore down upon him a crushing left took the Cornishman on the nose.

Either Fitzsimmons was growing weak now or he was pretending to be in that condition in order to catch Jeffries unawares. Jeffries took no chances. He refrained from mixing it and relied solely on the left. He dashed it into Fitz's face twice. Then to the surprise of all Fitzsimmons ducked under a left and rammed his own left in on Jeffries' midsection. It was such a blow as the one the Cornishman administered to Corbett at Carson. From the way Jeffries cringed it was evident the

smash distressed him. On the whole, however, the ninth round was in Jeffries' favor.

Jeffries came out of his corner crouching for the tenth round. He was under advice, apparently, to proceed with caution and he followed his instructions to the letter. He ducked and shouldered when there was no cause for it. When Fitzsimmons finally made for him Jeffries met the Cornishman with a left on the jaw and backed away. Fitzsimmons feinted with the left and swung his right on the ribs. A second later Jeffries got under a well-meant left swing and clinched.

Something in the clinch must have conveyed to Jeffries the intelligence that Fitzsimmons was growing weak, for after the break the boilermaker rushed and let go a forceful right for the ribs. Fitzsimmons' elbow prevented the blow from landing and Fitzsimmons got back at Jeffries with a left swing on the damaged eye. There was another clinch and Jeffries stood back half crouching. Fitzsimmons made at him and bang went Jeffries' left against the Cornishman's nose.

Fitzsimmons made another rush and this time Jeffries caught him a swinging left on the chin. Fitz's arms fell to his side and he swayed for a moment. Then he fell, the back of his head striking against the ring-mat.

Fitzsimmons arose before the count expired and Jeffries sent in another left. The Cornishman reeled in a half circle and then leaned towards Jeffries and tried to clinch. Jeffries used force to clear himself and again Fitzsimmons went to the floor.

Fitzsimmons reached his feet a second time and staggered towards Jeffries. Jim struck out, but failed to land effectively. One hard right smash fell on Fitzsim-

mons' shoulder. Jeffries had the Cornishman against the ropes, dealing out rights and lefts when the gong rang. Fitzsimmons was very unsteady on his legs as he went to his corner.

The Cornishman appeared to have freshened up considerably as he left his chair for the eleventh round. He hunched his back and rushed at Jeffries determinedly, cutting loose with the left. Jeffries dodged the blow and there were some smothered exchanges in midring ending in a clinch.

They stood off again and Jeffries planted a left on the mouth when the Cornishman tried to get to close quarters. Fitz's head went back, but he braced himself and let go a choppy right which reached Jeff's ear. Clinches were frequent now and in between the Cornishman went after Jeffries in a wide open way, swinging lefts and rights for the head.

Jeffries steadied his opponent with a jarring right under the heart. Then Jeff ducked under a couple of left swings and after straightening up hooked Fitzsimmons on the nose with the left and brought a spatter of blood.

The Cornishman took punishing smashes without wincing and made brave attempts to counter Jeffries with sufficient force to bring him down. He waited once for Jeff's left facer and swung his own left at the same time. It took Jeffries on the chin and it was the last blow that Bob landed.

Fitzsimmons set himself and made at Jeffries. Jeffries timed him and a full-sweep left caught Fitzsimmons on the jaw. His arms fell heavily and his shoulders drooped. Jeffries watched him intently and did not relax his vigilance, for the Cornishman's reputation for

feigning distress had been an every-day theme at Allenhurst.

Presently Jeffries swung his left again and the force of the blow was seen in the way Fitzsimmons' head jolted to one side. The Cornishman swayed now as if about to fall. Jeffries made at him and let go a full-swing right. The smash took effect on the chin and Fitzsimmons fell on his back and stretched his length on the floor.

It needed but a glance to tell that that terrific right had done the trick. There was a smear of blood across Fitzsimmons' face and his eyelids and lip twitched slightly. Those formidable looking freckled arms which had wrought havoc to so many aspiring pugilists rested inert upon the glaring white mat. His seconds sprinkled him with water, but he failed to show any signs of reviving and meanwhile the count went on.

Jeffries, with his eyes bent on his opponent and his gloves resting lightly against his thighs, stood a few feet away awaiting the result. The timekeeper signaled the referee and the fatal word "out" was pronounced.

Fitzsimmons' seconds pushed in through the ropes and carried the limp and helpless Cornishman to his corner. The championship of the world had passed to Jim Jeffries in a fight that was marked by cleanness, manliness and a spirit of fair play.

CHAPTER XXI.

JEFFRIES AND SHARKEY.

Soon after relieving Fitzsimmons of his championship laurels Jeffries went to England in pursuance of the plan followed by world's champions ever since Queensberry milling became the vogue. He stayed abroad some months and when he returned to this country Tom Sharkey immediately began to pester him for a match.

A meeting between these two muscular marvels had been regarded as something inevitable ever since the occasion of their first contest in San Francisco. Sharkey was persistent in asserting that the decision rendered at that time was decidedly unjust and that he had at least earned the right to share the honors of a draw with Jeffries.

In his anger the sailor became rather personal in his references to Jeffries, and these things coming to Jeffries' ears, the champion was seized with a desire to meet the sailor in the ring with as little delay as possible. Jeffries wanted to obtain satisfaction for Sharkey's insulting remarks and he wished at the same time to show conclusively that he was Sharkey's master at the pugilistic game.

When it was finally announced that Jeffries and Sharkey had signed articles to box for the championship, intense interest was aroused and discussions regarding

the possibilities of the contest began before the men had installed themselves in training quarters.

It was argued that Jeffries, with his superior height, reach and weight, and his acknowledged talent as a boxer, had great advantages over the sailor. To offset this it was instanced that Sharkey possessed rugged strength and marvelous grit, and when his manner of carrying a fight right into an opponent's territory was also considered it was generally admitted that the chances of the men were more equal than at first appeared.

One thing which lent interest to the prospect was that each of the fighters was what might be called a natural strong man. For some years fellows of neater build, such as Corbett and McCoy, had been cutting a swath in the world of fists and it began to look as if the champion of the future would be anything but a thick-set individual. The advent of Jeffries and Sharkey at almost the same time dispelled this idea.

With such brawny fellows looming up as championship candidates, it seemed as if the day of the Queensberry lightning striker had passed. There certainly were no other men of the Corbett type coming to the fore, and the fact that Jeffries and Sharkey blossomed out simultaneously was regarded as quite sufficient to make them feel remarkably bitter towards each other, the belief being that either of them would have found no difficulty in making his way to the front if the other had not happened to be in evidence.

Sharkey went into training at New Dorp, Staten Island, and Jeffries took up his abode in the cottage at Allenhurst where he trained for his match with Fitzsimmons. As the days of preparation went on it developed that Jeffries was not in as good health as when

preparing for the Fitzsimmons affair. A little later he sustained an injury to his left elbow while tossing the medicine ball with Ernest Roeber, the wrestler, and it looked, at one time, as if there was a possibility of the match with Sharkey being declared off.

Billy Delaney, who had trained Jeffries for several fights, was at loggerheads with the champion on account of the latter's rigid notions in regard to severe work and low diet. Delaney thought that Jeffries, in order to be at his best, should not bring himself below the 215-pound notch. Jeffries seemed to think that the more weight he took off the better he would be, and he laid out his work accordingly. He also refused to eat the food that Delaney advised and when the date of the contest arrived, the trainer and the champion were on the verge of a separation.

Delaney, who, beyond a doubt, had Jeffries' welfare at heart, unhesitatingly proclaimed that Jeffries was in poor condition and in danger of being defeated by the sailor on that account. Subsequent events proved that while Jeffries might not have been in as splendid fettle as when he boxed Fitzsimmons, his stamina and force were equal to a long drawn out, wearying battle.

As the date of the event drew near Jeffries was made a decided favorite by the betting men, odds of 10 to 7 being freely offered on his ability to retain the championship.

In the ante-contest discussions which waged, the question frequently asked was, "Will Jeffries crouch before Sharkey as he did in his fight with Fitzsimmons?" Many of the sports took the stand that it would ill-become Jeffries to adopt such tactics in his affair with the sailor, the argument being that, as he was the under dog,

so to speak, in the match with Fitzsimmons, he was justified in resorting to every device that would help him to win the championship.

"He is the champion now and he should conduct himself like a champion," said one of Sharkey's handlers. "If Jeffries bends down like a gun carriage when he faces Tom, I believe the crowd will stand up and jeer him out of the ring."

"Faith, he won't bend down like that with me," said Sharkey. "If he does I'll go over and lean against the ropes and wait for him to straighten up. If the referee should say to me, 'Why don't you fight?' I'll say to him, 'Go and make the champion there stand up and fight like a man.'"

It was worthy of note, however, that when the grand test came Sharkey forgot all about his plans for making Jeffries carry himself erect. The sailor, in his anxiety to get to close quarters and give blow for blow, did not stop to see whether Jeffries was crouching or not. As it happened, Jeffries crouched but little. The fight was of such a character that the pose which stood him in such need in Fitzsimmons' affair would have been of small service.

While the members of the smart sporting set around New York could see nothing but defeat staring the sailor in the face and were placing their wagers accordingly, there was one who advised his friends not to bet too heavily against the sailor. This was John L. Sullivan.

"Where these two big fellows differ principally is in height," said John L. "If Sharkey were two inches taller he would become the champion of the world. He is a wonderful worker and he is strong, quick and plucky. Those are the best qualities for a big man and all this

thing of sparring with Ryan and other clever fellows as Jeffries is doing, doesn't count with me. To have force and to be quick and to fight naturally is the best hold for a big fellow. I hear that some enthusiastic Jeffries men are wanting to lay 10 to 6. It's a false price. I look for a very hard fight and, as I said before, the principal disadvantage Sharkey is under is his disadvantage in height. Jeffries will win, I suppose, but I don't believe he will knock Sharkey out."

It rained torrents the night Sharkey and Jeffries fought, but that did not affect the size of the gathering. The pavilion at Coney Island was filled to overflowing.

Sharkey was the first to put in an appearance in the ring. His seconds were Tom O'Rourke, Tim McGrath and George Dixon. The sailor wore a mouse colored bathrobe on the way from his dressing room and when he threw it aside in his corner murmurs of admiration ran through the crowd. He was clear skinned and sturdy looking and his flesh seemed as firm as marble. He wore a little breechclout of shamrock green and had an American flag handkerchief twisted around his waist for a belt.

Jeffries came along shortly afterwards with Ernest Roeber, Jack Jeffries and Tommy Ryan following. The champion received a vociferous greeting and he smiled and nodded to every quarter of the building. When he discarded his robe his condition did not create the most favorable impression. His face was drawn and his color was not of the best. His weight was given at 212 pounds and Sharkey, it was said, scaled 187 pounds. While matters were being adjusted in the ring two small flags were unfolded and stuck in the ropes in Sharkey's corner. They were the emblems of Ireland and America.

Arrangements had been made to take photographs of the fight, and when the full force of the overhead lights was felt by those sitting nearest the ring there were several cases of partial collapse. The glare was blinding, the heat withering and many were of the opinion that one, and possibly both, of the fighters would be incapacitated before the contest had gone far. That Jeffries and Sharkey were able to ply each other for twenty-five rounds under such conditions, simply served to show the wonderful endurance each of these splendid specimens of humanity possessed.

An electric fan had been placed in the corner of each man. Between the devices mentioned and the towels in the hands of their seconds, the pugilists may have succeeded in obtaining a whiff of cool air between rounds.

For three minutes out of every four, however, and for the better portion of two hours they were buffeting each other in midring and their sufferings while battling under that blistering grill must have been intense.

As soon as Sharkey had had his gloves fitted to his hands he stood up in his corner and held his arms above his head. While in this position O'Rourke sponged him over. Across in Jeffries' angle of the ring the efforts of the handlers seemed to be confined to dampening the champion's head and face with icewater. Jeffries wore a small breechclout of dark material and, like Sharkey, had his loins girded with an American flag handkerchief.

All being in readiness Referee Siler called them to midring for instructions. The men shook hands and presently the seconds melted away and the clang of the gong was heard. The contest between the muscular marvels was on.

It was a grinding, jarring fight with never a listless moment in it. As it went on the shoulders and chests of each of the thick bodied participants were flecked with blood. Perspiration dampened their hair and streamed from their faces. They seemed to be stewing under the big flare of white fire above their heads, but they fought on doggedly and with defiant scowls.

Sharkey was the aggressor in the beginning. He rushed and rushed, and rushed again, and Jeffries jolted him with fierce face blows and steadied him with heavy righthanders on the body. The sailor's well-meant swings were far short of the mark, but he still kept tearing in with commendable persistency.

The first round was nearly over before the sailor landed a blow. It was a left, which took Jeffries in the hollow of the neck. The sailor settled himself for another rush, but he brought up suddenly against that swivel gun left of Jeffries, like a fellow who had run against a beam in the dark.

Jeffries crouched slightly in the second round as Sharkey made his rush. They collided without any clean blows being struck. Sharkey gathered himself together and rushed again. This time Jeffries stopped him with a straight left in the face and carried him to the corner in a half clinch, where Sharkey fell to his haunches.

It was the same thing over and over again. A rush from Sharkey, a blow in the face from Jeffries; an occasional clinch in which the sailor tried to score with his right while holding. The pace told on Sharkey. He was open mouthed and breathing heavily. As before, Sharkey had better luck near the close of the round, catching Jeffries under the ear with the right while breaking away.



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Jeffries Enjoying an After-dinner Rest at Harbin Springs.



Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimmons and Party at Kluge's Hygiene.

In the third round the sailor's rush was still in evidence and so was Jeffries' unerring left. Nearly all of Sharkey's blows were short. As the round wore on Jeffries used his right on the body and the sailor winced visibly.

Sharkey was not so anxious to rush in the fourth round. He was looking serious, and no wonder, for Jeffries was avoiding his swings and cuffing him on the ears and body. There was one blow in particular which distressed the sailor. It was a right in the pit of the stomach and Sharkey jumped to close quarters and held on like grim death as he received it. After that Jeffries upper-cut Sharkey no less than three times, each of the punches landing on the face.

In the fifth round Sharkey did better. He clinched several times after being struck in the ribs and he attempted to wrestle. The champion ran him across the floor until his back touched the ropes. A second later they were in the center of the ring swinging their lefts viciously. It was a fierce rally, with Sharkey apparently getting the upper hand.

The sixth round found them clinching, swaying to and fro across the floor and trying to rap each other while holding on. It was incessant work and they both seemed tired. Jeffries' mouth was bleeding and there was a big patch of reddened skin on the sailor's ribs.

They went a little slower for a while in the seventh round and then they clashed together repeatedly. There were smothered blows and clinches, with Jeffries sending his right in against the ribs occasionally as Sharkey charged.

A mere percentage of Sharkey's leads landed, but when he did make connections there was considerable force be-

hind the sailor's blows. He caught Jeffries one heavy left on the side of the head and it looked as if the bigger man was hurt. Jeffries wanted to clinch, but Sharkey pushed him away and smashed him again with the left. They stood close together and exchanged blows and it really seemed as if Jeffries was becoming dazed.

The eighth round had a Sharkey flavor. The sailor followed his man around and Jeffries seemed to be weakening. Then, in less time than it takes to tell it, the aspect of things changed again. Sharkey had been sending in left facers without stint, when suddenly the big fellow began to pump punishing righthanders into the ribs. Sharkey's legs acted in an uncertain way and his head rolled. He still kept trying with the left for the head and Jeffries, open mouthed and wide-eyed, sent punch after punch against the sailor's ribs.

The exertion told on them and they both became erratic in their attempts to land an effective blow. They shouldered each other and their gloves went wide of the mark. Jeffries' head went under Sharkey's arm and Sharkey held his big opponent around the neck. Jeffries pushed him leisurely across the ring to the ropes and neither man seemed to care to disentangle himself from the embrace.

One round was now a repetition of the other. It was a clinching, scuffling fight, with Jeffries hitting the cleaner blows and the sailor at all times evincing a disposition to get to close quarters and mix things.

In the tenth round a cut was opened at the side of Sharkey's left eye. By the time the fifteenth round ended, Jeffries' face was bleeding. In the sixteenth round the two men were so tired that they frequently leaned against each other and it looked as if some butting was in

progress, but whether this was the result of bungling work due to weariness, or was intentional, could not be determined at the moment. Subsequently Sharkey charged that Jeffries butted him in the face deliberately and Jeffries made a similar complaint in regard to Sharkey.

From the eighteenth round onward Jeffries did the more telling work. He steadied himself and used his right with energy on the ribs each time the sailor rushed. Sharkey did not materially change his style and it was an easy matter for Jeffries to land his damaging body punches and, at the same time, either block or duck beneath Sharkey's high left swings for the head.

Jeffries was somewhat in the lead when the twenty-fourth round was reached and the sailor made desperate efforts to turn the tables. Tom relied upon his right and his desire to do serious injury to the boilermaker got him into trouble. Jeffries crossed him again and again on the point of the jaw with the right and Sharkey staggered.

Sharkey's efforts to brace himself up were pathetic and at the same time ludicrous. He kept his head erect and swelled his chest, but his legs acted in an erratic manner. Finally, when it looked as if he would be bowled over in that maelstrom of blows, he ducked and clinched and clung to Jeffries like a limpet to a rock.

Jeffries could not free himself from the sailor's embrace until the referee came to his assistance. Then Sharkey set himself and whirled his right in a futile way. He all but fell to the floor while swinging at Jeffries, and things looked gloomy for the stout-hearted sailor as he staggered to his chair.

The beginning of the twenty-fifth round found Shar-

THE STERRY REARER

Jeffries was standing his ground, and he began pushing and pulling at the right, but Jeffries was alert and evasive. He was not in this position for long, however, and the champion's opponent was not so much as a sailor would be.

Jeffries was the objective point for the champion's blows and raised himself on his toes to meet the effort to the blows. Jeffries assumed those positions, but he was still full of spirit and was still brandishing his fist towards Jeffries, brandishing his fist and brandishing the sailor to the floor in a second. He was up again with the elasticity of a rubber ball and went at the champion as if nothing had happened.

In the melee the glove was dragged from Jeffries' left hand. The referee stepped forward to adjust it and Sharkey, under the urging from his corner, skipped around to the champion's side and struck at his opponent. Jeffries pulled his hand away and recommenced fighting, while the glove, which had not been properly fastened, fell to the floor again.

All this time Sharkey was recuperating. His strength and fighting instincts were coming back to him and he was all anxiety to make a whirling finish of the closing round. He made at Jeffries again and Jeffries held up his hand in a warning manner. The referee was still engaged in fastening the glove when the gong clanged loudly. It was the signal that the championship fight was over.

It was a weird ending, the glove incident confusing the ideas of the spectators and causing all kinds of opinions as to what the decision would be. The referee awarded Jeffries the fight and Billy Delaney jumped into the ring and tied a small American flag around the champion's neck.

The decision was criticised by many, who held that Sharkey's work clearly entitled him to a draw. It appeared to the author that the verdict was a just one, Jeffries' clean and forceful hitting in the latter part of the contest more than offsetting the advantages Sharkey gained during the first half of the fight.

Both men were in bad shape after the contest. Their faces were bruised and their arms and hands crippled to some extent. In addition to his other injuries Sharkey had a couple of broken ribs to display.

Despite his battered condition the sailor discussed the affair in an animated way and took violent exceptions to the referee's ruling. Sharkey expressed himself willing to sign articles to fight again within ninety days, but he was advised to allow further challenges to stand over until his ribs knitted and his condition generally warranted a season of preparation such as would be required to fit him for another championship test.

At present the chances of Jeffries and Sharkey meeting again are problematical.

CHAPTER XXII.

JEFFRIES AND CORBETT.

When the talk of another contest with Sharkey died away, it was thought Jeffries would be permitted to enjoy a long season of rest. Not so, however, for before many months elapsed no less a personage than ex-Champion James J. Corbett began badgering him for a match.

Now Jeffries was by no means averse to breaking a lance with the man he helped to train at Carson. On the contrary he rather cottoned to the idea. He was smarting under certain slighting remarks attributed to Corbett. The latter, it was said, had made little of the champion and had told how he had jabbed Jeffries at will while sparring with him in the old training days in Nevada.

The trouble about the proposed match was that the sporting fraternity did not take kindly to it. Corbett, on account of a peculiar affair with Sharkey at the Lenox Club, New York, was not in the best of odor at that time and his motives were doubted.

He was persistent, however, and when he was eventually matched to meet Jeffries in a twenty-five round contest for the championship, he retired to training quarters at Lakewood, N. J., and went to work in the style of a man who was very much in earnest.

Corbett had for a sparring partner on that occasion Gus Ruhlin, the Akron giant, and it was part of their programme to engage in a daily boxing bout behind

closed doors. According to the best information obtainable Gus and Jim went at each other like infuriated billy goats, the purpose being to accustom Corbett to strenuous work at close quarters with a man heavier than himself.

It was also reported that Ruhlin was required at times to box in a crouching position, similar to the pose favored by Jeffries in his affair with Fitzsimmons. Corbett was always noted as an inventor of new wrinkles in fighting, and the idea of having Ruhlin emulate Jeffries was to afford Corbett opportunity of studying out a scheme of attack which would render the champion's famous crouch useless.

When it became evident that Corbett was sincere in his desire to wrest the championship from his old sparring partner, interest in the match increased to some extent, but the doubting Thomases with which sportdom is filled still maintained that a hippodrome was contemplated.

Corbett's immediate friends knew better and they were extremely sanguine in regard to results when they noticed how well the ex-champion was coming along in his training. A crowd of good judges who sized up Corbett while he was exercising a few days before the fight were convinced that he looked as well trained as on the eve of his great battle with John L. Sullivan at New Orleans.

Corbett assured them that such was really the case, and to prove that he was not falling away in substance he caused several measurements of himself to be taken. It was shown among other things that his neck measurement was seventeen inches, whereas when he boxed John L. a sixteen-inch collar was roomy enough for him.

Corbett did not overlook any point, however small, which might contribute to his success in the contest with Jeffries. He insisted that there be no rough work in the clinches and in justification of his demand said: "Both Fitzsimmons and the sailor were defeated by going to Jeffries and being mauled and pushed around in the clinches. There will be none of that with me. He will have to fight my way."

Jeffries, as usual, trained at Allenhurst and gave himself a thorough preparation for the event. He was very confident of his power to retain his title and was particularly pleased at the prospect of administering a rebuke to Corbett for the unkind things the ex-champion was supposed to have said about him.

The men met in the arena of the Seaside Sporting Club, at Coney Island, on the evening of May 11, 1900. On account of the lack of confidence on the part of the public the attendance did not come up to expectations.

Charley White, of New York, was the referee and Corbett was attended by the brothers Considine, Gus Ruhlin and Leon Cardello. Jeffries' seconds were Ed Dunkhorst and Jack Jeffries. W. A. Brady also hovered around the champion's angle of the ring.

In the betting Jeffries was the favorite at odds of 2 to 1, but there was "even money" on Corbett's ability to last fifteen rounds.

The contrast between the men was marked as they stood forth to listen to the instructions given by the referee. Jeffries seemed bigger and thicker limbed than ever. The hue of his massive frame was a dingy red. Corbett looked like a lightweight beside the champion and was pallid in comparison.

There were hummocks of muscle on Jeffries' arms and

shoulders, while the thews and sinews appeared to flatten themselves beneath Corbett's smooth skin. When Jeffries strode to the mark and bent towards his opponent he looked like Atlas relieved of the world.

While the fight resulted as the majority expected it would, Corbett's showing electrified the crowd. Never in his best days did the conqueror of John L. Sullivan and Mitchell furnish a more superb exhibition of boxing.

He made the champion look like the veriest novice, and he had the spectators so worked up that there was uproar in the big barn down by the sea from the beginning of the contest until Corbett was laid low by a lefthand swing.

The knockout itself came as a surprise to the crowd. Corbett had baffled the big fellow so completely and had protected himself from injury in such a way that it looked as if Pompadour Jim would go the full route. At the beginning of the twenty-third round there were numbers who thought that Corbett would not only be on hand at the end of the twenty-five rounds called for in the articles, but would secure the decision on points. It was not to be, however. Jeffries' padded paw fondled the ex-champion's jaw in the twenty-third round and the subsequent proceedings interested Corbett no more.

For full fifteen rounds Corbett was both lively and elusive. He bounded in towards his heavy framed opponent and dealt out lightning jabs which stung and jarred. He contrived to skip out of danger with the surefooted fleetness of a chamois.

Jeffries tried all manners of tricks to waylay the dancing Dervish in front of him, but in most instances his plans failed dismally. His thick arms and brawny fists found nothing but empty air.

The niceties of judgment displayed by Corbett brought cheers from the crowd and angered Jeffries. There was no way of trapping that palefaced will o' the wisp. One moment he would deliver a stab and spring clear out of range; the next he would duck rapidly beneath a whizzing counter and bob up again to send in another blow. The next time he would neither skip away nor duck, but would press in so that the crushing blow aimed at him would vent itself behind his shoulders.

It was Jeffries' purpose to end it all with one fell swat. Did he figure on "a duck" and have his spare hand ready with an uppercut, Corbett was out of range like a flash. Did he brace himself and rush towards Corbett when the latter sent in one of his exasperating facers, the lighter man leaned quickly towards his adversary, clinched, and laid his head in safety against the giant's breast. It was always the unsuspected that Corbett resorted to and Jeffries was completely at sea. Many a time the champion's ponderous left glove scraped the crown of Corbett's head as the smaller man ducked with marvelous quickness.

If Corbett had not been so intensely eager to avoid contact with the champion's gloves, he might have been able to put more force into his blows. As it was, Corbett struck in a snapping way and while he brought tiny streams of blood from Jeffries' nose and mouth he failed to affect the big man's stamina with his punches. It was thought by some that Corbett had Jeffries swaying in the ninth round, but it is probable the boilermaker was floundering more through his failure to land on Corbett than through the force of Corbett's attack.

When, later, Corbett began to box more openly Jeffries countered him frequently, but none of these blows

dazed Corbett. There were cheers for Corbett in the tenth and eleventh rounds. He seemed to have the big fellow bewildered. In the twelfth round the betting on the fight shifted to "even money."

The pace appeared to tell on Corbett in the thirteenth round. Jeffries rushed incessantly with the vehemence of a runaway locomotive, and it required wondrous dexterity on Corbett's part to escape from tight places. He was pinned against the ropes once and matters looked particularly blue for him, but by masterly dodging he wriggled out of danger after feeling the weight of the champion's gloves.

In the following round Corbett recuperated and changed his tactics to some extent. He timed the champion's rushes and met him with straight lefts. He struck out with precision and kept the big man at bay.

Corbett held his own in the fifteenth round and those who had backed him to last that long, greeted him with thunderous applause and yells of delight as he returned to his chair.

The sixteenth round was also a fairly even one, but the seventeenth was in the champion's favor. Jeffries rushed continuously and Corbett appeared to be arm weary. He was cuffed a number of times and he also avoided some dangerous blows, but his dash was diminishing.

Jeffries floored his opponent in the nineteenth round with a righthander on the ear, but Corbett regained his feet quickly. He employed his time footing it out of harm's way.

There was another demonstration from the crowd when the twenty round mark was passed. From Corbett's methods then, it looked as if he had made up his

mind to keep away from the champion in hopes of remaining on deck until the end of the twenty-fifth round.

The end came in the twenty-third round. Jeffries, who infused double energy into his work, kept right after Corbett, swinging with might and main as he rushed. He backed Corbett to the ropes and caught him with a full range left swing on the chin. Corbett dropped to the floor and was unable to respond to the call of time. There were cheers for the loser as he left the ring, as well as for the champion.

In explaining his defeat Corbett said: "I was not as tired as they seemed to think. I felt that I had done the better work up to the twentieth round and I resolved to go easy for a few rounds and then set a fast pace for the finish. Had I been able to carry out my plans I would have gained the decision beyond a doubt.

"Now, anyone who saw the fight knows that I varied my methods of avoiding Jeffries' blows. Sometimes I stepped out of range and at other times I went inside his punches and clinched. When he forced me across the ring in the twenty-third round I overlooked the fact that I was close to the ropes. I saw him start that left swing and I tried to step out of range. My back touched the ropes and I saw at once I was in a tight place. I then tried to dip in towards him so as to be inside the punch, but it was too late. I guess he landed, for I didn't remember anything after that."

Corbett was the idol of New York's sporting community after his clever contest with Jeffries, and if the pair had been matched right away the event would have aroused a great deal of interest. There was talk of another meeting, but it gradually subsided.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JEFFRIES AND RUHLIN.

During the time that Jeffries was working his way to the top of the pugilistic ladder and, for that matter, after he had reached the goal of his ambition, there was one heavyweight who considered he had not received proper recognition from the big champion. This was Gus Ruhlin.

The Akron giant, as he was called, made constant reference to his "draw" with Jeffries back in '97 at San Francisco, and he held that on the strength of the performance in question he was fully entitled to regard himself as the equal of big Jim.

Ruhlin's claims attracted more attention from the public when he defeated Tom Sharkey in fifteen rounds in June, 1900. Gus naturally became more ambitious than ever after his victory over the sailor, and in order to qualify for a match with Jeffries at the earliest possible opportunity he arranged a fight with Bob Fitzsimmons.

This took place in Madison Square Garden, New York, on the night of August 10, 1900, and Ruhlin was knocked out after a stubborn contest which lasted six rounds.

Fitzsimmons tried to draw Jeffries into a match before the Horton law, which regulated glove contests in New York state, went out of existence. Jeffries maintained that his health at that time would not permit him

to train, and when boxing closed down in New York on August 31, Fitzsimmons once more announced his retirement from the ring.

Several months later an attempt was made to bring Ruhlin and Jeffries together in a championship fight at Cincinnati. The directors of the Saengerfest society in the city named, were at the head of the movement and it was understood that they had the support of the mayor. Just when things were progressing swimmingly, however, Governor Nash interfered and the scheme was abandoned.

The big heavyweights were finally matched to box in San Francisco, November 11, 1901, being selected as the date of the contest. They both went into training near the scene of the fight, Ruhlin locating at the Six Mile House, close to San Francisco, and Jeffries betaking himself to Harbin Springs, in Lake County.

There Jeffries inaugurated a system of training such as a world's champion never engaged in before, probably. He built a handball court, which also served as a gymnasium, and strangely out of place the structure looked up there among the pines. He boxed and punched the bag, but these exercises were simply side issues. In the main he led the life of a hunter.

He was away in the ranges with his dogs, his blankets and his guns for days at a time, camping under the stars at night and tracking the elusive deer at the first glimmer of dawn. Always swarthy, he became more gypsylike in complexion than ever.

That this kind of life was no new experience to him was shown by the way he took to it. He gave indications that he was an adept in all the practices in which hunters excel. He never failed to bring down a deer once

he drew a bead on it and he knew the most likely spots in that wild country in which to find game.

A San Francisco physician, who spent a season at the mountain retreat where Jeffries was encamped, made an especial study of the champion and reported that the strength and endurance possessed by the fellow were abnormal, even after due consideration was given to his wonderful proportions.

"It is marvelous," said the doctor. "He will travel miles and miles over the ranges loaded down with rifle and hunter's paraphernalia and frequently come back to camp with a dead deer strapped on his shoulders. Instead of complaining of fatigue, as an ordinary individual would do, he will jump into a game of baseball with all the zest of a boy just out of school, or he will go into the gymnasium and put in an hour or two bag punching and boxing, as if his exertions for the day were merely beginning.

"Judging from the small effect produced upon him by his sparring partner Bob Armstrong's blows, and in view of the easy manner he brushes big Bob to the wall, it seems to me that the fellow who can safely cope with Jeffries in any direction where physical force figures has yet to be found."

Ruhlin went in for the usual routine at the Six Mile House. He boxed with colored Ed Martin, punched the light and heavy balls, trudged and sprinted on the road, and in fact followed the orthodox course of sprouts affected by a pugilist in training.

In discussing his chances with the champion it was his habit to say: "I know that Jeffries is a hard fellow to hurt, but men are not as proof against punishment sometimes as they are at others. Fitzsimmons has been

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with Queensberry fights ever since bare knuckles gave way to gloves. Madden was assisted by Denver Ed Martin and one or two others. Jeffries had for henchmen Billy Delaney, Jack Jeffries and Bob Armstrong. One of the Van Court boys also lent his advice and assistance in the champion's corner.

The contest did not come up to expectations. It was a poor fight from the spectators' standpoint. It was too one-sided and a great many complained when it was over that Ruhlin did not make the determined stand they expected of him.

For two rounds it looked as if Ruhlin would gain a lead. Madden had always claimed that Gus was a faster man than Jeffries and so he seemed to be. Jeffries led clumsily with the left and Ruhlin stepped close more than once and drove solid righthanders into the bigger boxer's ribs. One of these punches sounded so that it might have been heard out on the street. Jeffries gasped and then grinned.

About half way through the second round Ruhlin sent in another heart blow and then caught the giant fairly and squarely with straight lefts on mouth and chin. The blood showed and Jeffries crouched. He spread his legs slightly and there was something about him which conveyed the impression that he was hurt. Ruhlin was in a flutter of excitement, but for all that he escaped several jolty lefthanders aimed at his jaw. Delaney shouted to Jeffries to steady himself. He heeded his second's advice and, biding his time, landed heavily with his right on the short ribs of his opponent.

The impression that Jeffries was dazed by the face blows landed on him was dispelled the instant the gong signaled the end of the round. He straightened up like

a soldier and strode briskly to his corner. Maybe Ruhlin became somewhat discouraged right then when he noted what little effect his best efforts had produced.

Beginning the third round, Jeffries took the lead and kept it until the finish. He made an aggressive fight and Ruhlin retreated steadily around the ring. Poor Gus was battered from corner to corner, with lefts and rights in the midsection and swinging lefts on cheek and chin. Bruising blows they were, and some of the fight was knocked out of the Akron giant at every thud of the champion's ponderous gloves.

They were all agog in Jeffries' corner now and the words "Go at him, Jim," were shouted in through the ropes. Jeffries went at him, all right, and at that he did not seem to be hurrying. Big bodies appear to move slowly, but it only needed a glance at Ruhlin to tell that the pace was fast enough in all conscience. Poor Gus was worn down systematically and flogged into submission in a workmanlike manner.

When the fifth round was in progress that thick left arm of Jeffries' was never at his side. Punishing blows were landing on Ruhlin's body and one fiercer than the rest sent Gus reeling into his own corner. Jeffries crowded in towards him, making play for the body again. Down dropped Ruhlin's arms to form a shield for his battered stomach and then Jeffries changed his tactics, cuffing his opponent about the ears with both hands.

Ruhlin's face was bruised and it took on a worse appearance when, in trying to find safety, Gus ducked into some spiteful left hooks. He began to clinch and acted as if tired.

Jeffries forced him to the ropes and caught him a hard lefthander on the chin. Ruhlin's eyes closed partly

and he dropped to his knees. He arose at the count of four and fell into a clinch.

Jeffries used his strength to free himself from his opponent's embraces and as soon as he could work his gloves he rained blows on Ruhlin's face and ribs. Just before the round closed Ruhlin was forced to the ropes again and Jeffries struck him a severe lefthander across the stomach.

When the bell sounded, Jeffries turned and walked across the ring to his chair. Ruhlin bent down and maintained a stooping position as he walked towards his corner. Madden appeared to think that all prospect of winning had faded, so far as his man was concerned, and he tossed a sopping sponge to the center of the floor. It was the token of defeat.

Asked subsequently why he did not send Ruhlin up for another round Madden said: "He was virtually knocked out. He hadn't a chance in the world to win."

Jeffries did not see the sponge until his attention was drawn to it and directly he divined that his opponent had acknowledged defeat he walked across the ring and tendered the customary grip of the hand.

"He is too strong for me," said Ruhlin in explanation of his collapse. "He hurt me with every blow he landed, but the worst were those digs in the stomach with the left. I was dazed and in pain during the last two rounds."

The contest did not leave a very good impression in the minds of the sporting public in the far west, the argument generally being that Ruhlin capitulated too easily.

The real truth of the matter is, however, that the sports of the coast had no idea of the formidable fighting machine Jeffries had developed into. When he boxed

Ruhlin before they were novices. Jeffries did not know enough to keep his knuckles intact. Subsequently he defeated the best men in the world. He increased his knowledge of boxing threefold and his increase in strength there is no means of measuring. He was at his very best when he met Ruhlin the last time, and he was a wonder both at giving and taking punishment. He weighed 220 pounds and every ounce and fiber of that enormous bulk was fighting weight.

Months after the fight and when it had ceased to be discussed to any extent, Billy Madden made remarks which seemed to have bearing on Ruhlin's disappointing fight with the champion.

"Bob Fitzsimmons has punched the championship aspirations out of many a fighter," said Madden. "I don't think Sharkey will ever be the same again and there are others."

Madden did not particularize in regard to "the others," but those who read his remarks permitted their minds to wander back to that grueling fight between Fitzsimmons and Gus Ruhlin, at Madison Square Garden, in the dying days of the Horton law. Ruhlin received a terrible drubbing on that occasion and it is possible that both his stamina and grit were affected to an extent which made him an easier mark for brawny Jim Jeffries.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JEFFRIES AND FITZSIMMONS.

Despite the fact that Jeffries had proved himself the peer of all pugilists in his class, there was a drop of bitter in the champion's cup. He felt chagrined at Fitzsimmons' claim that the victory gained by Jeffries over the Cornishman at Coney Island was not a clean-cut one and that some unknown party had drugged Fitzsimmons on that occasion in order to encompass his defeat.

Jeffries frequently said he would never rest content until he had met Fitzsimmons a second time. Fitzsimmons, who had announced his retirement shortly after the repeal of the Horton law, steadfastly refused to be drawn into signing articles.

It was stated on good authority, however, that Fitzsimmons, prior to the Jeffries-Ruhlin contest at San Francisco, had expressed a desire to try conclusions with the winner. Jeffries evidently believed that Fitzsimmons was in earnest in the matter and after disposing of Ruhlin the champion began to agitate for another fight with the Cornishman.

When Jeffries reached New York early in the present year a conference with Fitzsimmons was arranged, but negotiations for a contest fell through, temporarily, owing, it was said, to the Cornishman demanding an even division of the gate-money.

Finally on February 15th all matters in dispute were adjusted and the men met and signed articles at the *Journal* office, New York. The contract called for a contest of twenty rounds' duration for the championship of the world, the purse to be divided in the proportions of 60 per cent. to the winner and 40 per cent. to the loser. It was agreed that the affair should take place on or about May 15, 1902, at the club offering the best inducements, and that bids should be opened in San Francisco and New York on March 15th.

When the date for considering the offers arrived complications arose. Jeffries favored an offer made by a Los Angeles club and Fitzsimmons appeared to think well of a bid which came from Charleston, S. C. It transpired shortly afterwards that the South Carolina promoters were not in a position to handle the contest, the governor of that state having declared that the laws forbidding pugilism should be respected.

Meanwhile some rather personal telegrams passed between Jeffries and Fitzsimmons, each man accusing the other of throwing obstacles in the way of a meeting. Fitzsimmons said that Jeffries was in league with the Los Angeles club, and, as the San Francisco promoters were quarreling among themselves, Fitzsimmons declared that Jeffries would have to fight him in England during the coronation ceremonies or consider the match canceled.

It looked then as if the fight had fallen through, and Fitzsimmons was subjected to harsh criticism for the peculiar stand he had taken in regard to the battleground. This was more than Bob could stand and he determined to set himself right with the sporting public. He telegraphed Jeffries to make the best arrangements

possible for a contest in the west and announced his intention of journeying to San Francisco at an early date. Fitzsimmons was as good as his word, and on May 23d the two rival heavyweights met at the Central theater, San Francisco, where the following articles of agreement were drawn up and signed:

SAN FRANCISCO, May 23, 1902.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into between James J. Jeffries and Robert Fitzsimmons and the San Francisco Athletic Club, of San Francisco, California, Witnesseth:

1. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons agree to engage in a twenty-round boxing contest under the auspices of the San Francisco Athletic Club on the evening of July 25, 1902, Jeffries and Fitzsimmons to receive seventy per cent. of the gross receipts of said contest.
2. The contest to be conducted under straight Marquis of Queensberry rules.
3. The purse to be divided as follows: To the winner 60 per cent. and to the loser 40 per cent. of said 70 per cent. of gross receipts.
4. Edward M. Graney is designated and selected as the referee of said contest.
5. The contestants to be permitted the use of soft bandages.
6. That neither party to this contest (Messrs. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons) shall engage in a ring contest with the exception of sparring exhibitions in connection with theatrical engagements prior to this contest.
7. That each contestant may furnish his own gloves, which are to be of regulation size of five ounces each.
8. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons hereby agree to post twenty-five hundred dollars each, to be forfeited in the event of either man failing to appear or to carry out any of the provisions of these articles of agreement. Such sum of twenty-five hundred dollars will be forfeited and divided equally between the contestant appearing and the club. In the event of the club failing to bring off the con-

test a sum of five thousand dollars shall be divided between the contestants.

9. The number of complimentaries issued to be limited to 300.

10. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons to submit at all reasonable times to a physical examination by a physician representing the San Francisco Athletic Club.

11. Ring to be of regulation size, viz., 24 feet inside.

12. The contestants reserve the right to have the doors opened at any hour they may see fit.

13. It is hereby mutually agreed that no speculating with tickets by any of the parties to this agreement shall be indulged in.

14. The contestants or representatives have full privilege and access to the box office and reserve the right to place such representatives at doors and entrances where they deem it necessary.

15. The San Francisco Athletic Club to furnish a box office statement prior to the counting of boxes and to permit the representatives the privilege of counting the "deadwood" tickets and also agrees to make a settlement in full on the night of the contest.

16. Such contract as may be made between the contestants and the club and any parties or party which may take the moving pictures shall be divided as follows: Eighty per cent. to the winning contestant, and 20 per cent. to the said club.

17. The club agrees to pay the referee's services.

Signed in triplicate on the date first mentioned.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

BILLY DELANEY,

For James J. Jeffries.

E. C. HARRINGTON,

For S. F. A. Club.

Witnesses:

J. F. EGAN.

CLARK BALL.

LOUIS LEVY.

PHILIP J. FAY.

Jeffries trained at Harbin Springs, Lake County, Cal., the place where he prepared for his match with Ruhlin. As usual, his work was supervised by Billy Delaney. He moved camp to San Francisco on July 13th, and completed his training at the Reliance Club, Oakland.

Fitzsimmons went into quarters at Skaggs Springs, Sonoma County, Cal., where he was joined by his old friend and adviser, George Dawson, boxing instructor of the Chicago Athletic Association. Fitzsimmons betook himself to San Francisco on the Sunday preceding the fight and put in the few remaining days taking walking exercises in Golden Gate Park and along the ocean beach road. He also did light work indoors in the afternoons.

The contest took place in a temporary arena at the corner of Fourteenth and Valencia streets, San Francisco, on the evening of Friday, July 25th. It was a sensational encounter from the first tap of the bell until Fitzsimmons went down to defeat in the eighth round.

Fitzsimmons, contrary to the expectations of the knowing ones, took a strong lead at the start and danced around the champion "like a cooper around a cask." He had Jeffries bleeding from the nose before the fight was a minute old, and in the rounds which followed he played upon the champion's face with his cushioned fists until Jeff's countenance became anything but a thing of beauty.

Fitzsimmons was as springy as a featherweight and his deliveries were clean and stinging. He relied more upon the accumulative efforts of repeated stabs and jolts than on an attempt to land a knockout punch, and he made the big champion look like an amateur.

The crowd, which is generally with the under dog, was with Fitzsimmons, and there was continuous yelling and

cheering as he prodded the big man's face to a pulp. Jeffries became exasperated and took to rushing. For a while Fitzsimmons, by dint of close ducking and side stepping, avoided the giant's onslaught, but in the rounds between the fourth and the eighth, Jeffries reached the body solidly and punished the Cornishman with some severity while pushing him to the ropes. Fitzsimmons did not hang out signals of distress, however, and the big crowd was in a delirium of excitement over the way the "Old Man of the Ring" was trouncing the Goliath of a champion in front of him. Both Jeffries' eyes were swollen, and it looked as if the Cornishman would regain the championship beyond a doubt.

When the end came in the eighth round the pair were close to the ropes. Jeffries struck Fitzsimmons a terrific body blow with his left which caused Fitzsimmons to drop his hands. Instantly, while in this helpless condition, Jeffries swung his left, landing on the head, and Fitzsimmons sank to the floor on his hands and knees, where he remained until the referee counted the fateful ten. The decision went to Jeffries and everyone agreed that the fight was one of the most sensational ever witnessed.

The crowd which gathered to see the fight was the biggest ever seen on such an occasion in San Francisco. The amount realized from the contest was \$31,880, of which the fighters received 70 per cent, which was divided in the proportion of 60 per cent to the winner and 40 per cent to the loser. At least that is the apportionment mentioned in the articles of agreement. Ed. Graney was the referee of the affair. Fitzsimmons' seconds were George Dawson, Billy Haberly and Hank Griffin. Jeff-

ries was waited upon by Billy Delaney, Jack Jeffries and Joe Kennedy. Jeffries' weight was given as 215 pounds. Fitzsimmons said he scaled 160 pounds.

It was nearly 10:25 P. M. before the men began fighting. When the bell sent them together for the first round Jeffries crouched slightly and went rapidly to the center of the ring. Fitzsimmons advanced to meet him and then backed away again. There was a spell of feinting on both sides, each of the men being quick to raise a guard when he scented danger. Fitzsimmons was the first to land a blow. It was a left-hander and it caught Jeffries on the side of the face, Jeffries countering his opponent with a left on the body. Fitzsimmons then sent in a straight left which took effect on Jeffries' nose. It was a clean, forceful punch, and the big crowd yelled its delight. Jeffries bore Fitzsimmons to the ropes and sent in his left on the body. They clinched, but broke apart immediately, and Fitzsimmons put in another straight left on the nose. Blood showed on Jeffries' face. The champion was angered and he swung at Fitzsimmons in a vicious way. Fitzsimmons parried some of the blows and drew out of range of others. He ducked one left swing, and on straightening up caught Jeffries on the temple with the left. Jeffries was there with the left on the body and took a hard left on the forehead in return. They clinched, and after they separated Jeffries tried again for the body with the left. Fitzsimmons avoided the blow and jolted Jeffries on the ear with the right. The round was decidedly in Fitzsimmons' favor, and as he went to his corner the spectators cheered wildly.

The Cornishman hit cleanly and put up a superb defense. It was remarked on all sides that he never boxed

better in his life. When the gong sounded for the second round, Jeffries hurried to the firing line. He was bent on offsetting the advantage gained by Fitzsimmons, and he lost no time in letting his big fists fly. Fitzsimmons was wary and clinched at the first opportunity. When they separated Fitzsimmons used left swings, which fell short, and Jeffries backed to the ropes. Jeffries then made the pace and landed solid blows on the body with the left at intervals. At times when Jeffries swung for the face Fitzsimmons drew back his head and allowed the blows to pass within a few inches of his nose. The Cornishman countered very effectively, and in the clinches the blood from Jeffries' face left its stain on Fitzsimmons' chest and shoulders. Jeffries was very persistent in his efforts to get in a punishing smash. He crowded Fitz to the ropes repeatedly, and while Fitz dodged many of the punches, Jeffries' left crashed against Bob's ribs a number of times. The round was slightly in favor of the champion.

Jeffries opened the third round by landing lightly on the ear. In the clinch which followed, Fitzsimmons smiled. Jeffries then began to work his left in a business-like manner. Fitzsimmons blocked one punch, but was treated to a smash on the mouth and another on the ear. As the last-mentioned blow landed Fitzsimmons' left went out as straight as an arrow and took Jeffries on the bridge of the nose. It was a hard punch, and the lower portion of the champion's face glistened with blood. Jeffries swung for the head with the left and Fitzsimmons stopped the lead with his shoulder, at the same time sending in a straight left counter on the champion's face. Another Fitzsimmons left caught Jeffries on the nose and

Bob cleverly blocked a left smash aimed at his body. The next punch delivered by Fitzsimmons was a damaging one; it was a left hook, and opened a gash under the champion's right eye. Jeffries rushed savagely, swinging for the body, and Fitzsimmons had to be spry to escape being hurt. Bob avoided the big fellow's onslaught and kept sending in straight lefts on the face, the crowd howling every time he scored. Jeffries kept on rushing. He carried Fitzsimmons to the ropes and put in a telling body blow with the left. Fitzsimmons grinned and then sent in his own left on Jeffries' face. Near the end of the round the champion swung his left on the Cornishman's neck. The round was in Fitzsimmons' favor. Jeffries' face was badly bruised, but he was strong on his feet and eager at all times to get at close quarters.

Fitzsimmons danced away as Jeffries made for him in the opening of the fourth round. Out went Jeffries' left for the head, and the Cornishman ducked, allowing the champion's arm to shoot over his shoulder. Fitzsimmons pulled his head away from a swinging left, but was not so quick the next time, Jeffries catching him on the cheek. The smash made Fitzsimmons cautious and he blocked cleverly for a few seconds. Bob then became aggressive again, and he reopened the gash under Jeffries' eye with a left swing. Fitz caught Jeffries a right-hander on the head as the champion ducked. Jeffries ducked again a second later, and Fitzsimmons uppercut him on the face. The balance of the round was Fitzsimmons'. He scored again and again on nose and mouth with the left and hopped out of the way of Jeff's returns. When he had pressed near the ropes, Bob ducked and sidestepped cleverly. He sent in a stomach punch with

the left which made Jeffries crouch more than usual. The best blow scored by Jeffries was with the left on the stomach. It caused the Cornishman to double up slightly. This round was also in Fitzsimmons' favor. He boxed faultlessly and showed the finest judgment in getting out of range. Jeffries' face was blood-bedabbled as he walked to his corner.

The champion made a play for the body with the left at the beginning of the fifth round, but Fitzsimmons drew back far enough to avoid contact. A left from Jeffries took the Cornishman on the face and they clinched. Jeffries then went in, slashing out with both hands, but Fitzsimmons' guard was perfect. The champion's blood was up and he bore down on the lanky one repeatedly. The only times in which Jeffries made connections were when he had Fitzsimmons backed against the ropes. On such occasions he got home with left-handers on the body, but the Cornishman did not appear to be distressed. One after another Fitzsimmons sent in two right-handers in succession on the side of the face. The men stood close together and exchanged hard blows. As they separated from the clinches it was noticed that more of the blood from the champion's face had been transferred to the Cornishman's shoulder. The round, which was a fierce one, saw Fitzsimmons still in the lead. His advantage in this particular three minutes of fighting was slight, however, and, of the two men, Bob seemed the more tired as the round closed.

The sixth round was largely a repetition of the preceding one, and the seventh was waged along similar lines. Jeffries, with his face badly bruised and swollen, but his magnificent strength intact, rushed incessantly, and the champion tried several times to pin his man against the

ropes; he landed both on face and body, doing the better work with his left. All this time Fitzsimmons' straight left was busy and Jeffries' face became more puffed looking than ever. In the seventh round Fitzsimmons made numerous attempts with his right, but landed only a few times with the hand in question, and then in an ineffective way.

In the eighth and final round Jeffries went in pursuit of his man and Fitzsimmons seemed bent on backing away. The champion reached the ribs a couple of times with the left but felt the force of the Cornishman's left full in his face while working into close quarters. Suddenly Fitzsimmons went on the aggressive and forced Jeffries across the mat, getting home with both gloves on the face and also sending in a hard left on the body. Jeffries was not to be denied. He felt the force of Fitzsimmons' right and then he crouched and went at the Cornishman. He landed twice on the face with the left, and Fitzsimmons backed to the ropes. Jeffries followed and swung his left. The blow seemed to catch Fitzsimmons above the right hip. Fitzsimmons dropped his hands, the faces of these men being close together at the time. Jeffries let go a left-hander for the face. Fitzsimmons swung half way around on his feet and sank to the floor on his hands and knees. Jeffries walked to his corner and Fitzsimmons was counted out while resting in the position described. Fitzsimmons arose and staggered. Jeffries left the ring so suddenly that he had to be called back to shake hands with the man he had defeated. Fitzsimmons made a speech from the ringside. He said he had fought his last fight and that "the best man" had won. "If I had won the championship I was going to give it back to Mr. Jeffries and retire," added the Cornishman.



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